The Southern War Poetry of the Civil War

BY

ESTHER PARKER ELLINGER

Thesis presented to the Faculty of the Graduate School of the University of Pennsylvania, May 1918, in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
1918

Copyright, 1918
Esther Parker Ellinger

811.09
E46s

THE HERSHEY PRESS
HERSHEY, PA.

FOREWORD

In the assembling of material so widely scattered and so long unsought either by students or by collectors, it has been necessary for me to depend in some measure on the efforts of others who have been most generous with their help and assistance. I desire to record my gratitude especially to my Father and my Mother, without whose unfailing sympathy and co-operation this work could not have been done: and to Mrs. C. Francis Osborne of Philadelphia, Miss Sallie Shepherd of Norfolk, Virginia, and Miss Florence D. Johnston of Philadelphia, for books and individual poems. For their courtesy in allowing me free access to the collections committed to their charge I must acknowledge further indebtedness to Mr. Wallace H. Cathcart, Vice-President and Director of the Western Reserve Historical Society, Cleveland, whose splendid collection of Civil War items contains many rare and important imprints and broadsides: and to Mr. Bunford Samuel, of the Ridgway Branch of the Library Company of Philadelphia, to whose private collection I am indebted for several poems which I have not found elsewhere.

Particularly to Dr. Arthur Hobson Quinn of the University of Pennsylvania, under whose direction this thesis was written, I wish to acknowledge my obligation and to express my sincere appreciation for his guidance and advice.

E. P. E.

University of Pennsylvania, 15 April, 1918.

354421

"Time in its deeps swims like a monstrous whale: and like a whale, feeds on the littlest things—small tunes and little unskilled songs of the olden golden evenings—and anon turneth whale-like to overthrow whole ships."

Dunsany—"The Raft Builders."

CONTENTS

	Page
Foreword	3
Chapter I. The Significance of the Southern War Poetry	7
Chapter II. The Historical Development of the Southern War Poetry	17
Reference Bibliography	49
Bibliography of Collections Examined	50
Bibliography of Anthologies and Confederate Imprints	51
Abbreviations Used for Anthologies	56
Abbreviations Used of Collections	57
Index of Southern War Poems of the Civil War	58

CHAPTER I

The Significance of the Southern War Poetry

"The emotional literature of a people," wrote one of the greatest of the Southern poets, William Gilmore Simms,* "is as necessary to the philosophic historian as the mere detail of events in the progress of a nation . . . The mere facts in a history do not always or often indicate the true *animus* of the action. But in poetry and song the emotional nature is apt to declare itself without reserve . . . speaking out with a passion which disdains subterfuge, and through media of imagination and fancy, which are not only without reserve, but which are too coercive in their own nature, too arbitrary in their own influence, to acknowledge any restraint upon that expression which glows or weeps with emotions that gush freshly and freely from the heart."

Edmund Clarence Stedman† put the matter a little differently. Asking what may constitute the significance of any body of rhythmical literature, restricted to its own territory, he answered the question thus: "Undoubtedly and first of all, the essential quality of its material as poetry; next to this, its quality as an expression and interpretation of the time itself. In many an era, the second factor may afford a surer means of estimate than the first, inasmuch as the purely literary result may be nothing rarer than the world already has possessed, nor greatly differing from it: nevertheless it may be the voice of a time, of a generation, of a people . . . all of extraordinary import to the world's future."

"Our own poetry," he continues elsewhere,‡ "excels as a recognizable voice in utterance of the emotions of a people. The storm and stress of youth have been upon us, and the nation has not lacked its lyric cry . . . One who underrates the sig-

---

*See *War Poetry of the South*, ed. by W. Gilmore Simms, Preface, pp. v and vi.

†See *An American Anthology*, Introduction, p. xxii.

‡See *An American Anthology*, Introduction, p. xxii.

nificance of our literature, prose or verse, as both the expression and the stimulant of national feeling, as of import in the past and to the future of America, is deficient in that critical insight which can judge even of its own day unwarped by personal taste or deference to public impression. He shuts his eyes to the fact that at times, notably throughout the years resulting in the Civil War, this literature has been a 'force.' "

That the poetry written in the Confederate States during the days of the Civil War was a "force" in potency second only to the army in the field, is a fact that has been too long unnoticed by commentators on the literature of our country. In the rare cases when its influence was recognized, its quality has been mistaken, its character misunderstood, its quantity and volume under-estimated. Due perhaps in part to the intensity of feeling engendered between victors and vanquished in the Lost Cause, the darkness of the days following the close of the war effectively hid from view and kept from national circulation the verses and songs which the war had produced in the South. This was the primary cause which prevented them from attaining the universal and critical appreciation of their value that was the right of so large and important a movement in the history of American letters. The ruin of the South financially and economically, prevented her from calling attention to her own achievement: while the widespread destruction and dispersal of property, as well as the necessarily ephemeral nature of many of her publications, offers not the least satisfactory explanation for the comparative restriction of Southern Civil War verse to the land whence it sprang.

If, however, to the modern critic these poems and songs are comparatively unknown, by the Southerner of Civil War days their value was understood and appreciated to the full. Within a year after war broke out, early in the days of '62, at least two definite attempts to assemble the fast multiplying verses and songs were being made, the first* by Professor Chase and John R. Thompson of Richmond, editor of the *Southern Field and Fireside;* the second by "Bohemian," Mr. W. G. Shepperson, who was a correspondent for the Richmond *Despatch.* The latter effort resulted, in the spring of '62, in a volume of "War Songs of

*Noted in the Editor's Table of The Southern Literary Messenger for January, 1862.

the South," containing some one hundred and eight poems, and with the following significant words in the Preface:

"Written contemporaneously with the achievements which they celebrate, [these poems] possess all the vitality and force of the testimony of eye-witnesses to a glorious combat, or even of actors in it. The spontaneous outburst of popular feeling, they give the lie to the assertion of our enemy that this revolution is the work of politicians and party leaders alone.

"Through the Poets' Corner in the newspaper, they have sped their flight from and to the heart and mind of the people. They showed which way the wind was blowing when the war arose 'a little cloud like a man's hand,' and black as the heavens may now appear, they bravely sing above the storm, soaring so high that their wings are brightened by the sun behind the clouds.

"They cannot fail to challenge the attention of the philosophic historian by their origin, and their influence . . . . . In every age, martial songs have wrought wonders in struggles for national independence.

"And surely these newspaper waifs have played no unimportant part in the actual drama which surrounds us . . . .

"A single volume of ordinary size cannot contain a tithe of the songs which have already appeared, and are daily appearing. This, however, offers enough to show that during the present eventful period, what was said of the early Spaniard is true of the Southron: 'He has been unconsciously surrounding history with the light of imagination, linking great names with great deeds, concentrating those universal recollections in which everyone feels he has a part, and silently building up the fabric of national poetry on the basis of national enthusiasm.' "

Fifty years later another Southerner, William Malone Baskerville,* wrote this: "A young Marylander, a stripling just from college, was dreaming dreams from which he was awakened by the guns of Sumter. One sleepless night in April, 1861, he wrote the poem, 'My Maryland,' which may not inaptly be called the first note of the new Southern literature . . . 'new in strength, new in depth, new in the largest elements of beauty and truth.' He that had ears to hear might have heard in the booming of

---

*See *Biographical and Critical Studies of Southern Authors*, "Irwin Russell," p. 97.

those guns not only the signal for a gigantic contest, but also the proclamation of the passing away of the old order, and along with it the wax flowery, amateurish and sentimental race of Southern writers." The passing of this school, of course, meant the passing of what usually has been recognized as the typical literary mode of the South. It meant, however, much more than this: for the changing order was made possible only by the passing of the particular type of civilization that had fostered it, and this, in its turn indicated a complete and thorough renaissance not only of life and letters, but also of Southern soul and spirit.

The type of civilization that endured in the South, to the days of the Civil War, was one of the most picturesque periods of society that can be imagined, but not one that induced or encouraged serious literature. In the North, on the other hand, where there were to be found many large cities as centres of population, and the great national colleges, literature had developed with the people. The earliest settlers of New England had been of a religious, thoughtful, and philosophical disposition, and their manners and mode of life had served to strengthen these tendencies in their descendants. Even the climate of the country had a marked influence in emphasizing New England's bent towards literature. Rigorous winters and inclement temperatures led to long enforced periods of indoor life, conducive to study and reflection. The effort and stress required to wring a living from the stubborn soil made them an active and a vigorous people. At the same time the comparatively small size of their territory, the number of their towns and cities and the ease of travel over the hard and rocky roads brought them much in contact with each other, and insured communication of thought. Theirs was a civilization founded on civil ties. Farms were small, cultivated usually by the family of the owners, with a few "hired help," and centered about the smaller villages and townships, which in their turn were satellites of the towns. The towns, again, clustered around the cities, which were thus as hubs in the wheels of society. The rising individual graduated from the town to the city, where were gathered the leading spirits and forces of the day. From the cities back to the smaller communities returned the great newspapers and magazines, whose spiritual and mental authority went unchallenged, and which served the more to amalgamate into a living thoughtful whole the inhabitants of the farthest

corner of the countryside. For everyone life was hard and plain; and there followed the accepted corrollary of high and resolute thought.

In the South, the thought unquestionably was as grave and lofty. It was, however, neither in the hands of the people, as a whole, nor so thoroughly co-ordinated into an entity. This lack of centralization and unity arose from the very order of society, and was at once its destruction, its charm, and its misfortune. In the first place, as regards its territory in comparison with the North, there were few large cities, and these were far apart. From Richmond to Charleston and New Orleans as the crow flies is nearly three times the distance from Boston to Philadelphia. In the days of postillions, and in the later days of steamboats and railroads, a warm damp climate made travel tedious and tiresome. Neither did the large cities occupy the positions of importance of their Northern rivals. Because of the fertile soil, fair climate and multiplicity of laborers the financial and political power of the country was to be found quite as often among the owners of the great plantations, as in the counting rooms or law offices of the metropolis. For various reasons, there were no great and powerful publishing houses, or influential magazines in general circulation, the newspaper taking these places. Another factor there was also, that was especially disintegrating for society at large. Before the war, education in the South was not universal. For about half the population, the women were educated at home, or in the case of the well-to-do, at seminaries and boarding schools. The men, as in the old Colonial days, had their private tutors, and were then sent to the Universities at home or abroad, and to travel. But for the mass of the poorer people, there was little to be had beyond the rudiments of training: and for many years the University of Virginia was the only educational institution below the line, which was the academic equal of the Northern colleges. Education here, as everywhere in the South, was along purely classic lines, which trained the people to find authority in the past, and which tended to create a lack of sympathy with problems other than those immediately concerning the public polity. Hence it was that the intellectual relationships of the North were exchanged in the South for social ties; which proved in times of stress more powerful and unifying than those beyond the Line, and which made possible, later on, the sympa-

thetic consolidation and confederacy of the States at the first minute of invasion. In that instant, they were "a band of brothers," in a common fellowship and interest: and thus it was that the very conditions militating against their literature and literary progress before the War, became in 1861, at once their allies in the field, and on Parnassus.

It is undeniable that the literary history of the antebellum South could brook no comparison with that of the North. An agricultural people such as the Southerners were, are apt to live their lyrics and romances, rather than write them. Her greatest novelists, Simms and Kennedy and John Esten Cooke, had given her quiet old-fashioned historical or pseudo-historical tales after the pattern of Sir Walter Scott. Today these seem curiously dull and prosy, and more so when placed in comparison with the extraordinarily ornate and grotesque Gothic romances of her women writers. That style of fiction of which Mrs. Hentz, Mrs. Southworth and Miss Evans were the representative authors may only be described as unreal and utterly false in tone and color. It is sensational to a degree, but its popularity was in proportion to its lack of artistic conception. Further than this, what was true of her prose, was true of her verse. Just as the fiction of the South was an echo of earlier modes, so her chief lyrists wrote in the manner of the cavaliers. On the whole, the Southern character had seemed better adapted to the practice of politics and the management of plantations, than to government in the province of literature. Southerners wrote easily and gracefully, but without the sincerity and beauty that arise from perfect sympathy between the craftsman and his craft.

It was when a great emotion had thrilled the heart of the South, and her spirit kindled to a single mighty flame in the prosecution of a cause on which she could unite all her energies, that the artificiality of her literature dropped away, and was replaced by strength of color, truth of outline and power of expression. Before the terror of civil war, the horror of invasion, and the indignity of submission to what she deemed a false interpretation of the Constitution and the principles of Liberty for which her fathers had fought, the literature of the South lost its superficiality, its romantic characteristics. From the earliest days of the war, prose in the form of history, philosophical essays and controversial debate, became the recognized and powerful weapon

wielded by her greatest minds: while poetry, in the hands alike of poet and peasant, became the great national organ for emotional expression.

Fully to appreciate the themes and refrains that filled her war verse, it is necessary to understand for just what principles, and with what a temper, the South began the fight. Whatever had been the immediate excuse for war, for the Southerner the conflict very quickly resolved itself into a struggle for liberty. The principle of States' Rights had always been cherished in the South since the days of the Articles of Confederation, in 1781, which declared at the very onset that while adopting this plan that was designed to make of the various integers a government that might be per se recognizable,—"each state retained its sovereignty, freedom and independence." "Submission to any encroachment, the least as well as the greatest, on the rights of a state means slavery," wrote Dr. Basil Gildersleeve.* "The extreme Southern States considered this right menaced by the issue of the presidential election." The South had always clung to the earlier conception of national union of separate and independent units. That the North regarded her as a rebel against the Constitution of her fathers but goaded her the more bitterly, who felt that above all things she battled in the right, for the freedom of which Washington himself had dreamed, and which her own ancestors had been the greater part of the instrument in winning and perfecting. It was therefore to the South a holy contest. "Right or wrong, we were fully persuaded in our own minds, and there was no lurking suspicion of any moral weakness in our cause," continued Dr. Gildersleeve.* "Nothing could be holier than the cause, nothing more imperative than the duty of upholding it. There were those in the South who when they saw the issue of the War, gave up their faith in God, but not their faith in the cause."

With Lincoln's decision to provision Fort Sumter, on April 1, 1861, and his call for troops, two weeks later, the question of States' Rights was amplified by the addition of two other sentiments which three together formed the lofty inspiration that, in the South lifted the struggle above the commonplaces of civil

---

*See *The Creed of the Old South*, pp. 24 and 25.

*See *The Creed of the Old South*, p. 38.

strife. At once it was dignified into a war in defence of home, of native land, and of liberty. It was therefore with a certain nobility of purpose that the Confederate Army went forth to battle. The North had enlisted on a punitive expedition: the South had engaged in a crusade for her ideals. This was the magic touch that transmuted the comparative dross of her literature to pure gold. "When there flashed upon poetic souls not the political issues that were at stake, but the great human situation of the struggle, they gave voice to the pent up feelings of the new nation."

The poetic genius of the Southerners had always been lyric in character, partly as the result of environment, partly that of racial temper, partly as an inheritance from the old Cavaliers who had been their ancestors. Nor had the lyrists of the South been of slender numbers. Professor Manly's "Southern Literature" credits the land with over two hundred poets whom he considered worthy of mention. More than fifty of these belong to Virginia alone, and Dr. Painter wrote* of their work that "examination . . . . . reveals among a good deal that is commonplace and imitative, many a little gem that ought to be preserved." Their method was usually Byronic and amorous. They had, it is true, made little or no use of local color or legend, and had given over the narrative and the dramatic for the lyric. Their work, however, was always melodious and of easy numbers. This was their particular characteristic. The second, and indeed the more interesting, was the lack of the professional touch. Before the War, there had been few vocational poets, as there had been few professed *literateurs*. Poetry was the possession of the many, not of a small group of favored ones, and these wrote purely for the pleasure of the art, with so little care for fame or reputation that many of their verses still remain uncollected. When, therefore, the emotion of the conflict was borne upon the South, there were poets to fight her battles—just as there were soldiers in the field,—who were using an accustomed mode, though with unaccustomed sincerity and felicity. Indeed, the number of war poets is one of the amazing phenomena of the time: and as in the North, literature was mainly in their hands. Beyond the line there were Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes,

---

*See *Southern Prose and Poetry*, p. 15.

Boker, Whitman and Mrs. Stowe. In the South, Hayne, Timrod, Ticknor, Simms, John R. Thompson, George Bagby, Dr. Holcombe, Mrs. Preston, Mrs. Charles, and Father Ryan filled roles as lofty, and as surely inspired. There was, however, this difference in their work. The poets of the North lived and wrote in comparative security and remoteness from the field. Their verses were characterized by a virtuous indignation against the rebellion, by appeals for men, anger at constant delay and unnecessary defeat, and deliberate exhortations in the name of the Union.

In the South, on the other hand, conditions were quite different. The whole land was a battlefield, which every man, woman and child was bound by his principles to defend with his very life, and from which they had pledged themselves to drive the invading hordes. Each soul was personally involved in the conflict, and the poets, instead of looking on the struggle from afar, and distantly applauding it, looked out from the very centres of confusion, calling to their people words of help and cheer and courage. Theirs was not a plea to engage in the conflict. Theirs was the shout of "Come to the battle! Help us or we perish, and with us the sacred fires of true and personal Freedom." It was the "terrible experience of a mighty conflict,* in which the soul of the people was . . . . brought out through struggles, passion, partings, heroism, love, death, ... all effective in the production of genuine feeling and the development of real character. While the battles were being fought in the homes of the Southerners, their poets sent forth now a stirring martial lyric, now a humorous song or poem recounting the trials and hardships of camp, hospital and prison life . . . these becoming ever more and more intermingled with dirges for Jackson, for Albert Sidney Johnston, for Stuart, for Ashby, and finally for the Conquered Banner. In all these there was no trace of artificiality, no sign of the mawkish sentimentality of the old waxflowery, amateurish and sentimental race of Southern writers . . . They were surcharged with deep, genuine, sincere feeling. They were instinct with life. In this respect the war poetry laid the foundation of the new Southern literature . . .

---

*See *Biographical and Critical Studies of Southern Authors*, "Irwin Russell," pp. 97 and 98.

'new in strength, new in depth, new in the largest elements of beauty and truth.'"

It was a terrible price to pay for a renaissance of art, wrung as it was from the heart of a wounded people. It appeared still more a vain and useless sacrifice because at first the Southern war poetry gave rise to no literary genre. Indirectly, however, in its return to reality, to simplicity of emotion and truth of passion, this war verse was of inestimable value to the rising school of Southern fiction and prose. Nevertheless, the renaissance could not come at once. It was only when the pain and ruin of war had somewhat passed, and the South had begun to recover from the waste which the conflict had wrought on the land, when the bitterness of the struggle had softened with the changing years and generations, and after the new attitude towards life had had time to crystalize into permanency, that one of her younger poets could write of her, with truth:*

Lo! from the war cloud, dull and dense,
Loyal and chaste and brave and strong
Comes forth the South with frankincense,
And vital freshness in her song.
The weight is fallen from her wings,
To find a purer air she springs
Out of the night, into the morn.

---

*See "*To the South*," stanza V, by James Maurice Thompson.

CHAPTER II

The Historical Development of the Southern War Poetry

Contemporary criticism is seldom safely to be trusted, but there are times when contemporaneous comment is as valuable as it is enlightening. It is so with this statement by T. C. de Leon —in his introduction to an anthology of the Southern Civil War verse.* "If poems born of revolution bore no marks of the bitter need that crushed them from the hearts of their authors, they would have no value whatever, intrinsic or historical."

Southern war poetry is worthy of preservation because it is an expression of vital appeal and of sentiment wrung from the heart of a people. For the most part, it was written under the stress of the moment. It was indeed the spontaneous overflow of powerful emotion, but only occasionally does it take its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity. Nevertheless, it speaks the language of men and women, and in it we may read, as perhaps through no other medium, the true story of the development of Southern character, of national spirit, and of definite sectional consciousness.

Today the poetry remains to us in the newspapers and magazines of the period, and in the anthologies and various collections of war verse (the best of these appearing either during the war or shortly after). Most interesting, but most ephemeral of them all, it remains in part in the small printed broadsides, or single sheets in handbill form, which usually appeared anonymously and mysteriously, at times even without the name of the printer. Issued in varying numbers, on wretched paper, and seldom gathered together, so many of these have perished in the passage of the years, that in many instances a single copy may remain in existence. Of the verses that circulated in MSS. there is now little trace. Occasionally, as in the case of K—s "To the Memory of Stonewall Jackson," some old copy-book or diary will restore them to the light: but of the various sources, less result is obtained from this field than from the others.

*See *South Songs*, p. vii.

Next to the appearance of the poems in the papers and journals, publication by broadside was probably the most common usage. Especially in the later days of the war, when newspaper publication was either temporarily or entirely suspended, this medium insured the quickest distribution of verse particularly applicable to the moment, a battle ode, a dirge of a fallen leader, or a song of peculiarly inspiriting phraseology. It was in this broadside form that "My Maryland" spread through the South almost in a day, anonymously, and often suffering from lines badly copied or cut. That Randall was the author was a fact silently understood and communicated: for it was safest and wisest in those early days, and particularly in the border states, that names be not mentioned. Even later, and after months of war, this condition still obtained. The appearance, in September, 1862, of "Stonewall Jackson's Way," written by Dr. John Williamson Palmer, as he listened to the guns of Sharpsburg, is a case in point. Dr. Palmer gives this history of the poem, and its publication:*

"In September, 1862, I found myself . . . at Oakland . . . in Garrett County, Maryland. Early on the sixteenth there was a roar of guns in the air, and we knew that a great battle was toward . . . I knew that Stonewall was in it, whatever it might be: it was his way,—'Stonewall Jackson's Way.' I had twice put that phrase into my war letters, and other correspondents, finding it handy, had quoted it in theirs. I paced the piazza and whistled a song of Oregon lumbermen and loggers that I had learned from a California adventurer in Honolulu. The two thoughts were coupled and welded into one to make a song: and as the words gathered to the call of the tune I wrote the ballad of 'Stonewall Jackson's Way' with the roar of these guns in my ears. On the morrow I added the last stanza . . . .

"In Baltimore I told the story of the song to my father, and at his request made immediately another copy of it. This was shown cautiously to certain members of the Maryland Club: and a trusty printer was found who struck off a dozen slips of it, principally for private distribution. That first printed copy of the song was headed 'Found on a Rebel Sergeant of the Old Stonewall Brigade, Taken at Winchester.' The fabulous legend was

*See *Photographic History of the Civil War*, vol. 9, pp. 86 and 88.

for the misleading of the Federal provost marshal, as were also the address and date, 'Martinsburg, September 13, 1862.' "

It must not be supposed that this war verse which has survived to our day consists merely of battle songs and popular ballads on themes arising from the nature of the conflict. Just as the war was far reaching and general in its effect, touching every Southerner personally, and too often poignantly, so the poetic response was varied and modified to meet the demand of the moment. There is description, and narration; there are of course dialectics and polemics; there is satire; and there is even a little humor. And because through all this rings the personal and individual appeal, the prevailing note is lyric. Of the dramatic there is very little, notably Hayne's "The Substitute," and "The Royal Ape." This last is a long dramatic narrative in iambic pentameter rimed couplets that is possibly more interesting as satire and propaganda than as pure drama. Yet neither of these is a work of free inspiration. The Southern war poet did his best work when out of the fulness of his heart, he either vowed allegiance to his beloved land, and her leaders, or wrote in passion and defiance as a resolved defender of the freedom of his Fathers.

Judged from an emotional point of view, this poetry falls into three distinct periods, obvious enough in themselves, but interesting in that by them we may see more clearly the issues of the war as reflected in the hearts of the warriors. There are the first poems of rebellion against oppression: lyrics of passionate defiance as well as of hortatory counsel: appeals to remember the glory of the past and the danger of the present. The second period started at the moment of invasion after which there was no longer need for a Congress to formulate the principles for which they fought, or to arrange for the unifying of the various State integers. Then began the poetry of actual conflict, taking the form of verses concerning particular battles, the narration of some heroic deed, the lament for a great hero, as well as camp ballads, and marching songs. As a connecting link with the first period, there are still the poems breathing the national spirit, and loyalty to the Southern cause. Even in the third and last period, that of disappointment, discouragement and actual defeat, this note continues, and is the more poignant for its unfaltering persistence in the face of calamity.

The poetry of the first period began in the closing days of 1860. In November of that year there had been elected by the North and West a President whose principles of government seemed to threaten the South with danger of extermination of her most precious interests. The platform of Republicanism she considered in every respect inimical to her importance as a unit in the central organization of states. Her very identity was endangered, and that to a section where pride of historic heritage was as dear as actual power of wealth and commerce, aroused her as could perhaps nothing else. Therefore, on December twentieth, 1860, South Carolina passed her order of secession, following it with the "Declaration of Independence," which justified the previous action by recalling the two great principles asserted by the early colonies, namely, "the right of a state to govern itself, and the right of a people to abolish a government when it becomes destructive to the ends for which it was instituted. And concurrent with the establishment of these principles was the fact that each colony became and was recognized by the mother country as a free, sovereign and independent state." It was a proud imperious challenge, and made immediate appeal to every Southerner to whom freedom and independence, personal or otherwise, was a precious birthright. The proclamation fired the imagination, as it did the poetic spirit of the land: the poetic response struck the same note. S. Henry Dickson's "South Carolina" was one of the first poems to appear. Its verses are as lofty in tone as the lines of the proclamation, and equally as sincere. They are frankly exultant.

The deed is done! the die is cast;
The glorious Rubicon is passed:
Hail, Carolina! free at last.

Strong in the right I see her stand
Where ocean laves the shelving sand;
Her own Palmetto decks the strand.

She turns aloft her flashing eye;
Radiant, her lonely star on high
Shines clear against the darkening sky.
* * * * *
Fling forth her banner to the gale!
Let all the hosts of earth assail,—

Their fury and their force shall fail.
* * * * *
Oh, land of heroes! Spartan State!
In numbers few, in daring great,
Thus to affront the frown of fate!

And while mad triumph rules the hour,
And thickening clouds of menace lower,
Bear back the tide of tyrant power.

With steadfast courage, faltering never,
Sternly resolved, her bonds to sever:
Hail, Carolina! free forever!

This may be the expression of the hour, but it proved as well to be the poetic sentiment of the next four years. Every poet of the South, from the humblest maker of camp catches to the greatest of her lyrists, shared this attitude of resolve, as they watched their Spartan nation continue to wage what they consented to be a righteous war for freedom, against a tyrant power. Naturally, expression became more sharply crystalized with the actual invasion. None the less, even thus early, before the end of '60, we have a precise foreshadowing of the war attitude of the Confederate poet.

With the passage of secession in South Carolina, at once the remaining "Cotton States" were torn by the conflict of making a great decision. There were those to whom the indignity of submitting their conception of government to what they called a usurpation of authority was inconceivable treachery to an ancient and honorable past: and there were those to whom unquestioning obedience to the Government at Washington was the only way of fulfilling the heritage of their ancestors. In the end, the extremists won. The North would offer no compromise: indeed, it would have been contrary to the Southern code of honor to have accepted halfway measures. To them there appeared no other course to pursue, no solution but to follow Carolina's lordly lead. Mississippi seceded on January ninth, Florida on the tenth, Alabama on the eleventh, Georgia on the nineteenth, Louisiana on the twenty-sixth.

For the South as a whole, as well as for her poets, January had been a month of tempest. Following the secession of Carolina, the situation that had developed over Fort Sumter was danger-

ous to the extreme. As it afterwards proved, Sumter was the tinder which kindled the flame of war; and as early as January, when Major Anderson refused to surrender the fort the menace within the South began to show itself. The authorities of Charleston, endangered by Federal possession of Sumter, demanded its surrender. No decision could have been reached until after March fourth, when Lincoln was inaugurated. Meanwhile, on the fourth of February, the six states which had already left the Union, and Texas, which seceded three days earlier, formally met at convention in Charleston, and united in a Confederacy, in opposition to the Government at Washington. It was a move which their poets, as well as their more practically visioned men, had been frantically urging. Two of the most interesting of the poems of this period appeared, the one in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for January, by William Gilmore Simms, the other in the *Charleston Courier*, about the middle of the month, addressed in French, by R. Thomassy, under date of Nouvelle Orleans, 2 Janvier 1861, to "Les Enfants du Sud." It is fiery and eloquent of passion.

Enfants du Sud, l'outrage et la menace
Aux nobles coeurs ne laissent plus de choix.
Le paix nous trompe: un serpent nous enlace.
Tranchons ses noeuds, et defendons nos droits!
Qu' attendrons—nous pour reprendre l'epee,
Qui triompha d'un vieux monde oppresseur?
Le nord aussi, violant la foi juree,
Seme a son tour discorde et deshonneur.
Aux armes donc pour la cause sacree;
De nos ayeux vengeons les saintes lois:
Nons sommes Sparte, invincible, eprouvee;
Que sa vertu preside a nos exploits!

Gilmore Simms' poem is less a call to arms, and more a warm and affectionate tribute to a beloved land, noteworthy because it proves that even before the Confederacy was formed, the people of the South were united in her love. The second stanza is better than the first.

She is all fondness to her friends: to foes
She glows a thing of passion, strength and pride;
She feels no tremors when the danger's nigh,
But the fight over, and the victory won,
How with strange fondness turns her loving eye

In tearful welcome on each gallant son!
* * * * * *
I glory that my lot with her is cast,
And my soul flushes and exultant sings;

Already there had begun the actual war verse, taking here the form of the invitation to arms. That war, the "irrepressible conflict," was inevitable, was recognized by all sensible men. "Barhamville" in January addressed one of the first of these, "The Call," to the editor of the *South Carolinian*. At this time, too, there appeared the fervid "Spirit of '60," in the Columbus *Times*, forerunner of a series in which were contrasted the spirit of the present and of '76. To the South, both were wars for liberty, both struggles against oppression, in both contests the South was a vital factor; and the analogy was too good for a poetic eye to miss.

The finest single poem produced in this preliminary stage of the contest was that by Henry Timrod, "Ethnogenesis," written during the meeting of the first Southern Congress, at Montgomery, in the early days of February. To the poet the Congress meant indeed the birth of a great nation, a nation among nations, strong in its right, and secure in national resource,

"marshalled by the Lord of Hosts
And overshadowed by the mighty ghosts
Of Moultrie and of Eutaw."

It is a noble utterance and its dignity and melody of expression must have added greatly to the deep impression it created. In the *Southern Literary Messenger* for the month there are Joseph Brennan's "Ballad for the Young South"—"Men of the South! our foes are up, in fierce and grim array,"—and the defiant "The Southland Fears No Foeman," by J. W. M., in which is the richly suggestive line, "Her eagles yet are free;" while "from the Georgia papers," under date of Atlanta, February first, there is the anonymous "Cotton States' Farewell to Yankee Doodle." This latter is especially interesting because it is one of the first of a "Farewell to Brother Jonathan" group which enjoyed considerable vogue during the late winter and which was answered in the North by Oliver Wendell Holmes, with the lines "Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline," under date of March 25. Of the Confederate poems on this theme, "Farewell to Brother Jonathan" by "Caroline," which appeared about this time seems

closely connected with Holmes' verses. The metre of the two poems is the same and the thought antithetic, although it would be difficult to determine which is the reply. The last two stanzas of "Farewell to Brother Jonathan" are particularly good.

> O Brother! beware how you seek us again,
> Lest you brand on your forehead the signet of Cain;
> That blood and that crime on your conscience must sit;
> We may fail, we may perish, but never submit!
>
> The pathway that leads to the Pharisee's door
> We remember, indeed, but we tread it no more;
> Preferring to turn, with the Publican's faith,
> To the path through the valley and shadow of death.

Three other poems, apparently of this month, should be mentioned in passing, as exemplifying the note of personal interest of the Southern poet in the issue of the struggle. Robert Joselyn's "Gather! Gather!" the anonymous war song, "Come, Brothers! You are called!" and Millie Mayfield's triumphant "We Come! We Come!" may not be poetry of the first order: nevertheless these are verses written by people to whom the threatened conflict is not a matter distant and aloof, but of intimate and vital concern.

March was a month of little action on both sides. In the North it witnessed the inauguration of Lincoln; in the South the completer organizing and unification of the Confederacy, and the beginning of negotiations by the Confederacy by which they might secure possession of Fort Sumter. If, however, the South was marking time, her poets were not. They continued to urge her on to fulfillment of her "destiny." Indeed, this month saw written some of the very best and most resolute of her war verse. There is the indignant "Coercion," by John C. Thompson—

> "Who talks of Coercion? Who dares to deny
> A resolute people the right to be free?"

There is the anonymous "Prosopopeia," also in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which with Timrod's "Cry to Arms," written a little later, is the best of the verse of this kind which the period produced. Another widely known poem of the month was St. George Tucker's "The Southern Cross," verses patterned after Key's "Star Spangled Banner," and which had enormous vogue, and was even set to music, later on. This in so far as can be de-

termined is the first poetic use of the Southern Cross as the symbol of the Confederacy, a figure that was later adopted for the design of her flag, and which finally became, not only her ensign, but as well a symbol of the righteousness of her faith and cause. James Barron Hope's "Oath of Freedom,"—

> Born free, thus we resolve to live:
> By Heaven, we will be free.
> By all the stars which burn on high,
> By the green earth—the mighty sea—
> By God's unshaken majesty
> We will be free or die!—

is of a kind with Thompson's "Coercion," and was widely copied during this time. Another poem must be mentioned here, as presaging the turmoil to follow, "Fort Sumter," by "H.," in the New Orleans *Delta*, with the command of its refrain, "Carolina, *take* the Fort."

The most eventful months of the year 1861 were April and July, for April inaugurated "the irrepressible conflict," and July saw the first great battle of the war, and a complete Confederate victory. On the first of April, President Lincoln announced his decision to refuse surrender of Fort Sumter to the Confederates, and added that he would undertake to provision the garrison imprisoned there immediately. At once the South was aflame. On the morning of the twelfth of April, Beauregard, commander of the Southern forces at Charleston, ordered the shelling of the Fort, which continued through the thirteenth, and ended with the evacuation of the Fort on the fourteenth. The war had begun, and though the opening engagement had been without loss to either side, and had ended in a Confederate victory, a far bloodier and disastrous conflict was inevitable. To the rejoicing South, however, there was only the glory of the first decision to consider, and the poets in their rapture gave utterance to a sheaf of verse, innumerable ballads about Sumter, affectionate odes to the nation so gloriously born and baptized by victorious fire, two great national songs, and frantic appeals to North Carolina, Virginia and Maryland, Tennessee and Kentucky to join fortunes of the Confederacy.

The first song published in the South after the war began, and corresponding, in the North, to E. C. Stedman's "The Twelfth of April" was, fittingly enough, "God Save the South" by George

H. Miles of Frederick County, Maryland. Sung to music by C. W. A. Ellerbrock, it was designed to be, and accepted as the national hymn. It did not however, succeed in becoming a favorite. On the twenty-sixth of the month, James Rider Randall, inflamed by the circumstances of the "Baltimore Massacre" on April nineteenth, wrote his "My Maryland," the most famous Southern poem produced by the war, and one whoes influence was greater than a hundred battles. Circulated at first by broadsides it swept through the South like wildfire, and if any force could have drawn Maryland to the side of the Confederacy, it would have been that exerted by this poem. Her Union Governor, however, aided by Federal troops and tactful advice from Washington, succeeded in holding the State to the Union, although many Marylanders were ardent Southern sympathizers. Virginia, on the other hand, who, like Maryland, had been hesitating over her decision, hesitated no longer, after the episode of Sumter, implying as it did, Federal coercion. On the seventeenth of April she seceeded from the Union. Her "pausing" had long been considered a shame and a reproach by Southern poets. Now, they burst forth in delight. "Virginia, Late But Sure!" was the triumphant shout of Dr. Holcombe, and Virginia's answer was expressed in poems such as "Virginia to the Rescue," "Virginia's Rallying Call," or "Virginia's Message to the Southern States."

The poetry produced or published in May chiefly concerns the decision of Virginia, and the assembling of the Southern armies, those "Ordered Away" to the field. Virginia's entrance into the Confederacy had burnt all the bridges leading back—though remotely—to peace. At once the South proceeded to rally her forces to the standard of her cause, and gradually during May and June, flung out her battle line across Virginia, West Virginia and Kentucky to the Mississippi. Down the river it stretched through Forts Henry and Donelson to New Orleans. At one time, in '63, the Confederate line surged forward through Western Virginia and Maryland so far into Pennsylvania that Harrisburg was directly menaced. It was the four years' uncertain task of the Union forces to control this line, to break through it, turn it back and in upon itself, and finally to starve its scattered remnants into submission. As this was accomplished the first lyric outburst of the War—Timrod's "Cry to Arms," for example—was gradually exchanged for a slenderer volume of song. At first her poets

encouraged the people to faith and labor; then they sang of hope and courage, attempting to relieve the despair of a nation whose cause was lost, and whose ruin seemed irretrievable.

In the spring of '61, however, there was only exultation, while in the North the cry of "On to Richmond" welled and grew fiercer during May, June and the summer months. Especially did it grow imperative after July twentieth, when the Confederate Capital was transferred there from Montgomery. On the next day, July twenty-first, came the great opening battle of the war, when the Union army under General Scott, joined with Beauregard's men at Manassas Junction. The result was a complete Confederate victory, and there was unrestricted panic and flight among the Federal troops (the source of much satiric comment among the Southern poets) when Joseph E. Johnston's army, which had not been expected to arrive until too late to be of assistance to Beauregard, appeared at the crucial moment.

It was only natural that the wave of triumphant exultation which had thrilled the South after the fall of Sumter should again sweep the land. Her poets responded with a sheaf of poems, in which they wrote of the contest from every angle,—odes of thanksgiving for victory, narratives of the course of the flight, eulogies of Beauregard and Johnston, satires on the behavior of the Union forces, camp catches half satiric and half comic, poems of particular incidents of the fight, finally words of regret and sorrow for the slain, and the manner of their slaying. This last theme is particularly interesting, for the feeling of horror at the situation "where brother fought with brother" was ever-present with the Southerners throughout the four years of the War. The very best of the poems occasioned by Manassas were those of Mrs. Warfield, "Manassas," Susan Archer Talley's "Battle Eve," Ticknor's "Our Left," and the lines by "Ruth," entitled "The Battle of Bull Run," dated Louisville, Kentucky, July twenty-fourth, and written in curious and effective stanzas of irregular "unrhymed rhythms." Mrs. Warfield's poem was stirring and vigorous, bold in metaphor and in expression.

> They have met at last, as storm clouds
> Meet in Heaven,
> And the Northmen, back and bleeding
> Have been driven:
> And their thunders have been stilled,

And their leaders crushed or killed,
And their ranks, with terror thrilled
Rent and riven!

Like the leaves of Vallumbroso
They are lying;
In the moonlight, in the midnight
Dead and dying:
Like those leaves before the gale
Swept their legions wild and pale,
While the host that made them quail
Stood, defying.

* * * * *

But peace to those who perished
In our passes!
Light be the earth above them!
Green the grasses!
Long shall Northmen rue the day,
When they met our stern array,
And shrunk from battle's wild affray
At Manassas.

Miss Talley's "Battle Eve," with its beautiful picture of twilight calm before the darker night of storm and death, is affecting in its simple direct appeal, and sincerity of regret for the carnage of conflict—and was called forth by the seriousness of the impending meeting at Manassas. Francis Orray Ticknor's "Our Left"—suggested by the indomitable courage and perseverance of the Confederate left wing before McDowell's men, until reinforced by the timely arrival of Johnston's army, who brought victory with them, is a spirited, almost exalted account of the actual battle, and was immensely popular at the time. There are many versions of it still extant, in broadsides and anthologies, —for the most part anonymous, since the poem evidently was not at first acknowledged by Ticknor. This has led to a curious connection of names. In one of the broadsides versions in the collection of the Ridgway Library, in Philadelphia, the poem is dated Baltimore, Maryland, October 20, 1861, and is signed by "Old Secesh." This signature is also given to "The Despot's Song," a popular Lincoln satire of a later period of the War, which again is assigned to Baltimore, and from circumstantial evidence seems to be the work of Dr. N. G. Ridgely, a Baltimorean who was a popular satirist of the day, and who signed his work variously "N. G. R.," "Le Diable Baiteux," "O. H. S.," "Cola," and "B."

This last signature is further associated with the name of James Ryder Randall, for in the Baltimore City Librarian's Office, in Ledger 1411, there is a broadside version of "Maryland, My Maryland," published in Baltimore, as were these other broadsides, and signed "B," Point Coupee (La.), April 26, 1861. It would, of course, be impossible, so many years later, to puzzle out the interrelation of the poems and signatures, and indeed their value would hardly warrant the labor. It is, nevertheless, an interesting example of the chaos which at times arose from the necessarily surreptitious publication and circulation of the Confederate verse.

Manassas was the last great event of the year. There were several minor engagements between the two armies, notably the fight at Ball's Bluff, on the twenty-first of October; and there was the "Trent Affair," with the capture of the Confederate emissaries to England, Mason and Slidell, on November eighth. Nevertheless, the Southern poets did not lack inspiring material, the continued "aloofness" of Maryland and Kentucky being among their most vital themes. They were, of course, never idle with their lyrics of loyalty and continued to sound the war note or to sing of the South, with indomitable zeal. They had even by this time, become so accustomed to the state of war, that they could begin to work seriously with satire. The best in this genre written in '61 are John R. Thompson's "On to Richmond," satirizing Winfield Scott's first campaign, and "England's Neutrality" (England had passed a proclamation of neutrality towards the two belligerents early in May, on the thirteenth): "O Johnny Bull, My Jo John," an anonymous ballad occasioned by the presence of English frigates off the coast in '61, and the unfortunately anonymous, but delightfully humorous "King Scare" (prompted by the terror in the North regarding the Confederate power in the field).

The close of the year was marked by a poem in the *Southern Field and Fireside*—a "Requiem for 1861," by H. C. B. It is not of any particular excellence or poetic merit, but it is worthy of note for its expression of sincere sorrow for the conflict that was severing a land of brothers; and for a sense of the horror that war had brought to the South.

> Year of terror, year of strife,
> Year with evil passions rife

Pass, with seething angry flood,
Pass, with garments dipped in blood,—

Born 'mid hopes, but raised in fears,
With thy dewdrops changed to tears,
With thy springtime turned to blight,
And with darkness quenching light.
* * * * *
War's fierce tread upon our land
Severing once a kindred band,
Child and father ranged for strife,
Brother seeking brother's life!
* * * * *
Thou who doth unsheathe the sword
By the power of Thy Word,
And can by Thy mighty will
To the waves say "peace, be still"

Gather up this storm once more,
Where "Thy judgments are in store,"
Send Thy holy dove of Peace,
And our fettered land release!

The same longing for peace is shown in the verses "Christmas Day, A. D. 1861," by M. J. H. But it must be a peace with victory. That was the earliest conception. By the lives of her sons who had died for her in the year just passed, the South was resolved on whatever sacrifice it might cost her to prevail, despite the fact that she was already weary of the struggle. No better expression of her unchecked purpose may be found than in Mrs. Warfield's lines, written in the spring months before Manassas, "The Southern Chant of Defiance." With Timrod's "Ethnogenesis," and Randall's "Maryland," it stands the finest poetry which the year produced in the Confederacy.

1862 began with the Confederacy prevailing. Nevertheless, the first six months of the year seemed to bring to the South nothing but gloom. In February of '62, came news of the capture of Fort Henry on the Tennessee River, February sixth, and on February eighth, of the fall of Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland. There was much more importance in these two defeats than at first appeared to the poets; for these forts were the two most valuable gateways to the Southwestern Confederacy, and their fall meant not only the first break in the Confederate line, but as well, direct menace of Southern control of the Mississippi,

and New Orleans. It foreshadowed the later evacuation of Nashville, before Grant.

In January, the month before, the chief theme of the Southern poets had been the meditated burning of the cotton crop, by the Southern planters, and this cry of "Burn the Cotton!" had brought forth at least one finely phrased poem. In February, the themes concerned the siege and evacuation of Donelson, and there began the days of wretched anxiety that were to possess the Confederacy until the end of July, when the land was to know that the Virginia part of her line still held, and Richmond was safe. In March McClellan assumed chief control of the Union forces, and began his Peninsula campaign, in response to Lincoln's reiterated cry, "On to Richmond." On the eighth of the month, the Confederate ram "Merrimac" out from Norfolk, succeeded in breaking the Federal blockade of Hampton Roads, much to the consternation of the North. The next day, however, in her encounter with the "cheesebox" Monitor, "the turtle" Merrimac was too badly hurt to be of further or immediate use, and the elation of the day before gave way to depression, which was in no way relieved by the events of the next few months. April saw the practical occupation of the Mississippi, with the fall of Corinth, the evacuation of Fort Pillow, and on the lower river, Farragut and Porter's occupation of New Orleans. Of the Mississippi line, there remained to the Confederates only Vicksburg and Port Hudson. For the South everything depended on the defeat of McClellan's "On to Richmond" march, since on the sixth of the month, Albert Sidney Johnston, attempting to retrieve the disaster to the middle line in Tennessee, had engaged Grant at Shiloh and Pittsburgh Landing, with tremendous carnage. The battle had proved an incomplete Confederate defeat, but what was worse for the South, had occasioned Johnston's death.

To all of the many events of these opening months, the Southern poets made continuous response. National songs inspiring faith and courage, as for example, Hewitt's "Lines Written During These Gloomy Times, To Him Who Despairs," spoken at the Richmond "Varieties" by Mr. Ogden, Wednesday night, May 7, 1862,—occasional verses suggested by various incidents and episodes of the war's progress, camp catches and marching ballads praising individual troops and regiments, the poets poured forth in unstinting measure. However, the death of Albert Sidney

Johnston, at Shiloh, made a deeper impresssion on the poets than any event of these spring months. The affection and pure love which the Southerners lavished on their leaders is one of the several remarkable phenomena of the war. In no other war, and in no other country do the leaders appear to have been so beloved, so idolized. To us today, the expression of sentiment seems extravagant and excessive. One attribute it has, however, and one that is not to be denied. The praise of the South for her great men is always passionately sincere. During the war, the Southerners were, as never before, a band of brothers. There was, therefore, in their relations with their great men, a personal contact and appeal which in the North was not so keenly felt. Albert Sidney Johnston, who with Beauregard, had been one of the heroes of Manassas, was the first of Confederate heroes to fall. The South mourned him, as she did all of her sons who fell in her defence, truly and warmly.

When "Stonewall" Jackson died, after Chancellorsville, almost a year later, the outburst of the poets with dirges and elegies was quite typical. S. A. Link quotes T. C. de Leon, the editor of *South Songs* (1866), as saying:* "I had in my collection no fewer than forty-seven monodies and dirges on Stonewall Jackson, some dozen on Ashby, and a score on Stuart." Even today there are extant a round dozen of poems lamenting the death of Albert Sidney Johnston.

With all the sorrow that came to the South in these first months of depression, it is pleasant to see that she had not lost the saving humor and satiric sense that was so to strengthen her in the evil days which followed. On April sixteenth, for example, the Confederate Congress, alarmed by the condition of the Southern army, passed a measure for conscription. This was commented upon in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for the month, with a delightful epigram:

> Let us hail in this crisis the prosperous omen
> That our senate shows virtue higher than Roman;
> It has spurned all titles of honor, for rather
> Than claim that each member be called "Conscript Father,"
> All self-aggrandizement they lay on the shelves,
> And declare all men conscripts, excepting themselves!

---

*See *War Poets of the South: Singers on Fire*, S. A. Link, p. 382.

During May and June of '62 Jackson and Lee endeavored to arrest McClellan's progress by their counter campaign in the Shenandoah. For the South it was a most successful move. Not only were the Southern arms carried to victory, but, through the unfortunate wounding of Joseph E. Johnston at Seven Pines, Lee, whose fame had grown in the Shenandoah, was placed in supreme command of the army of Northern Nirginia. The turning point of the Southern fortunes had arrived. The battle of the Chickahominy, Malvern Hill, and the Seven Day's fighting before Richmond, resulted in the defeat of McClellan's campaign, and Richmond, for the next two years, was saved.

The army of the Confederacy, through the hardships and reverses of the first year of fighting, had become a seasoned and experienced (though, thanks to the blockade, a sadly ill-equipped) machine. Its three great leaders were Lee and Jackson and Beauregard. The Southerners at home were beginning to be accustomed to the privations of war. They were all as confident as ever of the righteousness of their war. Thus with a united Confederacy behind him and after another victory at "Second Manassas," in '62, Lee began his ill-starred Maryland campaign, as a counter-stroke against the Army of the Potomac. Lee's part of the Confederate line, the Army of Northern Virginia, was the only part of the original battle wall still intact. Butler and his forces were in possession of New Orleans, the fall of Vicksburg, already in siege, was but a matter of time, and in the West, uncertainty still prevailed. John R. Thompson's spirited "A Word to the West," was written when Joseph E. Johnston was dispatched to relieve Vicksburg. It was at the same time an answer to A. J. Requier's impassioned plea, "Clouds in the West."

Those were anxious days, indeed. September saw the desperate conflict at Sharpsburg, the bloodiest single day's battle of the war, which, although it was not a conclusive defeat, left the Confederate forces wretchedly crippled, and brought deepest anguish to the South. The gloom, however, was relieved in December by Lee's victory at Fredericksburg. So the second year of war closed on a people and a nation, whose hearts were sick of the conflict. A second Christmas came to the Confederacy to find only the grim realities of life instead of the plumes and pomp of circumstance with which the war had begun. Mrs. Preston drew the picture for her countrywomen, in *Beechenbrook:*

How saddening the change is! The season's the same,
And yet it is Christmas in nothing but name:
No merry expression we utter today—
How can we, with hearts that refuse to be gay?
We look back a twelfthmonth on many a brow
That graced the home hearthstone—and where are they now?
We think of the darling ones clustering there,
But we see, through our tears, an untenanted chair.

None the less, the South was still firm in her resolve to battle to the end. No sacrifice could be demanded so great that it would not be willingly offered on the altar of Liberty—

Thank God! there is joy in the sorrow for all—
He fell—but it surely was blessed to fall;
For never shall murmur be heard from the mouth
Of mother or wife, through our beautiful South,
Or sister or maiden yield grudging her part,
Tho' the price that she pays, must be coined from her heart.

1863 proved another "Year of terror, year of strife." In the far South, Butler, in possession of New Orleans, had begun his reign of terror that was the savage inspiration of several poems. From Hayne, in particular, it wrung one of the most powerful lyrics of the war.* Up the river, the siege of Vicksburg still continued. How spring came to the land was most poignantly expressed by Henry Timrod, in "Spring."

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells in all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain
Is with us once again.
* * * * * *
Ah! who would couple thoughts of war and crime
With such a blessed time.
Who in the west-wind's aromatic breath
Could hear the call of Death!
* * * * * *
Oh! standing on this desecrated mould,
Methinks that I behold,
Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,
Spring kneeling on the sod,

---

*"*Butler's Proclamation*" by Paul H. Hayne, occasioned by Butler's order to the effect: "It is ordered that hereafter when any female shall by word, gesture or movement insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, *she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town*, plying her vocation."

And calling with the voice of her rills
Upon the ancient Hills,
To fall and crush the tyrants and the slaves
Who turn her meads to graves.

Spring brought with it another bloody engagement and Confederate victory, the Battle of Chancellorsville, fought in the first four days of May. In that, however, it caused the death of Stonewall Jackson it was, next to the actual surrender of the Southern army, the worst blow the Confederacy could have sustained. His death, some one once said, was like the death of an army. Certainly it took from Lee, already overburdened, his good right hand.

The outburst of mourning that followed on Jackson's death, has already been noted. The South and her poets loved him, not only as a leader, but personally, as a great and good man. He represented, moreover, that element of faith and religious fervor which was one of the essential factors of the Southern character, and without which the faith that sustained the Confederacy through four years of war, and the days of ruin that followed, is inexplicable.

"Let me say," wrote Dr. Gildersleeve,* "that the bearing of the Confederates is not to be understood without taking into account the deep religious feeling of the army and its great leaders. It is a historical element, like any other, and is not to be passed over in summing up the forces of the conflict." Many are the poems, the "Prayers for the South," and the individual supplications which still remain to attest the fact. For example, there is the "Battle Hymn of the Virginia Soldier," an anonymous lyric of striking beauty. There is the simpler, yet equally sincere and devout "Soldier's Battle Prayer" from the *Southern Literary Messenger* for April, '62. "A Mother's Prayer," is another very touching poem, in the same theme: and there could be no more impressive evidence of the true religious strain in Southern hearts, than the verses, terrible in their satire, and burning in their indignant phrases, "The War Christians' Thanksgiving," by S. Teackle Wallis of Maryland, occasioned by the Union proclamation for a day of prayer in the North, and "Respectfully Dedicated to the War-Clergy of the United States, Bishops, Priests and

*See *The Creed of the Old South*, by Basil L. Gildersleeve, p. 13.

Deacons." Written as it was by a prisoner then in the dungeon of Fort Warren, it is one of the most powerful human documents of the War. At the same time, the South held her own days of national prayer and fasting: and the verses which her poets wrote on these occasions, were quite in character with the national temper.

In the dark days of the next two years, the South was to find need for all her faith and confidence in the right. As if Jackson's death was not sufficient evil, July first to third brought Lee's defeat at Gettysburg, and on the day after this battle, the fall of Vicksburg, on the Mississippi. This meant the complete breaking of the Confederate line in the Southwest, and the return of the Army of Northern Virginia to its original position in Virginia. To complete the rout of the Confederate line, the Union forces now began to beat through the Southern defense in Tennessee and Kentucky, while Lee, back once more in Virginia, manouvered to and fro against Meade. In the Southern campaign, the Confederates were steadily forced out of Tennessee, and Chattanooga, the objective of the Union troops. This, (which was with Richmond, the last important strategic point left to the Confederacy) was wrested from Bragg, and occupied by Rosecrans on the ninth. The latter thought that the fall of the city would be sufficient warning to the Southerner, and that he and his forces would at once withdraw. Far from doing that, however, Bragg engaged him, ten days later, at Chickamauga. It was a two days' battle, on the nineteenth and twentieth, and was, next to Sharpsburg, the bloodiest engagement of the War. Though a Confederate victory, it was dearly bought. Yet even after all her suffering, the South willingly paid the price. Verses in the Richmond *Sentinel* called the river "Chickamauga, The Stream of Death," where the foe—

> Learned, though long unchecked they spoil us,
> Dealing desolation round,
> Marking, with the tracks of ruin
> Many a rood of Southern ground;
> Yet, whatever course they follow,
> Somewhere in their pathway flows
> Dark and deep, a Chickamauga,
> Stream of death to vandal foes.

They have found it darkly flowing
By Manassas' famous plain,
And by rushing Shenandoah
Met the tide of woe again;
Chickahominy, immortal,
By the long ensanguined fight,
Rappahannock, glorious river,
Twice renowned for matchless fight.

Heed the story, dastard spoilers,
Mark the tale these waters tell,
Ponder well your fearful lesson,
And the doom that there befell;
Learn to shun the Southern vengeance,
Sworn upon the votive sword,
Every stream a Chickamauga
To the vile invading horde!

None the less, in the battles that followed, the Union forces prevailed. In the three days' fighting before Chattanooga, culminating in the Battle of Missionary Ridge, on November twenty-fifth, the Confederates were set in full flight. J. Augustine Signaigo described this fight in "The Heights of Mission Ridge." The final catastrophe had begun.

It had been threatening for a long time. By the end of '63, nearly every Southern home had suffered some loss or sorrow. "Our Christmas Hymn" by Dr. John Dickson Bruns of Charleston, put the grief of the land into words.

Wild bells! that shake the midnight air
With those dear tones that custom loves,
You wake no sounds of laughter here
Nor mirth in all our silent groves;
On one broad waste, by hill or flood,
Of ravaged lands your music falls,
And where the happy homestead stood
The stars look down on roofless halls.

Timrod's "Christmas, 1863," shows a South that is sobered, and weary of battle: who with no idea of yielding, nevertheless, yearns for peace.

How grace this hallowed day?
Shall happy bells, from yonder ancient spire,
Send their glad greetings to each Christmas fire
Round which the children play?

How could we bear the mirth,
While some loved reveller of a year ago
Keeps his mute Christmas now beneath the snow,
In cold Virginian earth?

* * * * *

How shall we grace the day?
Oh! let the thought that on this holy morn
The Prince of Peace—the Prince of Peace was born,
Employ us, while we pray!

* * * * *

He who till time shall cease,
Shall watch that earth, where once, not all in vain
He died to give us peace, will not disdain
A prayer whose theme is—peace.

Perhaps, 'ere yet the spring
Hath died into the summer, over all
The land, the peace of His vast love shall fall
Like some protecting wing.

* * * * *

Peace on the whirring marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams,
Peace, God of Peace! peace, peace in all our homes,
And peace in all our hearts!

1864 was a year to be endured in stricken anguish. After a comparative lull during the first months of the war, on the fourth of May three Union armies moved forward, two destined for Richmond to shatter what part of the original Confederate line there was left, and one for Atlanta against Johnston and Hood, setting out to employ the troops still in the far South, and keep them from the relief of Lee and Richmond. This latter campaign was to end in the fall of Atlanta, and "Sherman's March to the Sea," and caused the invention of a new word.

Gaunt and grim like a spectre rose that word before the world,
From a land of bloom and beauty into ruin rudely hurled,
From a people scourged by exile, from a city ostracised
Pallas-like it sprang to being, and that word is—Shermanized.*

Atlanta fell, despite Hood's frantic efforts, on September third, '64. Hood's rashness in engaging in a counter attack against Nashville, cost him several severe defeats, and finally his army. Tennessee was thus brought entirely under Union control, and

*See "Shermanized" by L. Virginia French.

late in December, on the twenty-fourth, Sherman occupied Savannah. Two poems, by the same author, Alethea S. Burroughs of Georgia, commemorate this incident most poignantly, "Savannah," written in encouragement when her ruin seemed impending, and "Savannah Fallen," written after the occupation of the town.

On the way to Savannah, Sherman's route had lain through Columbia, which had been pillaged and burned, a circumstance that was the savage inspiration of James Barron Hope's flaming verses, "A Poem that Needs No Dedication." The sack of Columbia caused the evacuation of Charleston by the Confederate forces, then directly menaced, and before the oncoming destroyer the city was deserted. The pitiful fate of the city which had witnessed the birth and earliest days of the Confederacy, could not fail to stir the anguish of the Southern poets. "The Foe at the Gates," by Dr. Bruns, for example, reveals the still prevailing temper of the South.

> Ring round her! children of her glorious skies,
> Whom she hath nursed to stature proud and great;
> Catch one last glance from her imploring eyes,
> Then close your ranks and face the threatening fate.
>
> To save her proud soul from that loathed thrall
> Which yet her spirit cannot brook to name;
> Or, if her fate be near, and she must fall,
> Spare her—she sues—the agony and shame.
>
> From all her fanes let solemn bells be tolled,
> Heap with kind hands her costly funeral pyre,
> And thus, with paean sung and anthem rolled,
> Give her, unspotted, to the God of Fire.
>
> Gather around her sacred ashes, then,
> Sprinkle the cherished dust with crimson rain
> Die! as becomes a race of freeborn men,
> Who will not crouch to wear the bondsmen's chain.

To the poets of the South, the fate of this city was particularly significant, for if any place may be said to have been the literary centre of the Confederacy, it was Charleston. There, for example, lived Simms and Timrod and Hayne, the leaders of her lyrists, who, in the general destruction of the city, suffered the loss of their homes and libraries. Had Charleston been spared to them and to others, the literary history of the South in the days

after the war might have been a different tale. As it was, the disaster to each of these particular men proved irretrievable.

Lee, during the summer months, though stoutly resisting, and adroitly circumventing the enemy at nearly every turn, was nevertheless being forced back against Richmond. The Battles of the Wilderness, May fifth and sixth, the Spottsylvania fighting, on the eighth to the twentieth, and Cold Harbor, on June third, resulted in advantage first to one side and to the other. Then the conflict swung below Richmond to Petersburg, and for the next month, the Union forces were halted before that strongly fortified town. The "Battle of the Crater" was fought on July thirtieth, over ground destroyed by Federal mines, but it was unsuccessful for the Unionists, and their losses were so terrific that for the next winter, at least, Richmond was safe.

The Petersburg siege is noteworthy since during it were written some of the most attractive lyrics of the war, like "Dreaming in the Trenches," by Gordon McCabe, and "A Bloody Day is Dawning," by William Munford. It is remarkable that such freshness of phrase could be given to men wearied by three years of disappointing struggle. One may imagine that this is but another indication of the vitality and spirit that was an integral part of the Southern character.

By the end of '64, the Confederate battle wall had been crumpled and was beated in, everywhere except in Virginia, before Richmond. Peace for a stricken land was the immediate concern alike of poets and people. Beyond that they did not trust themselves to think: but peace was the universal prayer.

> Peace! Peace! God of our fathers, grant us Peace!
> Peace in our hearts, and at Thine altars; Peace
> On the red waters and their blighted shores;
> Peace for the leaguered cities, and the hosts
> That watch and bleed, around them and within;
> Peace for the homeless and the fatherless;
> Peace for the captive on his weary way,
> And the mad crowds who jeer his helplessness.
> For them that suffer, them that do the wrong—
> Sinning and sinned against—O, God! for all—
> For a distracted, torn and bleeding land—
> Speed the glad tidings! Give us, give us Peace.*

*"*Prayer for Peace*," by S. Teackle Wallis of Maryland.

The end came quickly. After a winter of preparation, determined among the Union forces, despairing among Lee's men, the attack on Petersburg was resumed and carried on April second, of '65. The next day, Richmond fell. Lee found escape impossible, and on the twelfth the little white farmhouse at Appomattox Court House, in the meeting of Lee and Grant, witnessed at once the death of a young nation and the rebirth of an older one.

Lyric as had always been the poetic genius of the South, it was but natural that her anguished cry of despair and defeat should be put into the mouths of her poets. For the most part, the poems on this theme are of beautiful quality, and those still extant form the largest single class in the war poetry of the four years.* Correspondingly, they constitute a glass wherein one may see how defeat came to the South, and how she met the challenge of the issue. There were, of course, some spirits which cried out beneath the unendurable prick that death itself had been preferable to defeat. There is not emotion more appalling than despair for which one sees no relieving element of comfort. Such poems as "Stack Arms," by Joseph Blythe Alston, "Doffing the Gray," by Lieutenant Falligant, "The Price of Peace" by "Luola" or "Peace" by Alethea Burroughs of Savannah are terrible expressions of this attitude. At the same time, there were those who like Mrs. Preston, in "Acceptation," met the issue more bravely and gently:

> We do accept thee, heavenly Peace!
> Albeit thou comest in a guise
> Unlooked for—undesired, our eyes
> Welcome, thro' tears, the kind release
> From war and woe and want—surcease
> For which we bless thee, holy Peace!
>
> We lift our foreheads from the dust;
> And as we meet thy brow's clear calm,
> There falls a freshening sense of balm
> Upon our spirits. Fear—distrust—
> The hopeless present on us thrust—
> We'll front them as we can, and must.
> * * * * *
> Then courage, brothers! Tho' our breast
> Ache with that rankling thorn, despair,

*In the present collection, eighty-one poems are definitely concerned with the immediate circumstances of defeat.

That failure plants so sharply there—
No pang, no pain shall be confessed;
We'll work and watch the brightening west,
And leave to God and Heaven, the rest.

There were others who accepted the inevitable gracefully, but defiantly.

Weep, if thou wilt, with proud sad mien,
Thy blasted hopes—thy peace undone;
Yet brave, live on—nor seek to shun
Thy fate, like Egypt's conquered queen.

Though forced a captive's place to fill,
In the triumphal train—yet there,
Superbly, like Zenobia, wear
Thy chains—*Virginia victrix* still.*

There were yet others to whom the fall of the Confederacy was typified in the furling of its banner. Poems like "The Conquered Banner," by Father Ryan, and J. C. M.'s "Cruci Dum Spiro, Fido," and A. J. Requier's "Ashes of Glory" are typical expressions of such spirits. Then there were those who, like D. B. Lucas, "In the Land Where We Were Dreaming," began to regard the struggle as the passing of a spirit world with which had passed all chivalry and beauty.

There are many of these verses portraying the end, each slightly differing in spirit from the one before, each repaying careful study with the beauty of its melody, and as a class, forming the noblest group of the war poems, whose only companions may be the earliest of the "Cry to Arms" series. Yet these poems of defeat are infinitely the more appealing in that the fire and dash of the earlier verses has here given way to the dignity of sorrow. "For the people's hopes are dead."

Hundreds of poems written during the four years of conflict reflect either individual reactions to war conditions, or incidents of battle. Besides these there are the prison verses, humorous pieces, and the southern songs, which in no way concern the historical passage of the War. There are poems of personal feeling, for example, like the exquisite and tender "The Confederate Soldier's Wife Parting From Her Husband" or Major

*"*Virginia Capta* by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston.

S. Y. Levy's "Love Letter," or Fanny Downing's "Dreaming." There are poems that picture the life of the civilian population, like "The Homespun Dress" by Miss Sinclair, or the anonymous "Your Mission" which is of more than passing interest since in the South it was attributed equally to John R. Thompson, Mrs. Preston, Paul H. Hayne, and Mrs. Browning.* There are poems reflecting the ravages of the war on the families of the soldiers, like "Heart Victories," "Somebody's Darling," "Reading the List," "Volunteered," and "The Unreturning." One could continue the catalogue indefinitely.

The prison verse, while not extensive, is for the most part, of good quality. There are five men whose work may be considered as representative, S. Teackle Wallis, who was imprisoned at Fort Warren, and four at Johnson's Island. Wallis's "To The Exchanged Prisoners" was written in Fort Warren in July '62, and is one of the first of the prison poems which we can identify as such. The others, Major A. S. Hawkins, Colonel Beuhring H. Jones, Colonel W. W. Fontaine, and Major George McKnight, ("Asa Hartz,") wrote two years later, in '64 and '65. Hawkins was the author of many poems, all of them popular, "The Hero Without a Name," "To Infidelia," "True to the Last," "Give Up," "A Prisoner's Fancy." About the best known of Buehring Jones' verses were "To a Dear Comforter," and the rather humorous "Rat den Linden." Fontaine was the author of many poems, notably "The Countersign," "Virginia Desolate," and "The Cliff Beside the Sea." It remained for "Asa Hartz" to while away his prison hours in writing lines so delightfully humorous, so free and swift moving, that it is difficult to believe they could have been written within prison walls. "Living or Dying," "Will No One Write to Me?" "To Exchange Commissioner Ould," and "My Love and I" are among the best of his lighter verses: "Exchanged," and "Farewell to Johnson's Island" are of more sober temper. "My Love and I" is the best example of his work:

> My love reposes on a rosewood frame—
> A bunk have I;
> A couch of feathery down fills up the same—
> Mine's straw, but dry;
> She sinks to sleep at night with scarce a sigh—
> With waking eyes I watch the hours creep by.

*See *South Songs*, edited by T. C. de Leon, note 11, p. 149.

My love her daily dinner takes in state—
And so do I (?);
The richest viands flank her silver plate—
Course grub have I.
Pure wines she sips at ease, her thirst to slake—
I pump my drink from Erie's limpid lake!

My love has all the world at will to roam—
Three acres I;
She goes abroad, or quiet sits at home—
So cannot I;
Bright angels watch around her couch at night—
A Yank, with loaded gun, keeps me in sight.

A thousand weary miles do stretch between
My love and I;
To her, this wintry night, cool, calm, serene,
I waft a sigh;
And hope with all my earnestness of soul,
Tomorrow's mail may bring me my parole!

There's hope ahead! We'll one day meet again—
My love and I;
We'll wipe away all tears of sorrow then,
Her lovelit eye
Will all my many troubles then beguile,
And keep this wayward reb. from Johnston's Isle.

The poetry dealing with incidents of the war is varied, and touches many subjects. There were such verses for example, as "The Silent March," by Walker Meriweather Bell, written on an occasion during the war when General Lee was lying asleep by the wayside and an army of fifteen thousand men "passed by with hushed voices and footsteps, lest they should disturb his slumbers;" "Stonewall Jackson's Way," written on the theme of the great general's ability "always to be where needed and in the thick of things;" "The Lone Sentry," based on an incident, common to all wars, of the great general relieving a weary sentry; "The Battle Rainbow" by John R. Thompson, inspired by the rainbow that appeared the evening before the beginning of the Seven Days of Battle before Richmond. "The rainbow overspread the eastern sky, and exactly defined the position of the Confederate army, as seen from the Capitol at Richmond." There were poems like "Music in Camp" also by John R. Thompson, suggested by an

incident that occurred just after Chancellorsville: and "The Unknown Hero," by W. Gordon McCabe, based on the discovery, "'after the Battle of Malvern Hill, of a [Confederate] soldier lying dead fifty yards in advance of any man or officer, his musket firmly grasped in the rigid fingers, name unknown, simply '2 La' on his cap."

Another interesting group of poems, closely connected with the war, although not with the actual progress of events, is found in the national and the army songs which were sung in camp and field and by the fireside. It was natural that "Dixie" should be the most popular of airs, and while it admitted of endless variations and sentiments, the words that were generally sung to it were those by Albert Pike. The Marseillaise was another widely popular air, to which were sung any number of poems. One of these "The Southern Marseillaise" by A. E. Blackmar, written early in 1861, was sung by the troops as they marched to their assembling points, and may very properly be called the Rallying Song of the South.

"The Bonnie Blue Flag," by Harry McCarthy was the favorite of the popular national songs. It was first sung by him on the stage of the Academy of Music in New Orleans, in September, 1861, and caused such excitement that the event precipitated a riot. When General Butler was in command of the city, two years later, he threatened to impose a fine of twenty-five dollars on any man, woman or child who sang it. In addition he arrested the publisher, A. E. Blackmar, destroyed the sheet music, and fined him five hundred dollars. After the tune became established as a favorite, Mrs. Annie Chambers Ketchum of Kentucky wrote other words to the air, which were frequently used.* In addition to the national songs, the various states used particular anthems. Maryland had Randall's song, "Maryland, My Maryland." For South Carolina there were Timrod's noble lines in the same strain, "Carolina." "Georgia, My Georgia" was written by Carrie Bell Sinclair, and the "Song of the Texas Rangers" by Mrs. J. D. Young. These are but a few among a longer list.

It has been said† that while the Confederate Army was not "absolutely destitute of songs, it simply lacked a plentiful supply

*See *The South in History and Literature*, by Mildred Lewis Rutherford, p. 254.

†See *Three Centuries of Southern Poetry*, by Carl Holliday, p. 112.

of songs written especially for the moment." This is far from being the case. Indeed, the camp songs and marching ballads written in the Confederate camps during the war, are legion. They vary in excellence from "The Cavaliers' Glee" by Captain William Blackford of Stuart's staff, to the extremely popular and delightful "Goober Peas," by A. Pender. For the camp catches there were certain stock tunes, such as the "Happy Land of Canaan," "Wait for the Wagon," "We'll Be Free in Maryland," "Gay and Happy," which were used over and over, and to which words were improvised to fit the occasion. Even the slender Confederate Navy had her stock of ballads. "The Alabama," by E. King, author of "Naval Songs of the South," is the best representative of this class.

It is not strange that during the chaotic days of the Confederacy, poems that had been written by Southerners in ante-bellum days were published in the South as of Confederate origin; and that poems of the war period written in the North or abroad should be attributed to Confederate authors. In the first category are verses such as "My Wife and Child," by Henry R. Jackson of Georgia, which he wrote during the Mexican War, and in the second class, "The Soldier Boy," a widely popular poem which was really by the Englishman, Dr. William Maginn (1793–1842), whom Thackeray satirized as "Captain Shalow" in *Pendennis*, but which was assigned to "H. M. L." of Lynchburg, and even given the circumstantial date of May 18, 1861. Another poem that was widely copied, but which was really written by T. Buchanan Read in Rome in 1861, was "The Brave at Home."

Two other poems whose origins have attracted much attention are "The Confederate Note," by Major S. A. Jonas of Mississippi, and "All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight," by Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers. Major Jonas seems to have established unquestionable claim to his poem in a letter to the Louisville *Courier*, under date of December 11, 1889. The poem by Mrs. Beers was a long time claimed for Lomar Fontaine. Mrs. Beers had written the verses in 1861, in which year they had appeared in *Harper's Weekly*. Late in '62 they began to circulate in the South, and for some unknown reason were assigned to Lomar Fontaine. He was at once showered with praise and eulogy, but it is interesting to note that in the Editor's Table of the *Southern Literary Messenger* for June, 1863 (p. 375) at the end of verses by Henry C. Alex-

ander "To Lomar Fontaine, the author of the verses entitled 'All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight,' and if report be true, one of the unrewarded heroes of the South" the Editor has subscribed the following discriminating comment: "It is questionable whether Fontaine wrote the 'All Quiet Along the Potomac.' There was no occasion to incite such a poem. Our pickets along the Potomac were rarely if ever shot: those of the Yankees were shot night after night.* We have heard that the author of the lines attributed to Fontaine is an Ohioan. A brave man—a hero, if you will,—Fontaine has yet to prove that he is a poet."

One other poem whose origin has been questioned is "The Countersign," which, reprinted in the Philadelphia *Press* in 1861, was declared to have been written by a private in Company G, Stuart's Engineer Regiment, at Camp Lesley, near Washington. F. F. Browne, in *Bugle Echoes*, cryptically adds: "But it may now be stated positively that it was written by a Confederate soldier, still living. The third line of the fifth stanza affords internal evidence of Southern origin." This Confederate soldier was Colonel W. W. Fontaine.

Metrical study of the Southern war poetry leads inevitably to the conclusion that Southern temperament lent itself naturally to rhythmic expression. The poets of the South, many of them untrained in the technique of their art, wrote in every metrical arrangement that can be imagined, from curious irregular unrhymed rhythms to ballad measure, and to the long and intricate stanzaic forms used by Simms and Timrod. In nearly every case, except, of course, with the cruder camp songs, the verses flow felicitously, and the effect is melodious. Even in the sonnet form† although the Southerner did not seem capable of writing a true sonnet, the rhythm moves with ease and harmony. The verses may infringe every rule of the sonnet form, but the result is effective.

Such is the achievement of the Southern war verse. It is a wonderfully effective expression of sentiment, and becomes all the more remarkable when one considers the conditions under which it was created. It was written in a land first rich and prosperous, then through four weary years ravaged and

*This was probably due to the fact that the Southern slopes of the river were wooded as compared with the rather bare Northern side.

†In the present collection there are seventeen sonnets.

starved into ruin: by soldiers in the field and in the prisons, and women suffering silently at home. Even the mediums through which this poetry was published, shared the vicissitudes of the land, and have been generally destroyed or scattered. Nevertheless the war poetry of the Confederacy which remains to us today, stands as an enduring memorial to the inherent nobility of the Southern heart and to the fidelity of devotion to principle, which has always given the South the admiration of those who, while they cannot agree with her point of view, must nevertheless respect her courage and spirit. At the same time it forms a notable contribution to the literature of our land. Best of all, this poetry satisfies the function of those "Sentinel Songs" of which Father A. J. Ryan wrote, on May sixth, 1867:

When sinks the soldier brave
Dead at the feet of Wrong,
The poet sings, and guards his grave
With sentinels of song.

* * * * *

When marble wears away
And monuments are dust,
The Songs that guard our soldiers' clay
Will still fulfill their trust.

REFERENCE BIBLIOGRAPHY

An American Anthology, 1787–1900. Selections illustrating the editor's critical review of American poetry in the nineteenth century. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1900.

The Creed of the Old South, 1865–1915. By Basil L. Gildersleeve. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1915.

History of the Civil War, 1861–1865. By James Ford Rhodes, LL.D., Litt.D.: with maps. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1917.

The Photographic History of the Civil War, Vol. IX. Poetry and Eloquence of the Blue and Gray: edited by Dudley H. Miles, Ph.D., Columbia, introduction by Dr. W. P. Trent, of Columbia. Appendix. Songs of the War Days—Soldier Songs and Negro Spirituels. New York: The Review of Reviews Co., 1911.

Poets of the South: A series of Biographical and Critical Studies with typical poems, annotated by F. U. N. Painter, A.M., D.D. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, 1903.

The South in History and Literature: A Handbook of Southern Authors from the Settlement of Jamestown, 1607, to Living Writers. By Mildred Lewis Rutherford, Athens, Ga. Atlanta: The Franklin-Turner Co., 1907.

South Songs: From the Lays of Later Days. Collected and Edited by T. C. De Leon. New York: Blelock & Co., No. 19 Beekman Street, 1866.

The Southern Literary Messenger. Dr. G. W. Bagby, Editor, January, 1862. Macfarlane & Fergusson, Proprietors, Richmond, Va.

Southern Prose and Poetry: for Schools. By Edwin Mims and Bruce R. Payne. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York, Chicago, Boston, 1910.

Southern Writers: Biographical and Critical Sketches: "Irwin Russell." By William Malone Baskerville. September, 1896. Barber & Smith, Agents, Nashville, Tenn.

War Poetry of the South. Edited by William Gilmore Simms, LL. D. New York: Richardson & Company, 540 Broadway, 1867.

War Poets of the South: Singers on Fire. By Samuel Albert Link. Nashville, Tenn: Barber & Smith, Agents, c. 1898.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF COLLECTIONS EXAMINED

Material from *Boston*.....Boston Athenaeum.
broadsides.

Material from *New York*....New York Public Library anthologies,
Confederate imprints.

Material from *Philadelphia*..Library Co. of Philadelphia:
Main branch.
newspaper clippings.
Ridgway branch.
broadsides,
songs,
newspaper clippings,
Mr. Samuel's collection.

Material from *Baltimore*.....1. Maryland Historical Society.
Scrap book of broadsides
(Mr. Lennox Birkhead).
2. Baltimore, City Librarian's Office, City Hall.
Ledger 1411,
newspaper clippings.

Material from *Washington*...Congressional Library.
broadsides (MSS. Division).
magazines,
anthologies,
Confederate imprints.

Material from *Cleveland*.....Western Reserve Historical Society.
broadsides,
anthologies,
Confederate imprints.

Material from *Private MSS.* and Miscellaneous Sources.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ANTHOLOGIES AND CONFEDERATE IMPRINTS

Abram: A Military Poem. By A. Young Rebelle, Esq., of the Army. Richmond: Macfarlane & Fergusson, 1863.

["A string of smoothly running rhymes about Lincoln, Stonewall, McClellan, Pope, Burnside & Co., with a very droll preface in place of an appendix. The author is a Texan, and we doubt not his comrades of Hood's old brigade will enjoy this little book nearly as much as they do a hard day's fight after a long march."—Review in *The Southern Literary Messenger*, for March, 1863.]

Allan's Lone Star Ballads: A collection of southern patriotic songs, made during Confederate times . . . compiled and revised by Francis D. Allan. Galveston, Texas: J. D. Sawyer, 1874.

American War Ballads and Lyrics: Edited by George Cary Eggleston. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889.

The Army Songster: Dedicated to the Army of Northern Virginia. Published by George L. Bidgood, Richmond, Va., and printed by Macfarlane & Fergusson, 1864. (Reprinted by J. W. Fergusson & Son, 1902.)

["This is one of the almost numberless catalogues of 'Songbooks,' 'Songsters,' etc., which has been published during the War,—rejoicing in such patriotic titles as the 'Rebel,' 'Stonewall,' 'Soldiers,' etc., which with a most refreshing contempt for consistency in name and date, embrace sprinklings from the lyric music of almost every age and clime. 'No One to Love,' 'Rory O'More,' 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' 'Marseillaise,' etc., etc., of course, figure extensively. We suppose the 'Army Songster' is quite as good as the rest, and we are not quite sure this is extravagant praise."—Review in *The Southern Literary Messenger* for April, 1864.]

The Beauregard Songster: Being a collection of Patriotic, Sentimental and Comic Songs, The Most Popular of the Day. Arranged by Hermann L. Schreiner. Published by John C. Schreiner & Son, Macon and Savannah, Ga., 1864.

Beechenbrook: A Rhyme of the War, by Margaret J. Preston. Richmond: J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street, 1865.

Same: Baltimore, 1867.

Bugle-echoes: A collection of poems of the Civil War, Northern and Southern. New York: White, Stokes & Allen, 1866.

The Cavalier Songster: Containing a Splendid Collection of Original and Selected Songs, Compiled and Arranged Expressly for the Southern Public. Staunton, Va., 1865.

Confederate Scrap-Book: Copied from a Scrap-book kept by a young girl during and immediately after the war, with additions from war-copies of the "Southern Literary Messenger" and "Illustrated News" loaned by friends, and other selections as accredited. Published for the benefit of the Memorial Bazaar, held in Richmond, April 11, 1893. Richmond, Va.: J. L. Hill Printing Co., 1893.

Corinth, and Other Poems of the War: By Cornelia J. M. Jordan. "Praeritorum Memoria Eventorum." Lynchburg: Johnson & Schaffter, Printers, 60 and 62 Market Street, 1865.

["Publicly burnt on its appearance in 1865, by order of General Terry, as an objectionable and incendiary publication." See Adams, *Dictionary of American Authors* (1905), p. 213.]

Cullings from The Confederacy: A Collection of Southern Poems, Original and Others, popular during the War between the States, and Incidents and Facts worth recalling. 1862–1866. Including the Doggerel of the Camp, as Well as Tender Tribute to the Dead. "From grave to gay, from reverend to severe." Compiled by Nora Fontaine M. Davidson, Petersburg, Va. Washington, D. C.: the Rufus H. Darby Printing Co., 1903.

The General Lee Songster: Being a collection of the most popular, sentimental, patriotic and comic songs. Arranged by Hermann L. Schreiner. Published by John C. Schreiner & Sons, Macon and Savannah, Ga., 1865.

Hopkins' New Orleans 5c Song Book. New Orleans, 1861.

Immortal Songs of Camp and Field. By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D. With portraits and illustrations. The B. B. Co., Cleveland. The Burrows Brothers Company, Publishers, 1899.

Immortelles: A tribute to "The Old South." A Compilation by Sarah Robinson Reid. Little Rock, Ark.: published by the Brown Printing Company, 1896.

The Jack Morgan Songster. Complied by a Captain in General Lee's Army. Raleigh, N. C. Branson & Farrar, Fayetteville St., 1864.

Original Collection of War Poems and War Songs of the American Civil War. Compiled by Angie C. Beebe. Edited and Published by The Argus Press at Red Wing, Minnesota.

Our War Songs, North and South. Cleveland, Ohio; S. Brainard's Sons, c. 1887. (Words and music.)

Personal and Political Ballads. Arranged and edited by Frank Moore. New York: George P. Putnam, 1864.

The Photographic History of the Civil War, Vol. IX, Poetry and Eloquence of the Blue and Gray. Edited by Dudley N. Miles, Ph.D., Columbia. Introduction by Dr. W. P. Trent,

of Columbia. Appendix: Songs of the War Days—soldier songs and negro spirituels. New York: The Review of Reviews Company, 1911.

Poetry, Lyrical, Narrative and Satirical, of the Civil War. Selected and Edited by Richard Grant White. New York: The American News Company, 1866.

Rebel Rhymes and Rhapsodies: Collected and edited by Frank Moore. New York: George P. Putnam, 1864.

Richmond, Her Glory and Her Graves. By Cornelia J. M. Jordan. Richmond: Medical Journal Printing Co., 1866.

The Royal Ape: A Dramatic Poem. Richmond: West & Johnston, 145 Main Street, 1863.

Songs and Ballads of the Southern People, 1861–1865. Collected and edited by Frank Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1, 3, and 5 Bond Street, 1886.

Songs of Love and Liberty. Compiled by a North Carolina Lady. Raleigh, N. C.: Branson & Farrer, Fayetteville St., 1864.

Songs of the Confederacy and Plantation Melodies. Compiled by Mrs. A. Mitchell. G. B. Jennings, 1907.

Songs of the South: Choice selections from southern poets from Colonial times to the present day. Collected and edited by Jennie Thornley Clarke, Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1896.

Songs of the South. J. W. Randolph, 121 Main Street, Richmond, Va., 1863.
[There was an earlier edition in 1862.]

Songs Written by Capt. T. F. Roche, C. S. A., Prisoner of War at Fort Delaware, 1865. Sung by the Fort Delaware minstrel troop, organized by the Confederate officers to aid sick comrades in hospital. Winchester, Va.: The Enterprise Printing Company.

South Songs: From the Lays of Later Days. Collected and Edited by T. C. De Leon. New York: Blelock & Co., 19 Beekman Street, 1866.

The Southern Amaranth: A carefully selected collection of poems growing out of and in reference to the late war. Edited by Miss Sallie A. Brock. New York: George S. Wilcox, Publisher, successor to Blelock & Co., 49 Mercer Street, 1869.

Southern and Miscellaneous Poems. By Thomas Q. Barnes, Mobile, Ala., 1886.

Southern Odes: By The Outcast, a gentleman of South Carolina. [C. B. Northrup.] Published for the benefit of the Ladies Fuel Society: Charleston: Harper and Calvo, 1861.

The Southern Literary Messenger: Devoted to every department of Literature, and the Fine Arts. Edited by Dr. G. W. Bagby,

1861–1864, and F. H. Alfriend, 1864. Richmond: Published by Marfarlane & Fergusson, Proprietors, 1861–1863, and Wedderburn & Alfriend, Proprietors, 1864. January, 1861–June, 1864.

[Owing to war conditions, the magazine suspended publication after June, 1864.]

The Southern Poems of the War: Collected and arranged by Miss Emily V. Mason. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., Publishers, 182 Baltimore Street, 1867.

Same. Third edition revised and enlarged. Baltimore, 1869.

The Southern Songster: A collection of the best original songs of the Confederate states. Published for sale at the Southern Bazaar, at Liverpool, October, 1864.

Southern War Songs. Atlanta: Franklin Printing & Publishing Co., 1895.

Southern War Songs: Camp Fire, Patriotic & Sentimental. Collected and arranged by W. L. Fagan. Illustrated. New York: M. T. Richardson & Co., 1890.

The Stonewall Song-Book: Being a collection of patriotic, sentimental and comic songs. Richmond: West & Johnston, 1865.

The Sunny Land, or Prison Prose & Poetry: Containing the Productions of the Ablest Writers of the South, and Prison Lays of Distinguished Confederate Officers, by Colonel Buehring H. Jones, 60th Virginia Infantry. Edited, with Preface, Biographies, Sketches and Stories by J. A. Houston, Baltimore, 1868.

"The land we love—a queen of lands,
No prouder one the world has known;
Though now uncrowned, upon her throne
She sits with fetters on her hands."

War: A poem, with copious notes, founded on the revolution of 1861–62. (Up to the battles before Richmond, inclusive) by John H. Hewitt . . . Richmond, Va.: Weston & Johnston, 1862.

War Flowers: Reminiscences of Four Year's Campaigning. Respectfully dedicated to the Ladies of New Orleans. By F. B. 1865.

War Lyrics and Songs of the South. London: Spottiswoode & Co., 1866. "Printed of necessity in England, and not revised."

War Poetry of the South. Edited by William Gilmore Simms, LL. D. New York: Richardson & Co., 540 Broadway, 1867.

War Poets of the South and Confederate Camp Fire Songs. Compiled by Charles William Hubner. Atlanta, Ga.: Chas. P. Byrd, Printer.

War Songs & Poems of the Southern Confederacy, 1861–1865. Compiled by H. M. Wharton. Philadelphia: Winston, 1904.

War Songs of the Blue and the Gray: As sung by the Brave Soldiers of the Union & Confederate Armies in camp, on the march, and in the garrison: with preface by Professor Henry L. Williams, etc. New York: Hurst & Co., Publishers, 1905.

War Songs of the South: Edited by "Bohemian," Correspondent, Richmond Despatch. [W. G. Shepperson.] Richmond: West & Johnson, 145 Main St, 1862.

["I said, I knew a very wise man so much of Sir Chr————'s sentiment, that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."—Fletcher's *Political Works*, p. 372.]

ABBREVIATIONS USED FOR ANTHOLOGIES

Alsb.....*Allan's Lone Star Ballads.*
Amaranth.....*The Southern Amaranth.*
Army.....*The Army Songster.*
Barnes.....*Southern and Miscellaneous Poems.*
B. E.....*Bugle-Echoes.*
Beau.....*The Beauregard Songster.*
Beechenbrook.....*Beechenbrook: A Rhyme of the War.*
Bohemian.....*War Songs of the South.*
Cav.....*The Cavalier Songster.*
C. C.....*Cullings from the Confederacy.*
Cor.....*Corinth, and Other Poems.*
C. S. B.....*Confederate Scrap Book.*
E. V. M.....*Southern Poems of the War, '67.*
E. V. M. '69.....*Southern Poems of the War, '69.*
Fagan.....*Southern War Songs.*
G. C. E.....*American War Ballads and Lyrics.*
Hopkins.....*Hopkins' New Orleans 5c Songbook.*
Hubner.....*War Poets of the South and Confederate Camp Fire Songs.*
Im.....*Immortelles.*
J. M. S.....*Jack Morgan Songster.*
L. & L.....*Songs of Love and Liberty.*
Lee.....*The General Lee Songster.*
Outcast.....*Southern Odes.*
P. & P. B.....*Personal and Political Ballads.*
Phot. Hist.....*Photographic History of the Civil War.*
Randolph.....*Songs of the South.*
Richmond.....*Richmond, Her Glory and Her Graves.*
Roche.....*Songs Written on Capt. T. F. Roche.*
R. R.....*Rebel Rhymes and Rhapsodies.*
S. B. P.....*Songs and Ballads of the Southern People.*
S. B. Liv.....*Southern Songster.*
S. L. M.....*The Southern Literary Messenger.*
S. O. S.....*War Lyrics and Songs of the South.*
S. S.....*South Songs.*
Sunny.....*The Sunny Land, or Prison Prose and Poetry.*
War.....*War.*
W. B. G.....*War Songs of the Blue and the Gray.*
W. F.....*War-Flowers.*
W. G. S.....*War Poetry of the South.*
W. L.....*War Lyrics and Songs of the South.*

ABBREVIATIONS USED OF COLLECTIONS

R. B. B.....*Collection of Broadsides in Ridgway Branch of Library Company of Philadelphia.*
R. B. M.....*Collection of Music in Ridgway Branch of Library Company of Philadelphia.*
R. N. S.....*Collection of Newspaper Songs in Ridgway Branch of Library Co., of Philadelphia*
Md. Hist. Soc.....*Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore, Md.*
Wash'n.....*Collection of the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C.*
West. Res.....*Collection of the Western Reserve Historical Society, Cleveland, Ohio.*
N. Y. P. L.....*Collection of the New York Public Library.*
Priv.....*Private MSS. or source.*
B. C. L., Ledger 1411..*Ledger 1411 in Baltimore City Librarian's Office.*

INDEX OF SOUTHERN WAR POEMS OF THE CIVIL WAR

[Note:—Round brackets at the end of the title indicate the volume or one of the volumes in which the poem may be found. Wherever the poem appears in several anthologies. that anthology easiest of access to the general reader, has been selected. Square brackets are used for the interpolation of explanatory matter.

The first two lines of each poem are given to serve as a check since identical poems may appear under corrupted captions, or various titles]

Abe's Cogitations: (Randolph.)

"We ought to whip them rebel chaps,
I think so, more and more"—

Abraham Lincoln: The Mohammed of the Modern Hegira. New Orleans, March 5, 1861. (P. & P. B. from the New Orleans *Crescent,*)

At midnight in the Keystone State
Old Abe was dreaming of the hour—

Acceptation: By Mrs. M. J. Preston. (E. V. M.)

We do accept thee, heavenly Peace!
Albeit thou comest in a guise"—

Acrostic [Davis]: February 22, 1862. (R. N. S. from the Charleston *Courier.*)

"Jehovah, mighty arbiter in earth below,
Ere morning stars together sang, in heaven supreme,"—

Acrostic [B. F. Butler]: Baltimore, March 14, 1863. (R. B. B. 11½.)

"Brutal by nature—a coward and knave,
Famed for no action, noble or brave"—

Acrostic in Memory of O. Jennings Wise: By Miriam. (S. L. M. Ed. Table, September, '63.)

"Over his cold brow
Just touched by Time's soft silver tracery,"—

Acrostic on Magruder: By G. B. Milner, Harrisburg, Texas. (Alsb.)

"Much hast thou suffered, bright Isle of the Wave!
Ah! can anyone succor: can anyone save?"

Addition to the Bonnie Blue Flag: A Tribute to True Kentuckians. (W. L.)

"And we will add another cheer for our Kentucky State,
Her sons in the most glorious war have proved both brave and great;"—

Address: Delivered at the opening of the New Theatre at Richmond: A Prize Poem, by Henry Timrod. (W. G. S. from *Southern Illustrated News.*)

"A fairy ring
Drawn in the crimson of a battle-plain"—

Address to the Exchanged Prisoners: On the 31st of July, 1862, all the prisoners of war in Fort Warren, (about 250 soldiers of the Confederate army) embarked for Fortress Monroe, to be exchanged. They left in Fort Warren, 14 gentlemen, who were imprisoned under the designation of "political prisoners." These were all Marylanders by birth, all but one (Mr. Winder) were residents of that state when arrested. On their behalf the following lines were addressed to their departing friends: By T. S. Wallis, Fort Warren, July 31, 1862: S. L. M., July and August, 1862. (E. V. M.)

"The anchors are weighed, and the gates of yon prison
Fall wide, as your ship gives her prow to the foam,"—

Address to the Women of the Southern Troops: Air—"Bruce's Address:" By Mrs. J. T. H. Cross. (R. R.)

"Southern men, unsheathe the sword,
Inland and along the board;"—

After the Battle: By Miss Agnes Leonard. (W. G. S. from the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, June, 1863.)

"All day long the sun had wandered,
Through the slowly creeping hours"—

After the Battle of Bull Run: July 21, [1861.] (W. L.)

"Sadly and low,
Hear how the fitful breezes blow!"—

Afraid of a Dead Baby: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Keep here, my little baby: rest alone!
Not in thy father's tomb can'st thou be laid:"—

Alabama: (Randolph).

"Over vale and over mountain,
Pealing forth in triumphal song,"—

The Alabama: Respectfully dedicated to the Gallant Captain Semmes, His Officers and Crew and to the Officers and Seamen of the C. S. Navy: by E. King, author of Naval Songs of the South. Richmond, Va., George Dunn & Co. (R. B. M., 1864.)

"The wind blow off yon rocky shore
Boys! Set your sails all free"—

The Alabama Cottage: A Homely Scene. (R. B. B.)

"The Alabamian sat by the chimney side—
His face was wrinkled and worn."—

Albert Sidney Johnston: (Im.)

"Honor to him who only drew
In Freedom's cause his battle blade,"—

Albert Sidney Johnston: By A. G. (E. V. M., '69.)

"I heard afar, the cannon's roar,
Its lightning flashed from shore to shore,"—

Albert Sidney Johnston: Killed at Battle of Shiloh, April, 1862. By Fleming James. (E. V. M.)

" 'Mid dim and solemn forests, in the dawning chill and gray
Over dank, unrustling leaves, or through the stiff and sodden clay"—

Albert Sidney Johnston: Dirge by Colonel A. W. Terrell. (Alsb.)

"Hush the notes of exultation for a battle dearly won!
Low the chief's proud form is lying—Texas weeps another son!"—

All Is Gone: By Fadette. (W. G. S. from the Memphis Appeal.)

"Sister hark! Atween the trees cometh naught but summer breeze?
All is gone"—

All Over Now: (Im.)

"All over now! The trumpet blast,
The hurried tramping to and fro,"—

All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight: By Mrs. Randolph Harrison. (C. S. B.)

"All quiet along the Potomac tonight,
No sound save the rush of the river"—

All Spice: Or Spice for All: By Cola, Le Diable Baiteux. Baltimore, March 7, 1862: Baltimore, April 1, 1862. (R. B. B.)

"The people endure all
The Hydropaths cure all"—

All's Noise Along the Appomattox: Battle of the Crater, A. D., 1863. (C. C.)

"All's noise along the Appomattox tonight,
For Grant, with his Whiteworth's and Parrots"—

All's Well: By Mrs. Margaret J. Preston of Va. (Amaranth, from *The Land We Love.*)

" 'All's well!' How the musical sound
Is pleasantly smiting the ear,"—

All's Well: Come to the Rescue. (R. B. B.)

"One night of late I chanced to stray
Being in the pleasant sweet month of May dream."—

Allons Enfans: The Southern Marseillaise: Air "Marseillaise." By A. E. Blackmar, New Orleans, 1861. (C. S. B.)

["This may be called the rallying song of the Confederacy. Composed early in 1861, it was sung throughout the South while the soldiers were hurried to Virginia with this, the grandest of martial airs, as a benediction."]

"Sons of the South, awake to glory,
A thousand voices bid you rise"—

The American Star: Air "Humors of Glen." Published by Louis Bonsal, Baltimore and Frederic Streets, Baltimore. (R. B. B. p. 7)

"Come, striking the bold anthem, the war dogs are howling,
Already they eagerly snuff up their prey"—

The Angel of the Church: By W. Gilmore Simms. January, 1864. (W. G. S.)

"Aye, strike with sacrilegious aim
The temple of the living God;"—

The Angel of the Hospital: By S. C. Mercer. (R. N. S. from the Louisville Journal.)

" 'Twas nightfall in the hospital. The day
As though its eyes were dimmed with bloody rain"—

Another Flag: A Second Thought: [By C. B. Northrup.] (Outcast.)

"Whole we preserve the stars and stripes and blue
Of freedom's ancient flag, it will not do"—

Another Yankee Doodle: (R. R.)

"Yankee Doodle has a mind
To whip the Southern traitors."—

An Answer to the Poem Entitled "How They Act in Baltimore:" By Redgauntlet. (Md. Hist. B.)

"When our ladies on the street
Yankee soldiers chance to meet,"—

An Appeal: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Haste, Kentuckians! wait no longer;
Rally, and you will be stronger."—

An Appeal for Jefferson Davis To His Excellency, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States: By a Lady of Virginia. (E. V. M.)

"Unheralded, unknown, I come to thee,
Who holdest in thy hands the scales of power;"—

An Appeal for Maryland: By B. Baltimore, January 20, 1862. (R. B. B. 84.)

"Of all the gems that gild the wreath
Of freedom, the blue sky underneath,"—

Appeal to Maryland: From a Dying Soldier at Manassas: by a Lady of Maryland. (S. L. M., Oct., 1861.)

"Oh Mother! my Maryland! will you awake?
Hear you not from Manassas the thunder of guns?"—

Appeal to the South: (R. B. B.)

"Southrons! since we boast that name;
Southnors! since your blood we claim"—

An Appeal to the South: By A Daughter of Dixie H. Baltimore, Jan. 24, 1862; also Norfolk, Va., Jan. 24, 1862. (R. B. B. 2 & 41.)

"Hark! o'er the Southern hills I hear
The cannons and the rifles sound;"—

(The) Approaching Battle Hour: By Kentucky. Richmond, Virginia, June, 1862. (S. O. S.)

"Ah! hovers over them
The gaunt war-demon fell;"—

April 26th: In the ceremonies at Memphis, Tennessee, 26th April, "In Memory of the Confederate Dead," Dr. Ford one of the speakers improvised the following appropriate lines: (E. V. M.)

"In rank and file, in sad array
As though' their watch still keeping,"—

April Twenty-Sixth: By Annie Chambers Ketchum. Memphis, Tenn. (E. V. M.)

"Dreams of a stately land,
Where rose and lotus open to the sun"—

Are We Free? By James R. Brewer. Annapolis, Oct. 22, 1861. (E. V. M.)

"Are we free? Go ask the question
In the cells of Lafayette,"—

Are You Ready? (Bohemian from the Macon *Telegraph.*)

"Sons and brothers—near and far,
Have you heard the tones of war?"—

Arise! Ye Sons of Freeborn Sires! By A. E. Morris, Company C, 20th Infantry. (Alsb.)

"Arise! ye sons of freeborn sires, arise! your country save!
Kindle again the wonted fires that animate the brave:"—

Arlington: By Margaret J. Preston. (E. V. M.)

"You stand upon the chasm's brink
That yawns so deadly deep,"—

Arm for The Southern Land: By General Mirabeau B. Lamar. (S. B. P.)

"Arm for the Southern land,
All fear of death disdaining;"—

The Army and Its Flag of Stars and Stripes: [By C. B. Northrup] (Outcast.)

"In Liberty's great war"—

Arouse, Kentuckians! By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Arouse, Kentuckians, or my heart will break!
What though by thousands brethren may forsake"—

Ashby: By John R. Thompson of Virginia. Richmond, June 13, 1862: S. L. M., Editor's Table, May, 1862. (S. S.)
"To the brave all homage render!
Weep, ye skies of June!"—

The Ashbys: By D. B. Lucas, of Va. (E. V. M. '69.)
"And lo! there galloped through the gates of war
Two brothers, riding side by side, with spurs,"—

Ashby's Avengers: Air "Annie Lyle." (Cav.)
"Down where the Southern army
Near Virginia's side,"—

Ashby's Death: Air: "Annie Laurie." (Cav.)
"A wail sweeps o'er the Valley,
Virginia's deep with woe."—

Ashes of Glory: By A. J. Requier. (W. G. S.)
"Fold up the gorgeous silken sun,
By bleeding martyrs blest,"

At Fort Pillow: By James R. Randall. (W. G. S. from the Wilmington *Journal*, April 25, 1864.)
"You shudder as you think upon
The carnage of the grim report"—

At Galveston, Texas: By H. L. Flash. (Alsb.)
"We parted, love, some months ago, in pleasant summer weather;
You blamed the fates that you and I could not remain together;"—

Attention! By B. Baltimore, Oct. 16, 1861. (R. B. B. 7.)
"Hearken, friends and foes now hearken
See Abe Lincoln's prospects darken;"—

Audax Omnia Perpeti, etc. By B. (R. B. B. 4.)
"Come pretty muse, give me your help,
Keen make my pen as the teamster's lash"—

Auld Lang Syne: A supposed song of Morgan's Cavalry on entering a Kentucky town. By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)
"Shall auld acquaintance be forgot,
And not now be brought to mind?"—

Autumn Thoughts, 1862: By Miss Mary A. Grason. (E. V. M. '69.)
Our Autumn comes with tender glow;
A golden haze is on the hills,"—

The Autumn Rain: By Susan Archer Talley. Richmond, Va. (E V. M.)
"Softly, mournfully, slowly,
Droppeth the rain from the eaves"—

The Avatar of Hell: Sonnet, by "Pax." (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)
"Six thousand years of commune, God with man,
Two thousand years of Christ, yet from such roots"—

Awake! Arise! By G. W. Archer, M. D. (W. G. S.)

"Sons of the South, awake, arise!
A million foes sweep down amain,"—

Awake in Dixie: By H. T. S., Winchester, Va., February 24, 1862. Air, "Dixie's Land." (R. B. B. 7.)

"Hear ye not the sound of battle,
Sabres' clash and muskets' rattle:"—

Away with the Dastards Who Whine of Defeat: By Paul H. Hayne of S. C. Charleston, May 10, 1862. (E. V. M.)

"Away with the dastards who whine of defeat
And hint that the day of destruction draws near,"—

Away with the Stripes: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Ho! away with the stripes, the despots' fit flag!
The stars and the stripes are the bully's great "brag":"—

A Ballad for the Young South: By Joseph Brennan. S. L. M., Feb., 1861, from the New Orleans *Crescent.* (S. S.)

"Men of the South! Our foes are up
In fierce and grim array;"—

The Ballad of the Right: By J. W. Overall. (S. S. from the New Orleans *True Delta.*)

"In other days our fathers' love was loyal, full and free,
For those they left behind them in the Island of the Sea;"—

A Ballad of the War: By George Herbert Sass, of Charleston, S. C. (W. G. S., originally published in *Southern Field and Fireside.*)

"Watchmen, what of the night?
Through the city's darkening street"—

Baltimore: (West. Res.)

"Hail, queen of cities, birthplace of the just,
Oh how cast down! by Northern vandals crushed."—

Baltimore: By C. (Mr. Samuel's Scrapbook: Ridgway Library.)

"Hail, queen of cities, birthplace of the just,
Oh how cast down! By Northern vandals crushed,"—

Baltimore Girls: Air, "Dearest Mae." (West Res.)

"O the girls of dear old Baltimore,
So beautiful and fair,"—

The Band in the Pines: Heard after Pelham died: by John Esten Cooke. (W. G. S.)

"Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease!
Cease with your splendid call:"—

Banks' Skedaddle: (Alsb.)

"You know the Federal General Banks,
Who came through Louisiana with his forty thousand Yanks;"—

Banner Song: Written and Expressly Dedicated to the Armstrong Guards. By Wm. H. Holcombe, M. D. (S. L. M., July 1861.)

"See our banner floating high
Stars in freedom's shining sky;"—

The Banner-Song: By James B. Marshall. (R. R.)

"Up, up with the banner, the foe is before us,
His bayonets bristle, his sword is unsheathed,"—

The Barefooted Boys: (S. S.)

"By the sword of St. Michael
The old dragon through!"—

The Bars and Stars: Air, "Star Spangled Banner:" by A. W. Haynes. (Randolph.)

"Oh, the tocsin of war still resounds o'er the land,
And legions of braves are now rushing to battle,"—

Le Bataille des Mouchoirs: The Greatest Battle of the War: fought Feb. 20, 1863. By a young lady of 17, Eugenie. (S. L. M., Oct., '63.)

"Of all the battles, modern or old,
By poet sung or historian told,"—

The Battle at Bethel: Air, "Dixie." (Bohemian from the Richmond *Whig.*)

"Send out the news from West to South and spread it through the land,
Our noble boys have met the foe at Bethel,"—

The Battle at Bull Run: By Ruth. Louisville, Ky., July 24, 1861. (R. R.)

"Forward, my brave columns, forward!
No other word was spoken;"—

Battle at Bull's Run: (R. B. B. 7.)

"Oh be easy, don't you tease me,
While I sing a bit of fun,"—

Battle Before Richmond: By G. B. S., 1862. (W. L.)

"Slowly the great sun rose o'er Richmond's hills,
Calmly the noble river waved along,"—

Battle Call, Nec temere, nec timide: Dedicated to her countrymen, the Cavaliers of the South, by Annie Chambers Ketchum. Dunrobin Cottage, May, 1861. (R. R.)

"Gentlemen of the South!
Gird on your flashing swords!"—

The Battle Call: By Mrs. E. V. McCord Vernon, Richmond, Va., Feb. 20, 1862. (C.C.)

"Rise Southerner! the day of your glory,
The hour of your destiny's near"—

Battle Call to Kentucky, 1862: By Walker Meriweather Bell. (Amaranth.)

"Arouse thee, Kentucky! the graves of thy sires
Are pressed by the foot of the foe."—

Battle Cry of Freedom: By Wm. H. Barnes. (Lee.)

"Our flag is proudly floating on the land and on the main,
Shout, shout the battle cry of freedom."—

The Battle Cry of the South: By James R. Randall. (W. G. S.)

"Brothers, the thunder-cloud is black,
And the wail of the South wings forth;"—

Battle Eve: By Susan Archer Talley. S. L. M., Aug., 1861. (S. S.)

"I see the broad red setting sun
Sink slowly down the sky;"—

The Battle-Field of Manassas: By M. F. Bigney. (R. R.)

"Fill, fill the trump of fame
With the name,—
Manassas,"—

Battle Hymn: (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury*).

"Lord of Hosts, that beholds us in battle, defending
The homes of our sires 'gainst the hosts of the foe"—

Battle Hymn: Columns Steady: By Wm. Gilmore Simms. (Bohemian.)

"Columns steady! make ye ready—with the steel and rifle ready!
Wait the signal! wait the moment—soul and steel and weapon steady!"—

Battle Hymn of the Virginia Soldier: (R. B. B. 8.)

"Father of earth and heaven, I call thy name!
Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;"—

Battle Ode to Virginia: (R. R.)

"Old Virginia! virgin crowned
Daughter of the royal Bess,"—

Battle of Belmont: (Wash'n.)

"I sing of the Battle of Belmont, 'twas near Columbus town
The Yankees in great numbers from Cairo did come down."—

Battle of Belmont: By J. Augustine Signaigo. W. G. S. from the Memphis *Appeal*, Dec. 21, 1861.)

"Now glory to our Southern cause, and praises be to God
That He hath met the Southron's foe and scourged him with
His rod:"—

Battle of Bethel: (Randolph.)

"Saw ye not the ruddy sunlight;
Glancing o'er the hill-tops far,"—

The Battle of Bethel Church: (C. C. from the New Orleans *Delta*, 10 June, 1861.)

"As hurtles the tempest
Proclaiming the storm,"—

Battle of Big Bethel: (West Res.)

"Though Butler be a hero,
Who ne'er has powder smelt,"—

The Battle of Buena Vista: Inscribed to Jefferson Davis: by a Mississippian. (E. V. M. from the Louisville *Courier*, April 1866.)

"It was upon the battle field
Where lay the dead and dying"—

The Battle of Charleston Harbor: April 7th, 1863: by Paul H. Hayne. (W. C. S.)

"Two hours or more, beyond the prime of a blithe April day,
The Northman's mailed 'Invincibles' steamed up air Charleston Bay;"—

Battle of Galveston: Air, "The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls:" by Mrs. E. L. Caplen, of Galveston. (Alsb.)

" 'Twas on that dark and fearful morn
That anxious hearts beat high!"—

The Battle of Great Bethel: Fought on Sunday, June 9, 1861. Dedicated to Magruder and his command: by "C.," an American patriot not 14 years old. (Mr. Samuel's Scrapbook, Ridgway Library.)

"Brave Virginians! on this day
Drive the Northern horde away!"—

Battle of Hampton Roads: By Ossian D. Gorman. (W. G. S. from the Macon *Daily Telegraph.*)

"Ne'er had a scene of beauty smiled
On placid waters 'neath the sun."—

The Battle of Hampton Roads: By Tenella, [Mrs. Clarke of N. C.] (E. V. M.)

"Now, once again, let Southern hearts unite in thankful praise,
To the mighty God of battle, mysterious in his ways;"—

Battle of Manassas: July 21, 1861. (W. L.)

"The bridal of the earth and sky! the blessed Sabbath-morn,
Brightens into the perfect day from its soft rosy dawn;"—

The Battle of Manassas: Dedicated to General Beauregard, C. S. A.: by Mrs. Clarke, wife of Colonel Clarke, 14th Regiment, N. C. (E. V. M.)

" 'Now glory to the Lord of Hosts!' oh! bless and praise His name,
That He hath battled in our cause, and brought our foes to shame."—

Battle of Manassas (July 21, 1861): By Cornelia J. M. Jordan. (Corinth.)

"Clear rises now, the glorious sun,
No cloud bedims the sky,"—

The Battle of Manassas: By Susan Archer Talley: Richmond, Aug. 3, 1861. S. L. M., Sept., 1861. (R. B. B. 61.)

"Now proudly lift, of sunny South,
Your glad triumphal strains,"—

The Battle of Richmond. (Psalm xliv. 3–4): By George Herbert Sass, Charleston, S. C. (W. G. S.)

"Now blessed be the Lord of Hosts through all our Southern land,
And blessed be His holy name, in whose great might we stand;"—

The Battle of St. Paul's (N. O.): Sung by a Louisiana Soldier. Conquered Territory of Louisiana, New Orleans, Aug. 17, 1866. (C. C.)

"Come boys and listen while I sing
The greatest fight yet fought"—

Battle of Shiloh: Louisville, Ky. (W. L.)

"Quick, the cannon's shot did pour
Belching death at every roar,"—

Battle of Shiloh Hill: Air, "Wandering Sailor," by M. B. Smith, Company C, 2nd Regiment, Texas Volunteers. (Alsb.)

"Come all you valiant soldiers, and a story I will tell,
It is of a noted battle you all remember well;"—

The Battle of the Mississippi: (R. R.)

"The tyrants' broad pennant is floating
In the South, o'er our waters so blue;"—

The Battle of the Stove Pipes: [By Nannie Lemmon (?).] (R. B. B. 86½)

"On Munson's heights the Rebel Banners wave.
Their hungry hosts, their "loyal" legions brave,"—

The Battle Rainbow: By John R. Thompson, of Va. S. L. M., June, '62. (W. G. S.)

"The warm weary day was departing, the smile
Of the sunset gave token the tempest had ceased."—

Battle-Song: (C. S. B.)

"Have you counted up the cost
What is gained and what is lost"—

Battle-Song: Air, "Humors of Glen." (Randolph.)

"Come strike the loud anthem! Again must the story
Of Freedom, down-trodden by tyrants, be told!"—

Battle Song: Dedicated to Captain Ben Lane Posey, who commanded the Red Eagle Battery at Pensacola. (S. L. M., Ed. Table, June '62, from the Montgomery *Mail.*)

"Oh, give us a song, an Eagle's Song—
Our labor and toil rewarding,"—

Battle Song of the "Black Horsemen:" Air, "Dixie:" By C. Winchester, Va., Oct., 1861. (R. B. B. p. 8.)

"We have come from the brave Southwest
On fairy steeds, with throbbing breast,"—

Battle Song of the Invaded: (R. R.)

"The foe! They come! They come!
Light up the beacon pyre;"—

Battle Song of the Maryland Line: (R. B. B. 77.)

"To arms! to arms! the fight's begun
Virginia sounds the call;—

Battle Song of the South: By P. E. Collins. (Fag.)

"Land of our birth, thee, thee I sing,
Proud heritage is thine,"—

Bay Blossom Cottage: By Lieutenant H. C. Wright. (Sunny.)

"Oh, how dear to the heart are these hours of bliss,
Which 'Bay-Blossom' e'er brings to my view!"—

Baylor's Partisan Rangers: Air, "Dixie." By Mary L. Wilson, of San Antonio. (Alsb.)

"Hear the summons, sons of Texas!
Now the fierce invaders nex us."—

Bayon City Guard's Dixie: By the Company's own poet. (Alsb.)

"From Houston City and Brazos bottom,
From selling goods, and making cotton,"—

Bayon City Guard's Song in the Chickahominy Swamp: (Alsb.)

"Fighting for our rights now, feasting when they're won,
By the Cross and Stars, boys, fluttering in the sun—"

Beaufort: By W. J. Grayson, of South Carolina. (W. G. S.)

"Old home! what blessings late were yours:
The gifts of peace, the songs of joy!"—

Beau-Regard: Sung at the Montgomery Theatre on Friday night, by Mr. M. A. Arnold: by Baron, April 12, 1861. (R. N. S. from the Montgomery *Mail.*)

"Flashing, flashing along the wires
The glorious news each heart inspires,"—

Beauregard: A Historical Poem: by Kate Luby F——. (P. & P. B.):

"In Pavia's bloody battle field
As troubadours do sing,"—

Beauregard: By Catherine A. Warfield of Mississippi: (W. G. S.)

"Let the trumpet shout once more,
Beauregard!"—

Beauregard: Written after the Battle of Shiloh, when Beauregard became Commander-in-Chief: by C. A. Warfield of Kentucky. (E. V. M.)

"Our trust is now in thee,
Beauregard!"—

Beauregard at Shiloh: Lines found on the dead body of a Confederate soldier after the battle of Williamsburg. (R. B. B.)

"Now glory to the Lord of Hosts,
And glory the reward"—

Beauregard's Appeal: By Paul H. Hayne. (S. S. from the Charleston *Courier*.)

"Yea! though the need is bitter,
Take down those sacred bells!"—

The Beleagured City: By Rosa Vertner Jeffrey. (E. V. M.)

"There's a beautiful city, far, far, away,
In the land of myrtle and the rose,"—

Ben M'Cullough: Air, "Something new comes every day." (R. B. B. 65.)

"Oh, have your heard of the the brave old fellow
He goes by the name of Ben McCullough,"—

Ben M'Culloch—He Fell At His Post! By Ned Bracken. (Alsb.)

"When the Northmen their war-banner spread; nor would give the right to secede,
The cause of his country he wed, in this her great hour of need"—

Bentonville: Written on the field, at the close of the first day's fight: by T. B. Catherwood. (Hubner.)

"Another battle has been fought, another victory won.
We've fought this day from rising to the setting of the sun"—

Bethel: (S. L. M. January, '62.)

"Hurrah for old Virginia! God bless the brave North State!
For they first taught the Yankee curs to dread a freeman's hate:"—

A Betrayal: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Dallying on as fair a landscape
As the skies in beauty drape,"—

Beyond the Potomac: By Paul H. Hayne. (R. R. from the Richmond *Whig*.)

"They slept on the fields which their valor had won!
But arose with the first early blush of the sun,"—

Bill Hoosier's Advice to the Hoosiers of Louisville: Three days after the battle of Richmond, Kentucky. Air, "Sing, sing, Darkies, sing:" by Kentucky. Sept. 2, 1862. (S. O. S.)

"Why should Hoosiers spill their blood
To enrich Kentucky mud?"—

The Black Flag: By Paul H. Hayne. (Alsb.)

"Like the roar of the wintry surges, on a wild tempestous strand
The voice of the maddened millions comes up from an outraged land;"—

The Blessed Hand: Respectfully dedicated to the Ladies of the Southern Relief Fair: by S. T. Wallis, Baltimore, April 8, 1866: "There is a legend of an English Monk, who died at the monastery of Aremberg, where he had copied and illuminated many books, hoping to be rewarded in Heaven. Long after his death, his tomb was opened, and nothing could be seen of his remains but the right hand with which he had done his pious work, and which had been miraculously preserved from decay." (E. V. M.)

"For you and me, who love the light
Of God's uncloistered day,"—

The Blessed Heart: Suggested by "The Blessed Hand." Gratefully dedicated to the ladies of the Southern Relief Fair by Mrs. M. M. of Columbia, S. C. (E. V. M.)

"I sing not of 'The Blessed Hand,'
That has so well been sung,"—

The Blessed Union—Epigram: (W. G. S.)

"Doubtless to some, with length of ears,
To gratify an ape's desire,"—

The Blockaders: Dedicated to A. Lincoln: by Paul H. Hayne. (Bohemian from the Charleston *Mercury.*)

"Across this threatening ocean tide,
I see the despot's vessels ride,"—

A Bloody Day is Dawning: By William Munford. July, 1864; In the trenches before Petersburg. (Newspaper clipping from *The Baltimore American,* c. 1895.)

"Because I know by those sweet tears that gushed
Fresh from thine eyes when, proffered to your beauty,"—

Blue Coats Are Over the Border: Air, "Blue Bonnets are over the Border:" Inscribed to Captain Mitchell: by Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Kentucky's banner spreads
Its folds above our heads;"—

The Blue Cockade: By Mary Walsingham Crean: (R. R.)

"God be with the laddie, who wears the blue cockade.
He's gone to fight the battle of our darling Southern land!"—

The Bold Engineer: Air, "Young Lockinvar:" by O. H. S. Baltimore, Oct. 14, 1861. (R. B. B. 59.)

"O bully George B. has come out of the West,
Of all that wide border the scourge and the pest."—

The Bold Privateer: Published by Thomas G. Doyle, Bookseller, Stationer, and Song Publisher, No. 279 N. Gay St., Baltimore. (Wash. No. 29.)

"It's O! my dearest Polly
You and I must part,"—

Bombardment and Battles of Galveston: Air, "Auld Lang Syne." June 1, 1862– January 1, 1863: by S. R. Ezzell, of Captain Daly's Company. (Alsb.)

"The Yankees hate the Lone Star State, because she did secede,
At Galveston they've now begun to make her soldiers bleed."—

The Bonnie Blue Flag: By Annie Chambers Ketchum. (G. C. E.):

"Come, brothers! rally for the right!
The bravest of the brave."—

The Bonnie Blue Flag: By Harry McCarthy. (C. S. B.)

"We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,
Fighting for our liberty, with treasure, blood and toil,"—

The Bonnie Dundee of the Border: Inscribed to Colonel Wm. S. Hawkins, of the Western Army: by Clarine Rirnarde. (W. L.)

"Oh, lightly his proud plume floats over the field,
And the battle-god smileth his honors above him,"—

The Bonnie White Flag: Or the Prisoners' Invocation to Peace: Air, "Bonnie Blue Flag:" by Colonel W. S. Hawkins, C. S. A., in Camp Chase Ventilator, 1864. (Fag.)

"Though we're a band of prisoners,
Let each be firm and true,"—

The Border Ranger: The Mountain Partisan: by W. G. Simms. (S. L. M., Feb. March, '62.)

"My rifle, pouch and knife,
My steed, and then we part,"—

Bouquet de Bal: A Ballad dedicated to Miss J——: by F. B. (W. F.)

"She stepped within the lighted hall
And dimmed the lesser beauties all."—

The Boy Picket: or Charley's Guard: By a Lady of Kentucky. (E. V. M.)

"Wearily my footsteps their measured cadence keep,
While my tired comrades are wrapped in slumber deep,"—

The Boy Soldier: By a Lady of Savannah. (W. G. S. from the Richmond *Dispatch.*)

"He is acting o'er the battle,
With his cap and feather gay,"—

Boy Who Thinkest to Be Wed: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Boy who thinkest to be wed,
By remembrance of our dead,"—

Boys! Keep Your Powder Dry: (Alsb.)

"Canst tell who lose the battle, oft in the councils-field?
Not they who struggle bravely, not they who never yield."—

Bowing Her Head: (W. G. S.)

"Her head is bowed downwards; so pensive her air,
As she looks on the ground with her pale, solemn face,"—

Brave Deeds—Brave Fruits: Sonnet: by Wm. Gilmore Simms. (Am. from *Southern Opinion.*)

"The record should be made of each brave deed
That brings us Pride and Freedom as its fruits,"—

A Brave Girl's Fate: By Miriam Erle. Charleston, S. C., A. D., 1864. (C. C.)

"The battle riot raged without
A city's strong, defiant walls,"—

The Brass-Mounted Army: Air, "Southern Wagon:" by——, of Colonel A. Bucher's Regiment: (Alsb.)

"O Soldiers! I've concluded to make a little song,
And if I tell no falsehood, there can be nothing wrong;"—

The Bridal Gift: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Fair one, soon my bride to be,
What shall be my gift to thee?"—

Brigadier General John H. Morgan in a Penitentiary! By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Hide him in a dark cell,
And fame will crown him there!"—

The Brigand Brigade: (Bohemian.)

"When Abe called the Council together,
Secession at large to discuss,"—

Broken Bench: A Ballad: By F. B. Chattawa, August, 1862. (W. F.)

"I stood upon the bridge of sighs,
A wooden bench of common size"—

The Broken Mug: Ode (So-called) on a Late Melancholy Accident in the Shenandoah Valley (so-called): by John Esten Cooke. (W. G. S.)

"My mug is broken, my heart is sad!
What woes can fate still hold in store!"—

The Broken Sword: Suggested by an incident which occurred after the surrender of Fort Donaldson: by Walker Meriweather Bell. (W. L.)

"No; never shall this trusty glaive,
Which I so long have borne."—

The Broker's 'Stamp Act' Lament: July, 1862: (R. B. B. 10.)

"Lord save the South from Liberty (?)
'Beast' Butler and his masters!"—

The Brotherly Kindness of 1861: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

" 'They' would burst Southern hearts in twain,
Nor care if so they could regain"—

Bugle Call: By Colonel John Milledge, of Ga. (Im.)

"I love to feel upon my bridle bit
The champ of a thoroughbred,"—

Bugle Note: By A. Lansing Burrows. (Bohemian from the Richmond *Dispatch.*)

"Tramp! tramp! tramp! steadily on to the foe;
With banners afloat in the stirring breeze,"—

Bull Run—A Parody: (W. G. S.)

"At Bull Run where the sun was low,
Each Southern face grew pale as snow"—

Bull's Run: Air, "Wait for the Wagon." (R. B. B. 11.)

"Says Greely, to Scott, to Richmond, why not,
These Southerns are only in fun,"—

Burial of Brigadier General M. Jenkins: At Summerville, Whitsunday, May 15, 1864: by "C. G. P." (Amaranth.)

"Bring blossoms from the rosy beds of May,
Bay from the woodland, myrtle from the bowers,"—

The Burial of Captain O. Jennings Wise: Killed at Roanoke Island, Feb. 8, 1862: by Accomac. (E. V. M.)

"Mournfully the bells are tolling,
And the muffled drums are rolling,"—

The Burial of Latane: By Jno. R. Thompson. S. L. M., July and August 1862. *Note:* The beautiful image in the including stanza is (borrowed and some of the language is versified from the eloquent remarks of the Honorable R. M. T. Hunter, on the death of Ex-President Tyler. (E. V. M.)

"The combat raged not long, but ours the day,
And, through the hosts that compassed us around,"—

Burial of Lieutenant General Jackson: Air, "Oporto:" by R. W. Kercheval, Esq. (Im.)

"Comrades, advance! Your colors drape with mourning,
Muffled your drums, and arms reversed, ye brave,"—

Burial of the Tough Beef in Galveston: March 5, 1864. (Alsb.)

"The Sabbath sun shone bright and fair,
The earth rejoiced in gladness,"—

Burn the Cotton: By Estelle, Memphis, Tenn., May 16, 1862. (R. R.)

"Burn the cotton! burn the cotton!
Let the solemn triumph rise,"—

Bury Me on the Field, Boys: By Mary S. Grayson, of Md. (Amaranth.)

"Bury me on the field, boys!
When the deadly strife is over;"—

Bury Our Dead: (Sunny.)

"Bury our dead! From Rama's shore!
From every beauteous Southland vale,"—

Butler's Proclamation: By Paul H. Hayne, of S. C. (E. V. M.)

"Aye, drop the treacherous mask! throw by
The cloak which veiled thine instincts fell"—

By the Banks of Red River: By E. E. Kidd. (Fag.)

"Oh, gone is the soul from his wondrous dark eye,
And gone is her life's dearest glory."—

By the Camp Fire: By Fanny Murdaugh Downing. (E. V. M. '69)

"The sun has fallen: cool and deep
The night wind moans in murmurs low."—

By the Camp Fire: By Viola. [Fannie M. Downing] (E. V. M.)

"The snow has fallen thick and soft,
The cold wind mourns in murmurs harsh"—

The Cadets at New Market: By Cornelia J. M. Jordan. (Corinth.)

"Onward they come, they come!
'Mid the wild battle-hum"—

The Call: By A. B. Baltimore, Oct., 1862. (R. B. B. 71.)

"Maryland! Maryland!
Stainless in story"—

The Call: To Editor *South Carolinian.* By Barhamville. Jan., 1861. (R. N. S.)

"Hark, the shout! from shore to mountain
Hark the war note raises high!"—

The Call! By Jennie. (B. C. L. Ledger 1411.)

"Sons of Maryland, arouse!
They who sealed your eyes in sleep,"—

Call All! Call All! By Georgia. (C. C. from the Rockingham, Va., *Register.*)

"Whoop! he Doodles have broken loose
Running around like the very deuce"—

The Call of Freedom: Richmond, May 1, 1861. (R. A.)

"Hark! To the rescue! Freedom calls,
Where triumph's banners brightly wave,"—

A Call to Kentuckians: By a Southern Rights Woman. Louisville, Ky., June 24, 1862. (R. R.)

"Sons of Kentucky! arise from your dreaming
Awake and to arms! for the foe draweth nigh:"—

The Cameo Bracelet: By James R. Randall, of Maryland. (W. G. S.)

"Eva sits on the ottoman there,
Sits by a Psyche carved in stone."—

Campaign Ballad: By Rev. J. E. Carnes. (Alsb.)

"Young Florida sends for their clan—the old Dominion's brave,
With sons of Texas, lead the van, to glory or the grave;"—

Camp Douglas By the Lake: A Prison Song. Air, "Cottage by the Sea." (Fag.)

"Childhood's days have long since faded,
Youth's bright dreams like lights gone out,"—

Cannoneer's Doom: A legend of the 19th century: by F. B., Cottage Hill, Ala., Sept. 7, 1863. (W. F.)

"Oh, tell me not of trimmings red,
Thus sighed a cannoneer,"—

Cannon Song: (S. S.)

"Aha! a song for the trumpet's tongue!
For the bugle to sing before us,"—

Captain Maffit's Ballad of the Sea: (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)

"Though winds are high and skies are dark
And the stars scarce show us a meteor spark;"—

The Captain's Story: (E. V. M.)

"We rested on the battle-field
The busy day was o'er."—

The Captain With His Whiskers: (Alsb.)

"As they marched through the town with their banners so gay
I ran to the window just to hear the band play;"—

The Cap That Poor Henderson Wore: By Willie Lightheart. Charleston, S. C. (C. C.)

"Tattered and threadbare, greasy and torn,
Faded and worn though it be,"—

Captives Going Home: (W. G. S.)

"No flaunting banners o'er them wave
No arms flash back the sun's bright ray."—

The Captured Epaulette: By M. J. P. [Mrs. M. J. Preston?] (P. & P. B.)

"Oh! we've beaten them gallantly! back from our soil,
We have hurled the invader and taken his spoil,"—

The Captured Flag: By Kentucky. Jan. 29, 1862. (S. O. S.)

"It is not strange that you should like to get
Sight of the flag that waved"—

Capture of 17 of Company H., 4th Texas Cavalry: Air, "Wake Snakes and Bite a Biskit." (Alsb.)

" 'Twas early in the morning of eighteen sixty-three,
We started out on picket, not knowing what we'd see:"—

Carmen Triumphale: By Henry Timrod. (W. G. S. from the *Southern Illustrated News*.)

"Go forth and bid the land rejoice,
Yet not too gladly, oh my song!

Carolina: By Mrs. C. A. B. (Fag.)

" 'Mid her ruins proudly stands,
Our Carolina!"—

Carolina: Inscribed to the Pee Dee Legion, General W. W. Harlee, New Orleans, Dec. 1, 1861: by Mrs. Anna Peyre Dennies. (E. V. M.)

"In the hour of thy glory
When thy name was far renowned,"—

Carolina: By Henry Timrod. (W. G. S.)

"The despot treads thy sacred sands,
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,"—

Carolina: April 14, 1861: by John A. Wagener, of S. C. (W. G. S.)

"Carolina! Carolina!
Noble name in State and story"—

Carolina's Hymn: For the *Courier:* by E. B. C., Jan. 1861. (R. N. S.)

"Be merciful, O God; the crimson tide
Of sanguinary war, a cooling flood,"—

Cavalier and Roundhead: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Will he ne'er come again,
Come into my waiting arms?"—

The Cavaliers' Glee: Air, "The Pirates' Glee:" by Captain Wm. Blackford, of General Stuart's staff. (S. S.)

"Spur on! spur on! we love the bounding
Of barbs that bear us to the fray:"—

The Cavalier's Serenade: By Colonel Wm. S. Hawkins. (Sunny.)

"O, come to the heart that is beating for thee!
By the hope of my freedom, my bride thou shalt be."—

Charade: [Jackson?] (E. V. M.)

"My first is seen on a field of green
And a lucky elf is he,"—

The Charge of the Georgia Eighth: At the Battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861: by Marie Key Steele, of Md. (E. V. M., '69.)

"The rising sun shines gaily,
On proud Manassas height,"—

Charge of Hagood's Bridage: Weldon Railroad, Aug. 21, 1864 (W. G. S.)

"Scarce seven hundred men they stand
In tattered, rude array,"—

Charge of the Louisiana Brigade at Atlanta: July 28, 1864: by F. B., Atlanta, Aug. 17, 1864. (W. F.)

"Thunders that roll along
Mountains and rocks among,"—

Charge of the Night Brigade: Baltimore, July 13, 1861. (E. V. M.)

"At three o'clock, three o'clock,
Three o'clock, onward"—

Charles B. Dreux: By James R. Randall. (E. V. M.)
"Weep, Louisiana, weep the gallant dead!
Weave the green laurel o'er the undaunted head!"—

Charleston: Written for the Charleston *Courier* in 1863: by Miss E. B. Cheeseborough. (W. G. S.)
"Proudly she stands by the crystal sea,
Within the fires of hate around her,"—

Charleston: By Paul H. Hayne. (W. G. S.)
"What! still does the Mother of Treason uprear
Her crest 'gainst the Furies that darken her sea?"—

Charleston: By Paul H. Hayne. (Amaranth.)
"Calmly beside her Tropic strand
An Empress, brave and loyal,"—

Charleston: By Henry Timrod: Jan., 1863. (E. V. M.)
"Calm as that second summer which precedes
The first fall of the snow,' —

Charlestonians and Yankees: Dialogue between Yankees and the Charlestonians: by Kentucky. (S. O. S.) April, 1863.
"Ho! heigho! for Charleston, ho!"—

Charmed Life: (2 Kings vi, 16): by Kentucky. (S. O. S.)
"Ah! ours is such a little, half-armed band
Compared to those who fight to win our land!' —

Cheer, Boys, Cheer! [This was the favorite song of the Kentuckians, and was sung by Southern troops under General Basil Duke at the Battle of Shiloh. Several versions of adapted words were sung to the melody of this song. One of the versions was dedicated to Horace Greely and circulated throughout the North. The original "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," has, however, always remained closely identified with Southern sentiment.] (Phot. Hist.)
"Cheer, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow:
Courage, true hearts shall bear us on our way,"—

Chickamauga, "The Stream of Death:" (W. G. S. from the Richmond *Sentinel.*)
"Chickamauga! Chickamauga!
O'er thy dark and turbid wave"—

Chief Justice Taney: Air, "The Days of Absence." (R. B. B., 110):
"Hail, thou noble hearted lawyer,
Advocate of human rights:"—

The Chimes of St. Paul's: by Tenella. [Mrs. M. B. Clarke of N. C.] (E. V. M.)
"When first St. Paul's, your sweet-voiced chimes
Shed music on the air,"—

Chivalrous C. S. A.: Air, "Vive la Compagnie!" by B. Baltimore, Sept. 21, 1861. (R. R.)

"I'll sing you a song of the South's sunny clime.
Chivalrous C. S. A."—

Christian Love in Battle: An incident which occured at Manassas. Waterproof, La., July 21, 1861: by Wm. H. Holcombe. (S. L. M. Sept. 1861.)

"The Northern soldier reeled and fell
Upon the bloody ground to die:"—

Christmas Carol, for 1862: From "Beechenbrook:" by Mrs. M. J. Preston, of Va. (E. V. M.)

"Halt, the march is over
Day is almost done;"—

Christmas Day, A. D., 1861: By M. J. H. (Bohemian.)

"The day's high festival is come,
The time of careless mirth,"—

Christmas Eve: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Christmas is here—time to be glad!
Alas! I seldom am so sad"—

Christmas, 1863: By Henry Timrod, of S. C. (E. V. M.)

"How grace this hallowed day?
Shall hallowed bells from yonder ancient spire"—

Christmas Night of '62: By W. G. McCabe. S. L. M., Jan., '63. (B. E.)

"The wintry blast goes wailing by.
The snow is falling overhead."—

Chronicle of Fort Sumter: (Bohemian from the Charleston *Courier.*)

"Night lingered over quiet shore and bay
In grim repose where fort and battery lay,"—

The Church of the North: Inscribed to Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont. Written during the General Convention, Oct. 1862: by Kentucky. (S. C. S.)

"In the midst of raging billows
Zion's harp hung on the willows,"—

The Church of the South to the Church of the North: Written on reading an article in the *Church Journal of New York,* which I cannot now find: by Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"We are not divided—no never! no! no!
For the Church of the North cannot be our foe:"—

Civile Bellum: [In many collections this poem is entitled "The Fancy Shot." It was first published in London, in the paper called "Once A Week," signed "From the Once United States," and was there entitled "Civile Bellum." It is believed to be the work of Charles Dawson Shavley, who died in 1876.—*Editor.*] (G. C. E.)

"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot
Right at the heart of yon prowling vidette,"—

Cleburne: (Im.)

"How far and fast the autumn blast
Beats the dead leaves o'er the ground:"—

Cleburne: "Another Star now Shines on High:" by M. A. Jennings of Alabama. (W. G. S. from the Selma *Dispatch*, 1864.)

"Another ray of light hath fled, another Southern brave
Hath fallen in his country's cause, and found a laurelled grave,—"

The Clerk's Lament: By F. B., Dalton, March 26, 1863. (W. F.)

"Give my companions back to me,
My rock built hut so gray,"—

The Cliff Beside the Sea: By Colonel W. W. Fontaine. (Sunny.)

"Five summers bright have come and gone,
A weary time to me,"—

Close the Ranks: By John L. Sullivan. (W. G. S.)

"The fell invader is before!
Close the ranks! Close up the ranks!"—

Clouds in the West: By A. J. Requier, of Alabama. (W. G. S.)

"Hark! on the wind that whistles from the West
A manly shout for instant succor comes"—

The Clouds of War: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"O God, the clouds of war press heavily!
I pant and pant; now I can scarcely breathe,"—

Coast-Guard Cogitations: By Carlos. (Bohemian from the Richmond *Dispatch*.)

"On the cold, white sand
Of a wave-washed strand,"—

Coercion: A Poem for Then and Now: by John R. Thompson, of Va. S. L. M. March, 1861. (S. S.)

"Who talks of Coercion? who dares to deny
A resolute people the right to be free"—

Colonel B. F. Terry: By J. R. Barrick, Glasgow, Ky. (Alsb.)

"There is a wail
As if the voice of sadness, long and deep,"—

The Colonel Gilbert: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"The petty Cromwell of our State oppressed
Is Buckeye Gilbert, as must be confessed;"—

The Color-Bearer: By Mrs. Margaret J. Preston. (E. V. M., '69.)

"The shock of battle swept the lines,
And wounded men, and slain,"—

Columbia: By J. C. J. (W. L.)

"On thy banks, in pride and beauty
Stands the city, Congaree!"—

Coming at Last: By Geo. H. Miles. Frederick Co., Md. (E.V. M.)

"Up on the hill there,
Who are they, pray,"—

Company A. Seventh Regiment, Texas Cavalry: Air, "Bonnie Blue Flag:" by Mrs. Dr. M'Grew. Refugio, Texas, Feb. 3, 1863. (Alsb.)

"Let genius bring, on silver wing, her richest best oblation,
To crown thy brow, fair as the snow, young and poetent nation!"—

Company L, 20th Regiment, T. V. I.: Air, "Root Hog or Die:" by a Private in said company. (Alsb.)

"O here is our Company, the famous Company K
They are always on the sick list unless it's ration day"—

The Confederacy: By Jane T. H. Cross. (W. G. S. from the Southern Christian Advocate, 1864.)

"Born to a day, full grown, our Nation stood,
The pearly light of heaven was her face,"—

The Confederate Dead: By author of "Albert Hastings." A.D., 1866. (C. C.)

"O, not o'er these, the true and brave
Whose mangled forms in many a grave"—

The Confederate Dead: By Latienne. Enfala, Ala., June, (1866?) (E. V. M. from the Macon *Journal.*)

"From the broad and calm Potomac,
Is the Rio Grande's waves,"—

The Confederate Dead: (C. C.)

"They sleep. Go not to Rome nor Greece
For history knows no nobler race,"—

The Confederate Flag: (E. V. M. '69.)

"No more o'er living hearts to wave,
Its tattered folds forever furled,"—

The Confederate Flag: By J. R. Barrick. Glasgow, Ky. (R. R.)

"Flag of the South! Flag of the free!
Thy stars shall cheer each eye,"—

The Confederate Flag: Written by Mrs. C. D. Elder of New Orleans: music by Sig. G. George of Norfolk, Va. (R. B. B., 16½.)

"Bright banner of freedom, with pride I unfold thee:
Fair flag of my country, with love I behold thee,"—

The Confederate Flag: By H. L. Flash. (Amaranth.)

"Four stormy years we saw it gleam
A people's hope—and then refurled"—

The Confederate Flag: Red, White and Blue. Composed and Sung by J. S. Prevatt, Co. E., 6th Ga. Regiment. (R. B. B., 16½.)

"On the banks of the Potomac, there's an army so grand,
Whose object's to subjugate Dixie's fair land"—

Confederate Land: By H. H. Strawbridge. (R. R.)

"States of the South! Confederate Land!
Our foe has come—the hour is nigh;"—

The Confederate Note: (E. V. M., also C. S. B. No. 25.)

"Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the water below it:"—

Confederate Oath: Air, "My Maryland;" circulated sub rosa in New Orleans. (Alsb.)

"By the Cross upon our banner, glory of our Southern sky,
Swear we now, a band of brothers, free to live, or free to die"—

A Confederate Officer to His Lady Love: By Major McKnight ("Asa Hartz"), A. A. B., General Loring's staff. Johnston's Island. (E. V. M.)

"My love reposes on a rosewood frame,
A bunk have I:"—

Confederate Paradox: "The falling debris now aids in strengthening Fort Sumter," Telegram, Charleston, Nov. 6, 1863. (W. L.)

"A seeming evil often is
A great and glorious benefit,"—

The Confederate Soldier's Wife—Parting from Her Husband. (R. B. B., 17.)

"Here is thy trusty blade!
Take it, and wield it in a glorious cause;"—

Confederate Song: Air, "Bruce's Address." Dedicated to the Kirk's Ferry Rangers: by their captain, E. Lloyd Wailes. Sung by the Glee Club on July 4, 1861, at the Kirk's Ferry barbecue, Catahoula, La. (R. R.)

"Rally round our country's flag!
Rally, boys, nor do not lag,"—

The Confederate States: (R. B. B., 16.)

"Yankees may sing of their rank pork and beans,
Their dollars and cents are but fabulous dreams"—

A Confederate Valentine: To Miss Jewly Ann Pious: by Peter Barlow. Picked up, A. D., 1863. (C. C.)

"When these lines you read
Think not of him unkind"—

Confiscation: A Wife to Her Husband: by Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Let us go forth into the cold, cold snow!
A tyrant says we must, or bow us low"—

Congressman Ely: Air, "Hi Ho Dobbin." (Wash'n, 44.)

"As I rode down to Manassas one day,
With heart light as air and spirit so gay,"—

Conquered: By F. B. (W. F.)

"Lik the bird who sings at midnight,
I am lone,"—

The Conquered Banner: By Moina. [The Reverend J. A. Ryan, of Knoxville, Diocese of Nashville, Tenn.]: music by A. E. Blackmar. (E. V. M. from the Freeman's Journal, June 24, 1865.)

"Furl that banner for 'tis weary
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;"—

The Conscription Bill: (S. L. M., April, '62.)

"Let us hail in this crisis the prosperous omen
That our Senate shows virtue higher than Roman;"—

Conscript's Departure: (Army.)

"You are going far away, far away from your Jeanette,
There is no one left to love me now, and you, too, may forget,"—

Contraband: (Cav.)

"Say, darkies, hab you seen ole massa
Wif de mustach on his face,"—

Corinth. April, 1862): By Cornelia J. M. Jordan. (Corinth.)

"Land of the Pioneer—behold! come
To drink thy balmy airs enchanting West"—

The Cotton Boll: By Henry Timrod. (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury.*)

"While I recline
At ease beneath"—

The Cotton-Burners' Hymn: "On yesterday, all the cotton in Memphis, and throughout the country, was burned. Probably not less than 300,000 bales have been burned in the last three days in West Tennessee and North Mississippi."—Memphis *Appeal.* (W. G. S.)

"Lo! where Mississippi rolls
Oceanward its stream,"—

Cotton Doodle: Written by a lady on learning that Yankee Doodle had been hissed in New Orleans. San Antonio, Jan. 2, 1861. (S. L. M., Ed. Table, Feb. 1861.) From the Galveston *Evening News.*

"Hurrah for brave King Cotton!
The Southerners are singing;"—

Cotton is King: By N. G. R., [Dr. N. G. Ridgley] Baltimore, Jan. 1, 1862. (R. B. B., 18.)

"All hail to the great King.
Quick to him your tribute bring"—

The Cotton States' Farewell to Yankee Doodle: Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 1, 1861. (C. S. B. from the Richmond *Dispatch*, copied from the Georgia papers.)

"Yankee Doodly fare you well
Rice and cotton float you;"—

The Countersign: By Colonel W. W. Fontaine. (E. V. M.)

"Alas! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still,"—

Country, Home and Liberty: (R. B. B., 18.)

"Freedom calls you! Quick be ready,—
Rouse ye in the name of God,—"

Creation of Dixie: 1861. (C. C.)

"Created by a nation's glee
With jest and song and revelry"—

Crippled for Life: By Leola. [Mrs. Loula W. Rogers of Ga.] "Mountain Home," S. W. Virginia, Dec. 1, 1862. (S. L. M., Nov. and Dec., '62.)

"On a low couch as the bright day is dying
Young, helpless and hopeless, a soldier is lying,"—

Cruci Dum Spiro, Fido: By J. C. M. New York, March 20, 1866. (E. V. M.)

"You may furl the gleaming star-cross
That lit a hundred fields,"—

A Cry to Arms: By Henry Timrod, New Orleans, March 9, 1862. (R. R.)

"Ho! woodsmen of the mountain-side!
Ho! dwellers in the vales!"—

The Darlings at Home: By Colonel C. G. Forshey. (Alsb.):

"The sentinel treads his martial round,
Afar from his humble home"—

Da Vis!: By Quien Sabe? Baltimore, Feb. 10, 1862. (R. B. B. 73.)

"Give us one chance, 'tis all we ask,
Be retribution then our task:"—

The Dead: (Randolph.)

"On the field of battle lying,
Was a youthful hero dying"—

Dead: By C. C. (Amaranth from the Richmond *Examiner*.)

"Dead! well I have written the word, and I gaze
On it still and again,"—

Dead: By Colonel W. S. Hawkins, C. S. A.; prisoner of war. Camp Chase, Ohio, March, 1865. (Sunny.)

"Dead! with no loving hand to part
The soft hair back from the pallid brow"—

Dead Jackson: (E. V. M.)
"A chaplet! as ye pause ye brave
Beside the broad Potomac's wave"—

Dead on Manassas Plain: By J. Augustine Signaigo. (I. M.)
"Close beside the broken grasses,
Near the setting of the day,"—

The Dead Soldier: (E. V. M., '69.)
"Go where the dying soldiers lie
Eve blushing closes now her eye,"—

Dear Liberty: or Maryland Will Be Free: Air, "Carry me back to old Virginny:" by Miss R. L., a Daughter of Dixie. (R. B. B., 73.)
"Farewell dear Liberty, farewell for awhile,
Ere long we'll greet thee again."—

Dear Mother I've Come Home to Die: Music by Henry Tucker: words by E. Bowers. Geo. Dunn & Co., Richmond, Va. (R. B. M.)
"Dear Mother, I remember well,
The parting kiss you gave to me"—

Death-Bed of Stonewall Jackson: By Colonel B. H. Jones. (Sunny.)
"Stretched on his couch the Christian warrior lies;
Cold perspiration beads his marble brow;"—

The Death of Ashby: By J. A. Via. Richmond, June 16, 1862. (S. L. M., May, 1862.)
"Wild rings the raging battle cry;
It's thunders echo in the sky,"—

The Death of General A. S. Johnston: (S. O. S.)
"A nation tolls his requiem;
Bring forth the victor's diadem,"—

Death of Albert Sidney Johnston: By George B. Milnor, Harrisburg, Tex. (Alsb.)
"The sun was sinking o'er the battle plain,
Where the night winds were already sighing,"—

Death of Jackson: By Cornelia M. Jordan. (Corinth.)
"Brightly the moon o'er pallid corpses streaming,
Mingled her soft rays with the cannon's breath,"—

Death of William H. Mitchell: Killed at Gettysburg: by Lieutenant J. E. Dooley. (Sunny.)
"So bright in his genius—so bright in his youth
Gone to his grave!"—

Death of Polk: (W. L.)
"We hear a solemn saddening sound,
A mournful knell;—

Death of Stonewall Jackson: (Fag.)

"On a bright May morn in 'sixty-three,
And eager for the action,"—

Death of Stonewall Jackson: By Thomas Q. Barnes. (Barnes.)

"Southrons all bewail the loss
Of a hero true and brave,"—

Death of the Lincoln Despotism: Air, "Root, Hog, or Die:" (P. & P. B. from the Richmond *Times-Despatch.*)

" 'Twas out upon mid-ocean that the San Jacinta hailed
An English neutral vessel, while on her course she sailed."—

Death of the Young Partisan: By Cornelia J. M. Jordan. (Richmond.)

"He fell—not where numbers were falling
Whose groans with the cannon peal blend,"—

The Debt of Maryland: By H. Baltimore, Oct. 16, 1861. (R. B. B., 72.)

"Remember, men of Maryland,
You have a debt to pay."—

De Cotton Down in Dixie: ("These capital verses were found on board of the English barque 'Premier' in January, 1863, bound from Liverpool to Havana, sixty miles west of Madeira, by Lone Star, of Galveston, Texas.") (Alsb.)

"I'm gwine back to de land of cotton,
Wid de 'English Flag' in an 'English Bottom' "—

Dedicated to the Baltimore Light Artiliery, C. S. A.: by Captain G. W. Alexander. (R. B. B. 81.)

"The Maryland boys are coming
Dost hear their stirring drums?"—

Dedication: To Mrs. Fanny S. Bears: By F. B. Kingston, Feb. 23, 1864. (W. F.)

"To you, though known but yesterday, I trust
These winged thoughts of mine"—

Dejected: By G. W. Archer, M. D: In the Field, Sept. '64. (E. V. M., '69.)

"Turmoil, never, never ending!
Clamor, clangor, grasp and groan!"—

Desolated: By Fanny Downing. (E. V. M. '69.)

"A weight of suffering my spirit seals
As I stand of life's sweetest joys bereft,"—

Despondency: By Tenella. [Mrs. M. B. Clarke of N. C.] (E. V. M.)

"The waters in life's goblet sink,
Which late were foaming to its brink"—

The Despot's Song: By Old Secesh. Baltimore, March 15, 1862. (R. R.)

"With a beard that was filthy and red
His mouth with tobacco bespread"—

Destruction of the Vandal Host at Manassas: A Parody: by J. J. H. (R. R.)

"Abe Lincoln came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were thirsting for silver and gold,"—

The Devil's Delight: By John R. Thompson. (Amaranth.)

"To breakfast one morning the Devil came down,
By demons and vassals attended:"—

The Devil's Visit to Old Abe: Written on the occasion of Lincoln's proclamation for prayer and fasting after the battle of Manassas: by Reverend E. P. Birch, of La Grange, Ga., Feb. 10, 1862. (Wash'n 52.)

"Old Abe was sitting in his chair of state,
With one foot on the mantel and one on the grate"—

Devotion: Jan. 1863. (Md. Hist. B.)

"Now that another year's gone by
And gushing tears have filled the eye"—

Died: Arthur Robinson: Richmond, Dec. 23, 1863. (E. V. M. '69.)

"Gone from the tumult—gone from the strife,
From the evil times that sadden life;"—

A Dirge: by G. W. Archer, M. D., Harford Co., Md., June, '61. (E. V. M. '69.)

"How can I rest?
E'en in the quiet of this lonely wood"—

Dirge for Ashby: by Mrs. M. J. Preston: (W. G. S.)

"Hear ye that thrilling word—
Accent of dread"—

Disgrace and Shame: Air, "The Campbells Are Coming." (R. B. B. 21.)

"Hallo! what's the matter?
Indigo's blue, why this clatter"—

Dixey's Land: Baltimore and Frederick Streets, Baltimore, Md. (Wash'n 54.)

"Away down South in de fields ob cotton,
Pork and cabbage in de pot."—

Dixie: (E. V. M.)

"Dixie home of love and beauty; in the past supremely best,
Now athwart thee, falling darkly, see, a funeral shadow rest."—

Dixie: By Richard W. Nicholls. (N. Y. P. L.)

"Southron, your country calls you
And in arms must now enroll you"—

Dixie: By Albert Pike: (W. G. S.)

"Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!"—

Dixie: 1861: By Ina Marie Porter, of Greenville, Ala. (N. Y. P. L.)

"In Dixie cotton loves to grow
With leaf of green and boll of snow,"—

Dixie Doodle: (Randolph.)

"Dixie whipped old Yankee Doodle early in the morning
So Yankeedom had best look out"—

Dixie the Land of King Cotton: From the Highly Successful Musical Operetta "The Vivandiere." Words by Captain Hughes of Vicksburg: music by J. H. Hewitt. (R. B. M.)

"Oh, Dixie the land of King Cotton,
The home of the brave and the free,"—

Dixie War Song: By H. S. Stanton, Esq. (L. & L.)

"Hear ye not the sounds of battle
Sabres clash and muskets rattle?"—

Dix's Manifesto: Air, "Dearest Mae:" by "B." Baltimore, Sept. 11, 1861. (R. B. B. 23.)

"Once on a time in Baltimore
There reigned a mighty King."—

Dodge's Police: Air, "Wait for the Wagon." (R. B. B. 24.)

"Come all ye Southern lassies
That joined in our parade,"—

Doffing the Gray: By Lieutenant Falligant of Savanah, Ga. (W. G. S.)

"Off with your gray suits, boys—
Off with your rebel gear"—

Do They Miss Me in the Trenches! Vicksburg Song. Air, "Do They Miss Me at Home." (Alsb.)

"Do they miss me in the trenches, do they miss me,
When the shells fly so thickly round,"—

Do We Weep For the Heroes That Died for Us? By Father A. J. Ryan. (Sunny.)

"Do we weep for the heroes who died for us,
Who, living, were true and tried for us,"—

Down-Trodden Maryland: Air, "Tom Bowling:" by B. [This is especially interesting because the poem, which is here of three stanzas, 1, 2 and 3, is to be found in R. B. B. 67, in its 3rd edition, expandedto 6 stanzas, 1+a+2+b+c+3, signed N. G. R. (Dr. N. G. Ridgely), dated Baltimore, March 4, 1862.] (R. B. B. 64.)

"Down-trodden, despised, see brave Maryland lie
The noblest of all States"—

Do Ye Quail? By W. Gilmore Simms. (W. G. S.)
"Do you quail but to hear, Carolinians,
The first foot-tramp of Tyranny's minions?"—

Dreaming: By Fanny Downing. (E. V. M. '69.)
"Locked in deep and tranquil slumber,
In a charmed trance she lies;"—

Dreaming in the Trenches: By William Gordon M'Cabe. Petersburg Trenches, 1864. (C. C.)
"I picture her there in the quaint old room
Where the fading fire-light starts and falls,"—

A Dream Visit to the Battle-Field of Sharpsburg: By Leola [Mrs. Loula W. Rogers, of Ga.] (Amaranth.)
"Hush'd was the inspiring strain of martial band,
Which late had waked the slumbering hills to life;"—

Drinking Song: Air, "We Won't Go Home 'Till Morning." By F. B. (W. F.)
"I'll tell you just what I think, boys,
In troubles who wish to be gay,"—

The Drummer Boy: By James R. Brewer. Annapolis, July 28, 1862. (E. V. M.)
"All pallid upon his couch he lay,
As death fast dimmed his eye,"—

The Drummer Boy of Shiloh: (Alsb.)
"On Shiloh's dark and bloody ground the dead and wounded lay,
Amongst them was a drummer boy that beat the drum that day,"—

During a Snow Storm: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)
"Mists of beauty fill the air,
With splendor rare:"—

Dutch Volunteer: By Harry McCarthy. (1862.) (Fag.)
"It was in Ni Orleans city
I first heard der drums und fife,"—

Duty and Defiance: By Colonel Hamilton Washington. (Alsb.)
"Raise the thrilling cry, to arms!
Texas needs us all, Texans!"—

The Dying Confederate's Last Words: By Maryland. [Note in pencil, by L. Katzenberger, Baltimore.] (R. B. B. 23.)
"Dear Comrades, on my brow the hand of death is cast,
My breath is growing short, all pain will soon be past."—

The Dying Mother: By Colonel B. H. Jones. Johnson's Island, Ohio, March, 1865. (Sunny.)
"Where Great Kanawha, 'River of the Woods,'
Flows tranquilly amid Virginia's hills,"—

The Dying Soldier: (R. B. B. 22.)
"My noble commander! thank God, you have come!
You know the dear ones who are waiting at home."—

The Dying Soldier: By R. R. B. 1861–1862. (C. C. from The *Southern Field and Fireside.*)

"Lay him down gently where shadows lie still
And cool, by the side of the bright mountain rill,"—

The Dying Soldier: By James A. Mecklin. (S. B. P.)

"Gather round him where he's lying,
Hush your footsteps, whisper low,"—

The Dying Soldier: By Philula. (S. L. M., Nov. and Dec. '63.)

"I am dying, comrade, dying,
Ebbs the feeble life-tide fast,"—

Dying Soldier Boy: Air, "Maid of Monterey:" by A. B. Cunningham, of La. (Alsb.)

"Upon Manassas' bloody plain, a soldier boy lay dying!
The gentle winds above his form in softest tones were sighing;"—

The Dying Soldier, or The Moon Rose O'er the Battle-Plain: An admired song composed for the pianoforte: published by J. W. Davis & Sons, Richmond, Va., 1864. (R. B. M.)

"The moon rose o'er the battle-plain
And smiled from her dark throne,"—

Dying Words of Stonewall Jackson: (Hubner.)

"The stars of night contain the glittering Day
And rain his glory down with sweeter grace,"—

1861: (E. V. M.)

"Virginia's sons are mustering, from every hill and dale,
The sound of fife and drum is borne upon the rising gale,"—

Eight Years Ago: A Prison Lay: by W. E. Penn, of Tenn. (Sunny.)

"Just eight years ago, I remember the day,
When all was so happy, so joyous and gay;"—

Elegy on Leaving Home: Air, "Good-bye:" by Major Webber, 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's Command. December, 1862. (W. L.)

"Farewell! Farewell! my fair loved land,
Where I hoped to live and die;"—

Ella Nocare: By Dick. (S. L. M., Jan., '64.)

"Fair Ella Nocare—bright Ella Nocare,
Was born of a wealthy sire"—

The Empty Sleeve: By Dr. J. R. Bagby, of Virginia. (W. G. S.)

"Tom, old fellow, I grieve to see
The sleeve hanging loose at your side,"—

Encore et Tonjours 'Maryland: by Constance Cary: (Bohemian.)

"'A plea for Maryland!'
Outraged old Maryland!"—

The Enemy Shall Never Reach Your City: Andrew Jackson's Address to the people of New Orleans. (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)

"Never, while such as ye are in the breach,
Oh! brothers, sons and Southrons, never! never!"—

Enfants du Sud: By R. Thomassy: for the *Courier*. Nouvelle Orleans, 2 Janvier, 1861. (R. N. S.)

"Enfants du Sud, l'outrage et la menace
Aux nobles coeurs ne laissent plus de choix."—

England's Neutrality: A Parliamentary Debate, with notes by a Confederate Reporter: by John R. Thompson. (S. S.)

"All ye who with credulity the whispers hear of fancy,
Or yet pursue with eagerness Hope's wild extravagancy,"—

Enigma: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"My whole forms a part of what means 'no one knows,'
My second's a name oft given to my foes:"—

Enlisted Today: (W. G. S.)

"I know the sun shines, and the lilacs are blowing,
And summer sends kisses by beautiful May."—

The Ensign: An Incident of the Battle of Gettysburg: by Robert. Camp 1st La. Regulars, Nicholl's Brigade, Aug. 14, 1863. (S. L. M., Nov. and Dec. '63.)

"The shrill bugle sounded—down the battle scarred front—
Rang the music to many an ear,"—

Epistle to the Ladies: By W. E. M., of General Lee's Army. (W. L.)

"Ye Southern maids and ladies fair,
Of whatso'er degree,"—

Ethnogenesis: Written during the meeting of the 1st Southern Congress, at Montgomery, Feb., 1861: by Henry Timrod of S. C. (W. G. S.)

"Hath not the morning dawned with added light,
And shall not evening call another star."

Eulogy of the Dead: By B. F. Porter, of Alabama. (W. G. S.)

"Oh! weep not for the dead
Whose blood for freedom shed,"—

Evacuation of Manassas: By Iris. Warrenton, April 5, 1862. S. L. M., Sept. and Oct., 1862, under title of *Rear Guard of Army*. (E. V. M.)

"The hills were touched with sunset tints, and the sky was painted, too,
When the rear guard of the army came marching into view,"—

Exchanged! By Major George McKnight ("Asa Hartz"). (Sunny.)

"From his dim prison house by Lake Erie's bleak shore,
He is borne to his last resting place;"—

The Exiled Soldiers' Adieu to Maryland: By I. Camp near Manassas, July 5, 1861: printed in the C. S. Army. (R. B. B. 79.)

"Adieu my home! Adieu dear Maryland!
For honor calls me now away from thee."—

The Exodus: II Kings, vii, 6, 7, 15 and Joel ii, 20: by Old Soldier. (R. B. B. 25.)

"O bright eyed maidens of the South, your happy voices raise,
And make your timbrels ring with sounds of triumphs and praise,"—

The Expected Texas Invasion: The Bloody Twentieth, Galveston, Tex., March 22, 1865. (Alsb.)

"What right have the Northmen our homes to invade—
Could the scions of freemen admit?"—

Fable or History: (Victor Hugo) by Tenella. [Mrs. M. B. Clarke of N. C.] (S. L. M.)

"A hungry Ape one summer's day
Did idly through a forest stray,"—

The Fair and the Brave: Flag Presentation to the "Jackson Hornets" by Eleven Young Ladies at Bellefonte, Ala. Written by a Tennessee poetess. (P. &. P. B. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)

"First to rise against oppression
In this glorious Southern band;"—

The Faith of The South: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"God is the weak man's arm,
We cannot feel despair;"—

The Fall of Sumter, April, 1861: By A. L. D. of Raleigh, N. C. (E. V. M.)

" 'Twas in the early morning, all Charleston lay asleep,
While yet the purple darkness was resting on the deep."—

Farewell: By F. B., Clinton, June 3, 1863. (W. F.)

"Farewell! Stern duty calls me fast
'Gainst the foe,"—

Farewell, Forever, the Star Spangled Banner: By Mrs. E. D. Hundley, May 14, 1862. (C. S. B.)

"Let tyrants and slaves submissively tremble,
And bow down their necks 'neath the 'Juggernaut' car,"—

Farewell to Brother Johnathan: By Caroline. (R. R.)

"Farewell! we must part: we have turned from the land."—

Farewell to Johnson's Island: By Major George McKnight (Asa Hartz). (Sunny.)

"I leave thy shore, O hated Isle,
Where misery marked my days;"—

A Farewell to Pope: By John R. Thompson, of Virginia. (W. G. S.)

" 'Hats off' in the crowd, 'Present arms' in the line,
Let the standards all bow, and the sabres incline"—

Fast and Pray: "I appoint Friday, Nov. 15th, a day of general fasting and prayer," Jefferson Davis. (Bohemian.)

"Soldier, on the whitened field,
Resting on thy burnished shield,"—

Fast Day, Nov. 1861: By Miss R. Powell of Virginia. (E. V. M.)

"Hark to the silvery chiming
That stirs the quiet air,"—

The Fate of the Republic: (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury.*)

"Thus, the grand fabric of a thousand years—
Reared with such art and wisdom by a race,"—

The Federal Vandals: Micah iv, 13: by Senex. (Note by author: The writer has taken the liberty to vary and to apply to our Northern foes part of an original poem in MSS. written by himself.) (R. R. and under the title of *It is I!* R. B. B.)

"They come, they come,—a motley crew
For rapine, rape and plunder met;"—

The Federal Vendue: Abraham Auctionarius Loquitur. (R. B. B. 27).

"And going—going! Step up, friends,
I've lots of lumber here to sell"—

Few Days: (Alsb.)

"Our country now is great and free, few days, few days;
And thus shall it ever be, we know the way;"—

Fiat Justitia: Dedicated to the Maryland Prisoners at Fort Warren: by a Lady of Baltimore, H. Rebel. (E. V. M., under title of *God Will Repay* R. B. B.)

"There is no day however darkly clouded
But hath a brighter sun,"—

Field of Glory: By J. H. Hewitt.

"When upon the field of glory
'Mid the battle cry"—

The Field of Williamsburg: To Eugene: by C. C. (S. L. M., Aug. '63.)

"Back to the field, whence yestere'en
The Vandal Horde were flying seen,"—

The Fiend Unbound: (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury.*)

"No more with glad and happy cheer
And smiling face, doth Christmas come"—

Fight On! Fight Ever! By Dr. D. M. Norfolk City Jail, Sept 7, 1863. (C. C.)

"Still wave the stars and bars
O'er Sumter's battered walls;"—

The Fire of Freedom: (W. G. S.)

"The holy fire that nerved the Greek
To make his stand at Marathon."—

First Love: By Colonel Wm. S. Hawkins. Johnson's Island, Ohio, Jan., 1865. (Sunny.)

"In the blithesome days of boyhood,
In the unforgotten past;

Fishing in Troubled Waters: (R. B. B. 87.)

"In a dingy room of a mansion old, a solemn 'council' met.
To discuss the many dangers, with which they were beset."

The Flag: (R. B. B. 77.)

"The Stars and Stripes! is that the flag the Northern army waves,
To make ignoble races free and noble nations slaves?"—

The Flag of Secession: Air, "The Star Spangled Banner:" [by Frederick Pinkney?] (R. B. B. 27.)

"Oh say can't you see by the dawn's early light
What you yesterday held to be vaunting and dreaming,"—

Flag of Our Country: By a Lady of Winchester. (Broadside in possession of Editor.)

"Flag of our country, we're weeping for thee,
Dimm'd are the stars round the Palmetto tree"—

Flag of the Free Eleven: (Randolph.)

"Over land and sea let it kiss the breeze,
For the smile of approving Heaven"—

The Flag of the Lone Star: By Tenella. [Mrs. M. B. Clarke of N. C.] (E. V. M.)

"Hurrah for the Lone Star!
Up, up to the mast,"—

The Flag of the South: For the *Evening Star:* suggested by the raising of the flag in Kansas City: by Charles P. Lenox. (R. B. B. 26½.)

"Let the flag of the South be thrown to the breeze,
Over land, over sea, let her float at her ease."—

Flag of the South: For the *Evening Star:* by J. H., Baltimore, Md. (R. B. B. 26½.)

"Oh flag of the South, in the hues of thy splendor
The emblems of right and of triumph we see."—

Flag of the Southland: Air, "I'm Afloat:" by Major E. W. Cave, of Houston: (Alsb.)

"Flag of the Southland! Flag of the free!
Ere thy sons will be slaves they will perish with thee!"—

Flag of Truce: By Jay W. Bee, P. A. C. S., 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's Command. Johnson's Island, Ohio, July, 1864. (W. L.)

"Thou beautiful emblem of Peace—
White sail upon war's bloody seas."—

Flight of Doodles: (R. R.)

"I come from old Manassas, with a pocket full of fun—
I killed forty Yankees with a single-barrelled gun"—

The Foe at the Gates: Charleston: by John Dickson Bruns, M. D. (W. G. S.)

"Ring round her! children of her glorious skies
Whom she hath nursed to stature proud and great,"—

Fold It Up Carefully: A reply to the lines entitled "The Conquered Banner:" by Sir Henry Houghton, Bart. of England, Oct., 1865. (The following, written in England, comes to us from a friend in Virginia, who says it was sent by the author to a gentleman in that state, and that it has not yet appeared in print.) (E. V. M.)

"Gallant nation, foiled by numbers,
Say not that your hopes are fled;"—

Follow! Boys, Follow! By Millie Mayfield. (R. R.)

"Follow, brave boys, follow!
'Tis the roll-call of the drum,"—

For Bales: Air, "Johnny Fill up the Bowl." (Fag.)

"We all went down to New Orleans,
For Bales, for Bales;—"

For Punch: (Bohemian from the *Southern Literary Messenger.*)

"For fifty years the world has rung
With nothing strange or new, sir,"—

Forget? Never! By Mrs. C. A. Ball. (E. V. M.)

"Can the mother forget the child of her love,
Who was in her tenderest heartstrings woven,"—

Fort Donelson Falls: Written in great agony, 3 p. m., Feb. 17, [1862?]: by Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Demons, hark! those cannon booming;
Death howls over liberty,"—

Fort Donelson: The Siege: Feb., 1862: by Mrs. C. A. Warfield. (E. V. M.)

"I cannot look on the sunshine
That breaks thro' the clouds today"—

Fort Moultrie: For the *Courier:* by Carolina. Jan, 1861. (R. N. S.)

"Long the pride of Carolina,
Cherished in our 'heart of hearts,' "—

Forts Morris and Moultrie: (Bohemian.)
"Hark, the wind-storm how it rushes!
List! methinks I hear the strain"—

Fort Sumter: (R. R. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)
"It was a noble Roman
In Rome's imperial day,"—

Fort Sumter: By H. (Bohemian from the New Orleans *Delta*.)
"Ask the Fort—let Peace prevail,
Claim the Fort—but yet forbear"—

Fort Sumter: [By C. B. Northrup.] (Outcast.)
"Up through the water, towering high,"—

Fort Sumter: A Southern Song. Air, "Dearest May:" by Dr. Barnstable, B. C. H. G. (R. B. B. 26.)
"Come now and gather round me,
A story I'll relate,"—

Fort Wagner: By W. Gilmore Simms. (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)
"Glory unto the gallant boys who stood
At Wagner, and unflinching, sought the van,"—

The 47th Va. Regiment: At the Battle of Frazier's Farm, June 30, 1862: by S. D. D. (S. L. M., March, 1863.)
"Virginians! let the foe now feel
What vengeance ours may be;"—

The Four Brothers: By Lieutenant E. C. McCarthy. (Sunny.)
"In sadness, in sorrow, a soldier wept,
O'er the form so cold and chill,"—

A Fragment: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)
"Why needst thou go away from me, my love?
Thou wilt not fight for home or lands, but wilt,"—

A Fragment, Cabinet Council: From the Charleston *Mercury*. (P. & P. B.)
"Give me another Scotch cap; wrap me in a military cloak,
Have mercy, Jeff. Davis! Soft—I did but dream!"——

Freedom's Call: Air, "God Save the South." Baltimore, June 1, 1862. (R. B. B. 28.)
"Southrons, to arms!
Justice with flaming sword,"—

Freedom's Muster Drum: By John H. Hewitt. (Lee.)
"When Freedom from her dazzling home
Looked down upon the breathing world,"—

Freedom's New Banner: By Dan E. Townsend. June 30, 1862. (Fag. from the Richmond *Dispatch*.)
"When clouds of apprehension o'ershaded
The banner that Liberty bore,"—

From the Rapidan, 1864: (W. G. S.)
"A low wind in the pines!
And a dull pain in the breast!"—

From the South to the North: By C. L. S. (R. R.)
"There is no union when the hearts
That once were bound together,"—

The Frontier Ranger: By M. B. Smith, 2nd Texas. (Alsb.)
"Come list to a Ranger, you kind-hearted stranger.
A song, tho' a sad one, you are welcome to hear,"—

The Funeral Dirge of Stonewall Jackson: By Rosa Vertner Jeffrey, May 20, 1863. (E. V. M.)
"Muffled drum and solemn bugle,
Sound a dirge as on ye move,"—

Funeral of Albert Sidney Johnston: (Fag.)
"He fell, and they cried, bring us home our dead!
We'll bury him here where the prairies spread,"—

The Gallant Colonel: (R. B. B. 32.)
"There lived a man in Brooklin town
An Abolition teacher"—

Gallant Second Texans: Air, "Maid of Monterey:" by M. B. Smith, Company C., 2nd Texas: (Alsb.)
"The gallant Second Texians are men that we hold dear,
Thro' out our loved Confederacy their praises you will hear,"—

Gather! Gather! By Robert Joselyn. (Bohemian.)
"Gather around your country's flag,
Men of the South! the hour has come,"—

The Gathering of the Southern Volunteers: Air, "La Marseillaise." (S. L. M., June, 1861.)
"Sons of the South! behold the morning
God-like ascends his golden car,"—

Gay and Happy: Camp Song of the Maryland Line as Sung by the Baltimore Boys in Richmond. Air, "Gay and Happy." (C. S. B.)
"We're the boys so gay and happy
Wheresoe'er we chance to be"—

Gendron Palmer, of the Holcombe Legion: By Ina M. Porter of Alabama. (W. G. S.)
"He sleeps upon Virginia's strand
While comrades of the Legion stand,"—

General Albert Sidney Johnston: By Mary Jervey, of Charleston. (W. G. S.)
"In the thickest fight triumphantly he fell
While into Victory's arms he led us on;"—

General Beauregard: (R. B. B. 9.)
"When war clouds gathered about our land
And out of the North came a hostile band,"—

General Butler: Air, "Yankee Doodle." (R. B. B. 12.)

"Butler and I went out from camp
At Bethel to make battle,"—

General Hood's Last Charge: By Mary Hunt McCaleb. (Im.)

"The twilight of death is beginning to fall.
Death's shadows are creeping high upon the wall,"—

A General Invitation: By I. R. (S. S.)

"Come! leave the noisy Longstreet,
Fly to the Fields with me;"—

General Jackson in the Valley of the Shenandoah: Air, "Dandy Jim:" by Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"The clouds were heavy o'er our land,
And darkest o'er the brave true band"—

General J. E. B. Stuart: By John R. Thompson. (E. V. M.)

"We could not pause, while yet the noontide air
Shook with the cannonade's incessant pealing,"—

General Jeff Davis: Air, "Kelvin Grove:" (West. Res.)

"Who is this with noble mein
Southern hearties, O!"—

General John B. Floyd: By Eulalie. Woodlawn, Va., April, 1866. (E. V. M.)

"The noble hero calmly sleeps
Unheeding all life's surging woes,"—

General Johnston: Air, "American Star." (R. B. B. 50.)

"Behold the brave son of the Good 'Old Dominion'
The Yankees for niggers, but Johnston for me"—

General Lee: Air, "Oh, Carry Me Back to Old Virginny." (R. B. B. 60.)

"There is a man in Old Virginny
His name is General Lee,"—

General Lee: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"I've tried to write of General Lee,
But always stop, to bend my knee"—

General Lee At the Battle of the Wilderness: By Tenella. [Mrs. M. B. Clarke of N. C. (E. V. M.)

"There he stood, the grand old hero, great Virginia's god-like son
Second unto none in glory: equal to her Washington."—

General Price's Appeal: (Alsb.)

"Dome from the Western fountains,
Come from the plains so wild and rough,"—

General Robert E. Lee: By Tenella: [Mrs. R. B. Clark of N. C.] (E. V. M.)

"As went the knight with sword and shield
To tourney or to battle field,"—

General Tom Green: By Mrs. Wm. Barnes, of Galveston. (Alsb.)

"A warrior has fallen! a chieftain has gone!
A hero of heroes has sunk to his rest!"—

Georgia, My Georgia!: By Carrie B. Sinclair. (W. G. S.)

"Hark! 'tis the cannon's deafening roar,
That sounds along thy sunny shore,"—

A Georgia Volunteer: Written by Mrs. Townshend at the neglected grave of one who was a member of the 12th Georgia, a regiment whose gallantry was conspicuous on every field where its colors waved, and which won praise for peculiar daring, even among the 'foot-cavalry" of Jackson: by Xariffa. (C. C.)

"Far up the lonely mountain-side
My wandering footsteps led;"—

Gettysburg: By Edward L. Walker, M. D., of North Carolina. (Amaranth.)

"From the hills of the West to the shores of the sea,
From the yellow Roanoke to the distant Pedee,"—

The Girl I Left Behind Me: (Alsb.)

"I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills and o'er the moor that's sedgy
With heavy thoughts my mind is filled, since parted I with Peggy."—

The Girls of the Monumental City: Written by a Confederate Prisoner. Baltimore, Md., March, 1862. (S. B. P.)

"Daughters of the sunny South
Where Freedom loves to dwell,"—

Give Them Bread! By G. L. R. (E. V. M.)

"Have you heard the calls for succor,
Cries of hunger that have come,"—

Give Up! By Colonel B. H. Jones. Johnson's Island, 1865. (Sunny.)

"Give up and plead, 'twas the fiat of fate
That the blood which now reddens your veins,"—

Glen Roy: Sonnet: By F. B. Gloucester Co., Va., Sept. 1861. (W. F.)

"It is a curious world, this world of ours,
Time but creates in order to destroy,"—

Glorious January 1, 1863: Air, "Oaks of James Davis:" by M B. Smith, Company C, 2nd Regiment Texas Volunteers. (Alsb.)

"Come, all ye brave Texians, come join in my song
Let joy and thanksgiving and praises abound,"—

God and Our Rights: (Randolph.)

"God and our Right, from every glen,
Come marching ranks of fearless men,"—

God Be Our Trust: Air, "Heaven Is Our Home: let not our courage fail." (R. B. B. 37.)

"God save our Southern land, God be our trust,
Storms rage on every hand, God be our trust,"—

God Bless Our Land: Anthem of the Confederate States: by E. Young, Lexington, Ga. (Bohemian from the *Southern Field and Fireside.*)

"Oh God! our only King,
To Thee our hearts we bring;"—

God Bless Our President: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"God bless our President,
The hope of the Free!"—

God Bless Our Southern Land: Air, "God Save the Queen." Respectfully inscribed to Major General J. B. Magruder, and sung on the occasion of his public reception in the city of Houston, Texas, Jan. 20, 1863. (C. S. B.)

"God bless our Southern land,
God save our sea-girt land,"—

God Bless the South: Air, "God Speed the Right." (R. B. B. 32.)

"Now to heaven one prayer ascending,
God bless the South"—

God Help Kentucky: An Anthem: (R. B. B. 52.)

"Lord from Thy heavenly throne
Thy holy will be done;"—

God Save the South: (R. R.)

"God bless our Southern land!
Guard our beloved land!"—

God Save the South: By R. S. Agnew of Newfern. December, 1861. (E. V. M.)

"Wake every minstrel's strain,
Ring o'er each Southern plain,"—

God Save the South: National Hymn: By George H. Miles of Frederick, Md.: music by C. W. A. Ellerbock, permission of A. E. Blackmar. [Note: This was the first song published in the South during the War.] S. L. M., Oct., 1863, from the Charleston *Mercury.* (C. S. B.)

"God save the South,
Her altars and firesides"—

God Save the Southern Land: A Hymn. By S. Francis Cameron, of Md.: (Amaranth.)

"Oh, let the cry awaken,
From every hero-band"—

Going Home: By M. L. M. (W. L.)

"No flaunting banners o'er them wave,
No arms flash back the sun's bright ray,"—

Gone to the Battlefield: By John Antrobus, Headquarters Ninth Va. Regiment Volunteers. (C. C.)

"The reaper has left the field,
The mower has left the plain,"—

Goober Peas: By A. Pender. [One of the most widely known Confederate songs.] (Im.)

"Sitting by the roadside, on a summer day,
Chatting with my messmates, passing time away;"—

Good News From Dixie: (R. B. B. 34.)

"How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannon's ringing voices,"—

The Good Old Cause: By John D. Phelan, of Montgomery, Ala. (W. G. S.)

"Huzza! Huzza! for the 'Good Old Cause,'
'Tis a stirring sound to hear,"—

Governor Hicks: Air, "Money Musk." (R. B. B. 65.)

"Mister Hicks, full of tricks,
Now prying, next time trying,"—

Grant's Litany Changed to Suit My Feelings: Air, "Spanish Hymn" by Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Saviour, when in dust to Thee,
Low we bow adoring knee,"—

Grave of A. Sidney Johnston: By J. B. Synnott. (W. G. S.)

"The Lone Star State secretes the clay
Of him who led on Shiloh's field,"—

The Grave of Ashby: By Old Fogy. (Amaranth.)

"Rest, soldier, rest! thy sword hath won
A fadeless wreath of glory:"—

Grave of Washington: (Cav.)

"Disturb not his slumbers, let Washington sleep
'Neath the boughs of the willow that over him weep,"—

Graves for the Invaders: A Fragment. Savannah, Ga., 1863. (R. B. B. 35.)

"Graves for the invaders—graves
Scoop'd from the reeking sod"—

Graves of Our Home-Heroes: By Cornelia J. M. Jordan. March 31, 1865. (Corinth).

"Behold! they sleep,
Our own defenders bold, who lately stood"—

Great Big Bethel Fight: Awful Calamity! Air, "Dixie." (R. B. B. 35.)

"I'll tell you of a tale that lately befell
And the place where it happened was big Bethel,"—

Great Cry and Little Wool or the leading Republicans described in verse: By Barnstable. Baltimore, July 2, 1861. (R. B. B. 34½.)

"O dearest Muse, thy help I ask,
Though mine is but a scurvy task"—

The Great Fast Day in the South: June 13th: by B. Orange county. (S. L. M. August, '61.)

"From yonder high embattled grounds
Where Harper's Ferry stands,"—

Greek Fire: or, The Siege of Charleston: By Eustanzia. New Orleans, Oct., 1863. (Wash'n 78.)

"Hark! the battle! hark! the battle!
Hark! the deadly cannons' rattle"—

Greeting for Victory: For the *Courier:* by C. G. P. Charleston, April 17, 1861. (R. N. S.)

"Carolinians, ye have answered
To our Mother's thrilling call,"

The Griffin: (Alsb.)

"'Tis said the Griffins of olden time
Were strange and monstrous creatures,"—

Guerrilla: Verses circulated among the scouting parties of rebel partisan horse in the Shenandoah Valley, in the summer of 1864. (E. V. M. '69 from the New York *Round Table.*)

"Who hither rides so hard? A Scout—
Just after the midnight he stole out,"—

The Guerrilla Martyrs: (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury.*)

"Aye, to the doom—the scaffold and the chain,
To all your cruel tortures, bear them on,"

The Guerrillas: [It may add something to the interest with which these stirring lines are read, to know that they were composed within the walls of a Yankee Bastile. They reached us in Mss. through the courtesy of a returned prisoner."—Richmond *Examiner.*] By S. Teackle Wallis. Fort Lafayette, 1862. S. L. M., July and Aug., 1862, dated Fort Warren Dungeon, 1862. (S. S.)

"Awake and to horses! my brothers,
For the dawn is glimmering gray,"—

Ha! Ha! The Fighting, Ha! Air, "Ha! Ha! the wooing, ha!" by Kentucky: sung after the battle of Richmond, Ky. (S. O. S.)

"Kirby Smith came here to fight!
Ha! ha! the fighting! ha!"—

Happy Land of Canaan: (J. M. S.)

"I sing you a song, and it won't detain me long
All about the times we are gaining;"—

Happy Land of Canaan: A Texas Song. (Randolph.)

"Oh, the Bayou City Guards, they will never ask for odds
When the Yankees in a close place get them, ha! ha!"—

Hardee's Defence of Savannah: A Southern Ballad of the War. (R. B. B. 40.)

"Have you heard of the brave Hardee
The famous General Hardee?"—

Hard Times: By M. B. Smith, Company C, 2nd Regiment, Texas Volunteers. August 13, 1862. (Alsb.)

"Just listen awhile and give ear to my song
Concerning this war, which will not take me long;"—

Hark! The Summons: By B. Baltimore, Oct. 9, 1861. (R. B. B. 41.)

"Hark! in the South the thundering drum,
The gathering myriads ceaseless hum"—

Hark! Hark! The War Bugle: Air, "Hark! Hark! the Soft Bugle:" (Randolph.)

"Hark! hark! the war bugle, the fife and the drum,
Wake the hearts of the noble and brave:"—

Harp of the South: A Sonnet: by Cora. (R. R.)

"Harp of the South, awake! a loftier strain
Than ever yet thy tuneful strings has stirred,"—

Harp of the South, Awake! A Southern war song dedicated to Captain Bradley T. Johnson, now in service in Virginia: by J. M. Kilgour, Frederick, Md., April 10, 1861. Music by C. L. Peticolas: published by George Dunn, Richmond, Va., 1863. S. L. M. Editor's Table, June, 1861. (R. B. M.)

"Harp of the South awake
From every golden wire,"—

Headquarters in the Saddle: (Mr. Samuel's Scrapbook, Ridgway.)

"Pope his 'headquarters in the saddle' places
Where other mortals their hindquarters plant, sir:"—

Hearing Cannon: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"I feel as though in my own coffin laid,
Listening to the last office that is paid,"—

The Heart of Louisiana: By Harriet Stanton. (R. R. from the New Orleans *Delta.*)

"Oh let me weep while o'er our land
Vile discord strides, with sullen brow,"—

Heart Victories: By a Soldier's Wife. Front Royal, Virginia, Oct. 30, 1861. S. L. M., Editor's Table, Jan., 1862. (E. V. M.)

"There's not a stately hall,
There's not a cottage fair,"—

He'll See It When He Wakes: By Frank Lee. (Im.)
"Amid the clouds of battle smoke
The sun had died away,"—

Here and There, A Contrast: (E. V. M. from The *Sunny South.*)
"There's clashing of arms in the Sunny South,
There's hurrying to and fro,"—

Here's Your Mule: (Alsb.)
"A farmer came to camp one day, with milk and eggs to sell,
Upon a mule who oft would stray to where no one could tell,"—

A Hero's Daughter: (M. C. L.) by Mrs. M. J. Preston. (Beechenbrook.)
"She boasts no Amazonian charms,
Minerva's helmet never crowned her."—

The Heroe's Dream: Brigadier General J. H. Morgan at Larmenesburg: by Kentucky. (S. O. S.)
"Weary from his long toil
To free his native land,"—

The Hero Without A Name: By Colonel W. S. Hawkins, C. S. A., Prisoner of War, Camp Chase, Oct., 1864. (E. V. M., also S. S. No. 7.)
"I loved when a child, to seek the page
Where war's proud tales are grandly told,"—

Hicksie: (Parody on "Dixie".) (R. B. B. 66.)
"Ets a mighty bad way dey's got ole Hicks in
'Case things won't stay de how he's fixin' "—

His Last Words: (W. G. S.)
"Come let us cross the river and rest beneath the trees,
And list the merry leaflets at sport with every breeze;"—

Holly and Cypress: By Mrs. Fanny Downing. (Amaranth.)
"Merry old Christmas has come again,
With plenty of pleasure,—naught of pain;"—

Home: Dedicated to a Young Woman of Petersburg, Va. Composed by a Confederate Soldier, July 26, 1864. (C. C.)
"What is the sound of sweetness that thrills the wondrous breast
And brings with magic fleetness fond thoughts of peace and rest?"—

Home—After the War: By M. E. H. Baltimore. (E. V. M.)
"In the grassy lane as the sun went down,
He slackened his fevered and weary feet,"—

Home Again! By Lieutenant Howard. (Sunny.)
"Home again! Home again!
From Lake Erie's shore;"—

Home Again: Written in Prison by Jeff. Thompson: (E. V. M.)
"My dear wife awaits my coming,
My children lisp my name,"—

Homespun: (Bohemian.)

"The air is balmy with the breath
Of the early coming Spring,"—

The Homespun Dress: Air, "Bonnie Blue Flag:" by Carrie Bell Sinclair. (C. S. B.)

"Oh, yes I am a Southern girl
And glory in the name,"—

Hood's Old Brigade "On the March:" By Miss Mollie E. Moore. (Alsb.)

" 'Twas midnight when we built our fires—
We marched at half-past three!"—

Hood's Texas Brigade: (Alsb.)

"Down by the valley 'mid thunder and lightning,
Down by the valley 'mid shadows of night,"—

Horse-Marines at Galveston: Air, "The Barring of the Door." (Alsb.)

"It was on a New Year's morn so soon,
Before the break of day, O,"—

The Hour Before Execution: By Miss Maria E. Jones. (Alsb.)

"Hark! the clock strikes! All, all that now remains
Is one short hour of this fast fleeting life,"—

How McClellan Took Manassas: By Ole Napoleon. (West. Res.)

"Heard ye how the bold McClellan,
(He, the wether with the bell on,)"—

How the Soldiers Talk: By Joseph Scrutchen, of Atlanta, Ga. (Im.)

"We have heard the Yankees yell,
We have heard the Rebels shout,"—

Hurrah! The first camp song: by S. B. K. of Mississippi. Invincibles, Mobile, March 31, 1861. (R. N. S. from the *Mobile Register.*)

"Hurrah for the Southern Confederate States!
With her banner of white, red and blue;"—

Hurrah forJeff Davis: Air, "Gum Tree Canoe." (R. B. B. 22.)

"Our country now calls, we're up and away
To meet the vile Yankee in battle array"—

Hurrah for Jeff Davis: Air, "Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue:" by a Lady Rebel. (R. B. B.)

"Hurrah for Jeff Davis, hurrah
And hurrah for brave Beauregard, too:"—

Hurrah for the Red and White: a Prophecy for 1865: Air, "Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad:" by Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Hurrah for the Red and White, boys, hurrah!
Kentucky has leaped, boys, right into the war."—

Hurrah for the South! Hurrah!: Paraphrased by G. W. Hopkins. (Wash'n 86.)

"Hurrah for the South, 'tis joy to see,
Far in the misty dawn,"—

Hurrah, My Brave Boys: (Randolph.)

"Come, Southrons, and bare to the glorious strife,
Your hearts without heaving a sigh;"—

Hurrying On: Written in New Orleans, Oct. 23, 1861. (C. C. from the Charleston *Mercury*. also R. B. B. No. 3.)

"Hurrying on the midst of excitement
Pushing extravagant projects through"—

Hymn for the South: To the Lone Star of Carolina: by Preston Davis Sill. Music composed by Mr. A. Koepper, to be published as soon as circumstances permit: Columbia, S. C. (R. N. S.)

"Tho' lone, how fair, how bright
Thou shimmer'dst first, O Star!"—

Hymn to the Dawn: By A. J. Requier. (Amaranth.)

"From an ominous rift in the pitiless sky
That has darkened our desolate land,"—

Hymn to the National Flag: By Mrs. M. J. Preston. (E. V. M.)

"Float aloft, thou stainless banner,
Azure cross and field of light,"—

I Am Coming, Ella: By Adjutant John N. Shuerter. (Sunny.)

"I am coming, Ella, coming,
Though the moment still be far:"—

I Am Sick, Don't Draft Me, I Have Got a Doctor's Certificate: Air, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." (West. Res.)

"Of the Danger of exposure to a draft, we often read,
That it generates disorders which are very bad, indeed:"—

I Am Not Sick, I Am Over Forty-Five, I Will Make My Wife Stay At Home And Give the Baby Catnip Tea: Air, "I Wish My Wife Had No Crying Baby." (West. Res.)

"I'm exempt, I'm exempt, I vow and desire,
I'm exempt, I'm exempt, from the draft I will swear,"—

The Icy Road to Niblet's Bluff: Air, "Shiloh Hill:" by J. C. H., Company H, 4th Texas Cavalry. (Alsb.)

"Come, all you valiant Home Guard, a story I will tell,
'Tis of a noted journey we all remember well;"—

If a Soldier Meet a Soldier: Air, "Coming Through the Rye:" by General M. Jeff. Thompson. (Sunny.)

"If a soldier meets a soldier, 'mid the battles' din,
And the soldier kills the soldier,—surely 'tis no sin;"—

If You Belong to Dixie's Land: Air, "Gideon's Band." (R. B. B. 42.)

"To bring you this good news I've come
You'll always find yourself at home,"—

If You Love Me: By J. Augustine Signaigo. (W. G. S.)

"You have told me that you love me,
That you worship at my shrine,"—

Ignivomus Cotton's Letters to His Relatives in Kentucky: III, He Glorifieth Cotton. For the Louisville *Journal.* Charleston, S. C., Jan. 1862. (R. N. S.)

"Dear Uncle: I'm certain you never have thought on
The omnipotent greatness and glory of cotton:"—

I'm Conscripted, Smith, Conscripted: By Albert Roberts of Nashville, Tenn. (Hubner.)

"I'm conscripted, Smith, conscripted!
Ebb the subterfuges fast"—

I'm Going Home to Dixie: (Alsb.)

"There is a land where cotton grows,
A land where milk and honey flows"—

Imogen: By Major General J. B. Magruder. (C. S. B.)

"Awake, dearest, awake! 'tis thy lover who calls, Imogen;
List! dearest! list! the dew gently falls, Imogen;"—

Impromptu: By Dr. Barnstable, B. C. H. G. (R. B. B. 42.)

"The South, the South, the glorious South,
Now calls forth all her men,"—

I'm Thinking of the Soldier: By Mary E. Smith, of Austin. (Alsb.)

"O, I'm thinking of the soldier as the evening shadows fall,
As the twilight fairy sketches her sad pictures on the wall;"—

Independence Day: (E. V. M.)

"Oh! Freedom is a blessed thing!
And men have marched in stricken fields,"—

Independence Hymn: By A. J. Requier. (Bohemian.)

"True sons of the South, from whose militant sires
The still-crested charter of Liberty sprung,"—

In Divina Catena: (E. V. M. '69.)

"Chain the eagle and veil his eyes!
Torture him dumb and dim!"—

In Death United: By G. A. M. Richmond, Va., 1861. (S. L. M., Jan. '62.)

"Surely in life's final moments
Ere the spirit takes its flight,"—

Information Wanted: Of my son————. He was known to be engaged in last ————s fight and cannot now be found. Was a private in Company —, —— Regiment, —— Volunteers. Any tidings of him will be gratefully received by his anxious father at———— House. (E. V. M.)

"Oh! stranger, can you tell me where,
Where is my boy—my brave bright boy!"—

In His Blanket on the Ground: By Caroline Howard Gervais, of Charleston. (Bohemian.)

"Weary, weary lies the soldier
In his blanket on the ground,"—

In Hollywood—A Slumber Song: By Gillie Cary. (C. S. B.)

"O ye starry night skies
With your thousand bright eyes,"—

In Memoriam Aeternam—My Brother: By Colonel B. H. Jones. Johnson's Island, July 8th, 1865. (Sunny.)

"When first the clarion blast of civil war
Broke on the stillness of the mountain height;"—

In Memoriam of Colonel Benjamin F. Terry: Inscribed to General William J. Kyle: by W. M. Gilleland. Austin, Jan. 4, 1862. (Alsb.)

"The war steed is champing his bit with disdain,
And wild is the flash of his eye,"—

In Memoriam, Our Right Reverend Father in God, Leonidas Polk: by Fanny Downing. (Amaranth.)

"Peace, troubled soul! The strife is done,
This life's fierce conflicts and its woes are ended;"—

In Memory of Ashby: By Iris. (S. L. M., Nov. and Dec., '63.)

"Weep, women of the Valley—weep, Virginia women, weep,
Ho! warriors of the Southland, let not your vengeance sleep."—

In Memory of Captain James Earwood: By Robin Reid. Clarksville, Ark. (Im.)

"In a quiet valley in Arkansas
You may find that lonely grave,"—

Inscribed to the Memory of Captain Courtland Prentice (Morgan's Cavalry): By Kentucky. Sept. 27, 1862. (S. O. S.)

"O noble spirit! not in vain
Thy long three hours of direst pain!"—

In the Dark: By Isa Craig, of England. (E. V. M. '69.)

"He is down! He is struck in the dark
By command of his own;"—

In the Fortress by the Sea: A fragment by W. E. Cameron. (C. C.)

"Silence, Oh mocking sea
Hush thy tone, for it angers me;"—

In the Land Where We Were Dreaming: By Daniel B. Lucas, of Jefferson County, Va. (C. C.)

"Fair were our visions! Oh! they were as grand
As ever floated out of Fancy Land:"—

In the Soldiers' Grave-Yard: By F. B. Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 21, 1864. (W. F.)

"Shoulder to shoulder there they rest.
In lind of battle forever drest,"—

In the Trenches: By F. B. Buzzard's Roost, May 10, 1864. (W. F.)

"The rain is pouring with remorseless drops,
The dampened breezes sigh,"—

Invocation: By Colonel W. S. Hawkins. (Sunny.)

"Come, thou sweet friend, and cheer awhile
The brooding gloom of prison walls,"—

The Invocation: By B. W. W. (R. R.)

"God bless the land of flowers
And turn its winter hours,"—

I Remember the Hour When Sadly We Parted: (Companion Song to *When This Cruel War Is Over*). (Fag.)

"I remember the hour when sadly we parted,
The tears on your pale cheeks glist'ning like dew,"—

The Irish Battalion: (R. R.)

"When old Virginia took the field,
And wanted men to rally on"—

The Irrepressible Conflict: Sonnet: by Tyrtaeus. (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)

"Then welcome be it, if indeed it be
The Irrepressible Conflict!"—

I Shall Not Die: By a Prisoner in Solitary Confinement at Fort Delaware. (W. L.)

"I felt the power of intellect,
I had the power of conscious strength;"—

Is There Nobody Hurt: Air, "Cocachelunk." (R. B. B. 47.)

"Hark! the cries of widowed mothers,
Coming from the Northern states:"—

Is There, Then, No Hope for the Nations? (W. G. S.) From the Charleston *Courier*.)

"Is there, then, no hope for the nations?
Must the record of time be the same?"—

Is This a Time to Dance? (W. G. S.)

"The breath of evening sweeps the plain
And sheds its perfume in the dell,"—

It Matters Little Whether Grief or Glee: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"It matters little whether grief or glee
Is life's, short portion set apart for me:"—

The Jacket of Gray—To Those Who Wore It: By Mrs. C. A. Ball. (E. V. M.)

"Fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride,"—

Jackson: By H. L. Flash, of Galveston, formerly of Mobile. (W. G. S. from the Mobile *Advertiser and Register.*)

"Not midst the lightning of the storm fight
Not in the rush upon the vandal foe,"—

Jackson: Sonnet: by Mrs. M. J. Preston. (Beechenbrook.)

"Thank God for such a hero! Fearless hold
His diamond character beneath the sun."—

Jackson, The Alexandria Martyr: By Wm. H. Holcombe, M. D., of Virginia. S. L. M., Aug., 1861. (W. G. S.)

" 'Twas not the private insult galled him most
But public outrage of his country's flag,"—

Jackson's Foot-Cavalry: By Hard-Cracker. Camp of the "Used-Ups," Sept. 26, 1862. (C. S. B.)

"Day after day our way has been
O'er many a hill and hollow"—

Jackson's Requiem: Air, "Dearest Mae." (Md. Hist. B.)

"That noted burglar, Ellsworth,
We all remember well,"—

Jackson's Resignation: By Tenella. [Mrs. M. B. Clarke of N. C.] (Fag. from the *Southern Illustrated News*, April, 1863.)

"Well, we can whip them now, I guess,
If Jackson has resigned,"—

Jeff Davis in the White House: Air, "Ye Parliaments of England:" by a Lady, Daughter of One of the Old Defenders. (West. Res.)

"Ye Northern men in Washington,
Your administration, too,"—

Jefferson Davis: By Walker Meriweather Bell. (Amaranth.)

"Calm martyr of a noble cause,
Upon thy form in vain,"—

Jefferson Davis: By Mollie E. Moore. (E. V. M. from the Houston *Telegraph.*)

"Mercy for a fallen chief!
The angel, Peace, hath stilled the mighty storm;"—

Jefferson Davis: By Wm. Munford. Dernier Resort, Montgomery Co., Va., Jan. 22, 1866. (E. V. M.)

"For spirit ever quick
With sword or rhetoric,"—

Jefferson Davis: By A Southern Woman. (E. V. M.)

"The cell is lonely and the night
Has filled it with a darker gloom;"—

John Bell of Tennessee: Air, "Auld Lang Syne." (R. B. B. 13.)
"There is a man of noble heart
In Tennessee does dwell,"—

John Brown's Entrance Into Hell: C. T. A., printer. Baltimore, March, 1863. (R. B. B. 10.)
"And now O! John on earth oppressed,
You are with us a welcome guest,"—

John Bull Turned Quaker: By M. W. Burwell. (S. L. M. April, '63.)
"I'm much surprised to hear it, John,
I am, upon my life,"—

John Merryman: Air, "Old Dan Tucker." (R. B. B. 64.)
"John Merryman, the Marylander
Would not stoop to Lincoln's pander,—"

John Morgan's Credentials: (E. V. M.)
"John Morgan's credentials—
The very essentials,"—

John Morgan's Grave: April 6, 1865. (W. L.)
"Beneath the sward in old Virginia
Where the willow sheds its dew,"—

John Pegram: Fell at the head of his Division, Feb. 6, 1865, aged 33: by W. Gordon M'Cabe. (E. V. M.)
"What shall we say now of our gentle knight,
Or how express the measure of our woe,"—

John Pelham: By James R. Randall. Kelley's Ford, March 17, 1863. (E. V. M.)
"Just as the spring came laughing through the strife,
With all its gorgeous cheer,"—

Johnny B. Magruder: By a Texian. (Alsb.)
"Come listen to my lay, of a man who came this way,
You may never see a bolder, or a ruder;"—

Johnson's Island: By Lieutenant E. A. Holmes of Va. (Sunny.)
"Oh, who has not heard of that isle in Lake Erie,
So guarded today—so unheeded before,"—

Joseph Bowers: (Alsb.)
"My name it is Joe Bowers; I've got a brother Ike,
I come from old Missouri; yes, all the way from Pike:"—

Joy, My Kentucky!: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)
"Joy, my Kentucky, thy night turns to morning,
Eager thou risest at Liberty's dawning;"—

Just Before the Battle, Mother: To "Phoby Stubbs," A. D., 1864. (C. C.)
"Just before the battle, Mother—
I was drinking mountain dew"—

Justice Is Our Panoply: By De G. (R. R.)
"We're free from Yankee despots,
We've left the foul mud-sills."—

Keep Me Awake, Mother: Ballad: words by Mrs. Stratton: music by Joseph Hart Denck. (R. B. M., 1863.)
"Forward, oh forward! time stays not his flight.
I'm older and sadder and wiser tonight;"—

Kentuckians, To Arms!: Louisville, Ky., 1861. (R. B. B. 52.)
"Kentuckians, arise!
You have lain too long in a stupor deep;"—

Kentucky: By Estelle. (R. R.)
"Then, leave us not, Kentucky boys,
Though thick upon thy border,"—

Kentucky, April, 1861: By Aletheia. (W. L.)
"It is time for action, not 'for memory and tears,'
Then hush this childish wailing and banish craven fears."—

Kentucky, My Mother: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)
"Kentucky, my mother,
I lay my heart on thee!"—

The Kentucky Partizan: By Paul H. Hayne. Charleston, March 29, 1862. S. L. M., April, 1862. (E. V. M.)
"Hath the wily Swamp Fox
Come again to earth?"—

Kentucky Required to Yield Her Arms: By ——— Boone. (W. G. S. from the Richmond *Dispatch.*)
"Ho! will the despot trifle
In dwellings of the free"—

Kentucky, She Is Sold: By J. H. Barrick, of Kentucky. (W. G. S.)
"A tear for 'the dark and bloody ground,
For the land of hills and caves"—

Kentucky to the Rescue: Air, "I've Something Sweet to Tell You:" by Kentucky. June 7, 1862. (S. O. S.)
"Kentucky to the rescue,
For we are needed now;"—

Kentucky Woman's Song of the Shirt: Air, "The Dumb Wife:" by Kentucky. (S. O. S.)
"We work for brave and true
'Tis but little we can do,"—

Kentucky's Motto: On Her Seal: by Kentucky. (S. O. S.)
"United We Stand, Divided We Fall'
Rally, Corncrackers! Kentucky doth call"—

Killed—Wounded—Missing: (E. V. M. '69.)
" 'Tis midnight on the battle-field
The dark field of the dead,"—

Lee at the Wilderness: By Miss Mollie E. Moore. (Alsb.)

" 'Twas a terrible moment!
The blood and the rout!"—

Lee to the Rear: By John R. Thompson. (E. V. M. from the *Crescent Monthly*.)

"Dawn of a pleasant morning in May
Broke through the Wilderness cool and gray,"—

The Legion of Honor: By H. L. Flash. (W. G. S.)

"Why are we forever speaking,
Of the warriors of old,"—

Leonidas Polk, Priest and Warrior: By E. C. McCarthy. (Sunny.)

"We hear a solemn saddening sound—
A mournful knell,"—

Let Him Be Free: A. D., 1865. (C. C.)

"Let him be free—his prison bars
Are shadows on our fame"—

Let Me Kiss Him For His Mother: By J. P. Ordway. (L. & L.)

"Let me kiss him for his mother,
Let me kiss his dear youthful brow,"—

Let the Bugle Blow! By W. Gilmore Simms. (Bohemian.)

"Let the bugle blow along the mountains!
Shrilly blow! shrilly blow!"—

Let the Drum's Deep Tones: By G. B. S., Cottage Home. (W. L.)

"Let the drum's deep tones be muffled
Put the bugle far away,"—

Let Us Cross Over the River and Rest Under the Shade of the Trees: By James. (E. V. M.)

" 'Over the river,' a voice meekly said,
Whose clarion tones had thousands obeyed,"—

Letter: (Amaranth from the *Maryland Mail Bag*, 1863.)

"What! clasp your red hands and with brotherly trust
Give our faith to the cheat you called Union, before?"—

Liberty or Death: Same as *Southern Song of Liberty*. (R. B. B., 54):

"On! on! to the just and glorious strife
With your swords your freedom shielding;"—

Liberty or Death: By Lutha Fontelle. (S. L. M., June, '62.)

"Fair Liberty, the peerless high-born maid
Nursed in Olympus sacred, classic shade,"—

The Liberty Tree: (West. Res.)

"In the clearest of light from the regions of day,
The Goddess of Liberty came,"—

Life in Prison: Air, "Louisiana Lowlands:" by Captain T. F. Roche, C. S. A. Fort Delaware, 1865. (Roche.)

"Come listen to my ditty, it will while away a minute,
And if I didn't think so I never would begin it,"—

A Life on the Vicksburg Hills: Air, "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Vicksburg Song. (Alsb.)

"A life on the Vicksburg hills, a home in the trenches deep,
A dodge from the Yankee shells, and the old pea bread won't keep."—

Lilies of the Valley: Inscribed to the friends who sent them: by Rosa Vertner Jeffrey. Rochester, May, 1864. (E. V. M.)

"Lady,—the fairy blossoms you have culled for me today,
Modest, dainty vestal lilies, clustering on the path of May,"—

Lincoln Going to Canaan: (Hopkins.)

"At Pensacola Landing the South has made a standing,
To resist an invasion they're preparing,"—

Lincoln On a Raid: Air, "Sitting on a Rail." (R. B. B., 60.)

"Come all you fellows that love a joke,
And fun at each other love to poke,"—

Lincoln's Inaugural Address: By A Southern Rights Man. (R. R. from the Baltimore *Republican*, Baltimore, April 23, 1861.)

"I come at the people's mad-jority call,
To open the North's quaternary ball,"—

Lincoln's Royal Reception: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"First Caesar came, and bowed the knee to one
Who reigns in Washington:"—

Lines: (E. V. M.)

"He lay among the dying, and the battle raged near by,
Upon the moist sod lying he was left to bleed and die,"—

Lines: By Florence Anderson. (E. V. M.)

"They fell on the march, while Hope was bright,
Before the clouds of Disaster's fright,"—

Lines: By Cyrille Merle, Columbia, 1863. (E. V. M., '69.)

" 'I am the resurrection,'
Read the priest in solemn tone,"—

Lines After Defeat: By Paul H. Hayne. (S. S. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)

"We have suffered defeat, as the bravest may suffer;
Shall we leave unavenged our dead comrades' gore?"—

The Lines Around Petersburg: By Samuel Davis, of N. C. (W. G. S.)

"Oh, silence, silence! now when night is near,
And I am left alone,"—

Lines by a Volunteer: (Im.)

"Do not think that the volunteer selfishly pines
At the hardships that fall to his share;"—

King Cotton: (S. L. M. Editor's Table. April '63.)

"Yes, Cotton is King, but I oftentimes fear
The King he resembles is possibly—Lear"—

King Cotton: (R. B. B. 52.)

"Old Cotton is King, boys, ha! ha!
With his locks so massive and white;"—

King Scare: New Orleans, Oct. 16, 1861: (R. R.)

"The monarch that reigns in the warlike North
Ain't Lincoln at all, I ween,"—

Kiss Me Before I Die, Mother: (J. M. S.)

"Kiss me before I die, Mother, oh press thy lips to mine,
And twine thy loved arms around me, e'er life's bright day decline,"—

The Knell Shall Sound Once More: (W. G. S., from the Charleston *Mercury*.)

"I know that the knell shall sound once more,
And the dirge be sung o'er a bloody grave,"—

Knitting For the Soldiers: By Mary J. Upshur. Norfolk, Va., Oct. 8, 1861. (Fag.)

"Knitting for the soldiers,
How the needles fly!"—

Lady Caroline's Tea Party: By Hermine. (Bohemian from New Orleans *Catholic Standard*.)

"Long years ago he wooed her—she was shy of being won—
Sure upon haughtier maiden ne'er shone the golden sun:"—

The Lament: By a Missourian. (W. L.)

"Where is the flag that once floated so proudly?
Where the bright arms that once rang out so loudly?"—

Land of King Cotton: Air, "Red, White and Blue:" by J. Augustine Signaigo. This was the favorite song of the Tennessee troops, but especially of the 13th and 154th Regiments. (W. G. S. from the Memphis *Appeal*, Dec. 18, 1861.)

"Oh! Dixie the land of King Cotton,
The home of the brave and the free,"—

The Land of Texas: Air, "Dixie:" by M. B. Smith, Company C., 2nd Regiment Texas Volunteers. (Alsb.)

"Texas is the land for me;
On a winter morning the wind blows free;"

Land of the South! Air, "Happy Land." (R. B. B. 53.)

"Land of the South!
Whate'er my fate in life may be,"—

Land of the South: Air, "Friend of My Soul:" by R. F. Leonard. (R. R. from the Mobile *Evening News*.)

"Land of the South! the fairest land
Beneath Columbia's sky!"—

Land of Washington: Air, "Annie Laurie." (Cav.)

"Virginia's sons are valiant,
Our courage none deny,"—

The Last Martial Button: By a Marylander, a staff office of Stonewall Jackson's Command. (C. C.)

" 'Tis the last martial button left drooping alone,
All its honored companions are cut off and gone"—

Last Night at Fort Donelson: Inscribed to Colonel Charles Johnson, of General Buckner's Staff: by Kentucky. March 8, 1862. (S. O. S.)

"Night falleth, grieve, on the exhausted men
Who've won three battles in four days:"—

The Last of Earth: A Prison Scene: by Colonel W. S. Hawkins. (S. S.)

"Last night a comrade sent in haste
For me to soothe his fearful pain,"—

Last Race of the Rail-Splitter: (R. B. B. 54.)

"When Xerxes and when Cyrus led,
When Bonaparte and Washington,"—

The Last Request: Lines found on the body of a S. C. Volunteer, killed at the Battle of Drainsville, 20 Dec., '61, and sold by the Federal soldier who rifled the dead body to a Southern sympathiser. (S. B. P.)

"Oh! carry me back to my own loved Carolina shore;
If on the battle field I fall, oh! take me home once more."—

Last Request of Henry C. Magruder: Louisville, Oct. 20, 1865. (E. V. M.)

"O! wrap me not, when I am dead,
In the ghastly winding sheet,"—

Lays of the Corn Exchange: Number 1. (West. Res.)

"Secession triumphant! then each Rebel Imp
Shall rue it, or I'm not a government pimp."—

The Lay of the Disgusted Yankee: On Hearing the News from Vicksburg. Dedicated to General B. F. Butler: by S. P. E. (Mr. Samuel's Scrapbook, Ridgway.)

"In these modern days of liberty as by Abe & Co. defined,
It's becoming rather dangerous to even have a mind,"—

Leave It. Ah, No! The Land Is Ours: By Mrs. Mary J. Young. (Alsb.)

"Leave it, ah no! the land is our own,
Though the flag that we loved is now furled!"—

Lee: Sonnet: by A. J. Requier. (S. L. M., Nov. and Dec., '63. Editor's Table, from the *Magnolia Weekly.*)

"First of a race of heroes, whom the Fates—
Wielding the wonders of an Iron age,"—

Lines Written in Fort Warren: By a Captive. S. L. M. Editor's, Table, Jan., 1862. (R. R.)

"See ye not that the day is breaking,
Freemen from their slumbers waking,"—

Lines Written in Fort Warren: By G. W. B. Fort Warren, Sept. 3, 1862. (E. V. M.)

"Wild flowers gathered from the hills
Sunlit clouds on evening sky"—

Lines Written July 15, 1865, the day the Confederate soldiers in N. C. were ordered to take off their uniforms: by A. L. D. Raleigh, N. C. (E. V. M.)

"Let others sing of conquerors great,
Far famed in minstrel story,"—

Lines Written on Receiving Some Pressed Leaves and Flowers From Home: By Jay W. Bee, P. A. C. S. Johnson's Island, Ohio, Oct., '64. (W. L.)

"Bright leaves and flowers from Vernon's bowers,
Ye call to mind home memories sweet,"—

Listening: By Lieutenant E. C. McCarthy: (Sunny.)

"Under the evening shadows,
Ere the long day was done,"—

A Litany for 1861: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"O God, our God, in this our hour of dark
And bitter dread, we flee to Thee."—

Little Footsteps: By Mary J. Upshur of Norfolk, Va. (E. V. M.)

"I sit in the summer moonlight,
And watched the flecked floor,"—

Little Giffen: By Francis O. Ticknor. (C. S. B.)

"Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,"—

Little Sogers: (R. B. B. 56.)

"What's the matter, little sogers,
Why run up and down the land,"—

The Little White Glove: By Paul H. Hayne of S. C. (Amaranth from the *Southern Illustrated News.*)

"The early Springtime faintly flushed the earth,
And in the woods, and by their favorite stream,"—

Living and Dying: By Major George McKnight ("Asa Hartz"). (Sunny.)

"I would not die on the battle field,
Where the missiles are flying wild;"—

The London Times Courier: A Ballad, not by Campbell: by P. H. D. (P. & P. B. from the New Orleans *Picayune.*)

"A horseman from Manassas bound
Cries, 'Soldier, noble soldier' "—

The Lonely Grave: By Mrs. C. A. Ball. Charleston, June 7. (E. V. M.)

"In a sheltered nook on Potomac's shore,
Where the earth is crimsoned with Southern gore,"—

The Lone Sentry: By James R. Randall. (S. S.)

" 'Twas as the dying of the day,
The darkness grew so still;"—

Lone Star Banner of the Free: Air, "Rule Britannia:" by Major E. W. Cave. (Alsb.)

"When first from out a sky of gloom.
The Lone Star lit a nation's way,"—

The Lone Star Camp Song: As sung by Joe Cook, the American Comedian. Published in Baltimore, 19 April, 1861. (R. B. B. 59.)

"Our rifles are ready, and ready are we,
Neither fear, care, nor sorrow in this Company,"—

The Lone Star Flag: On the Secession of Texas: by H. L. Flash. (Bohemian.)

"Up with the Lone Star banner!
Its hues are still as bright,"—

Lone Texas Star: Air, "American Star:" by M. B. Smith. (Alsb.)

"Come, all ye brave Texians! your country is calling,
Come, take up your arms, and let's hasten away!"—

Louisiana: (E. V. M.)

"Ho! Louisiana
There is no clime like thine,"—

Louisiana: A Patriotic Ode. (R. B. B. 59.)

"Louisiana! dear Pelican mother, arise
Seize the lightnings that 'lumine the vault of the skies,"—

Loved and Lost: By Colonel B. H. Jones. (Sunny.)

"I have a rose—a faded rose,
Sweeter than many a fairer flower;"—

Love Letter: By Major L. G. Levy. (Sunny.)

"I promised once to write thee, and I write:
What can I tell thee, dear, thou dost not know?"—

Major-General S. B. Buckner's Chivalry: An Imagination: Air, "Allen Percy." By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"A Southern woman bowed in weeping, stood,
Amid a crowd, unfeeling, selfish, rude,"—

Manassas: By A Rebel, Hanover Co., Va., July 30, 1861. (R. R.)

"Upon our country's border lay
Holding the ruthless foe at bay,"—

Lines, General Otho F. Strahl: By F. (Amaranth.)

"Amid a scene of carnage,
Where the dead and wounded lay,"—

Lines on Captain Beall: By Colonel Hawkins, C. S. A. (E. V. M.)

"Make not my grave in the valley yet,
'Neath the sod of an alien let it be,"—

Lines on the Death of Annie Carter Lee, daughter of General Robert E. Lee, C. S. A.: died at Jones' Springs, Warren County, N. C., October 20, 1862: by Tenella. [Mrs. M. B. Clarke, of N. C.] S. L. M., Editor's Table, November and December, 1862.) (E. V. M.)

Lines on the Death of Colonel B. F. Terry: By J. R. Barrick. Glasgow, Ky. Dec. 18, 1861. (E. V. M.)

"There is a wail
As if the voice of sadness long and deep,"—

Lines on the Death of Lieutenant General T. J. Jackson, C. S. A.: (R. B. B. 51.)

"Cold is his brow, and the dew of the evening
Hangs damp o'er that form so noble and brave"—

Lines On the Death of Lieutenant John B. Bowles: By Florence Anderson. (W. L.)

"Never again! ah, never again
Shall he march proudly o'er the plain,"—

Lines On the Death of Major General E. Van Dorn, C. S. A.: (R. B. B. 113.)

"The bold and noble Earle van Dorn
The good old Southern brave,"—

Lines On the Death of Major H. S. McConnell: (Im.)

"In thy young manhood thou art slain,
Shot! dead! it must be so;"—

Lines On the Death of Major Hall S. McConnell: By Mattie Lewis. (Im.)

"He has fallen, the patriot, brother and son,
The pride of his comrades. He who to victory led on,"—

Lines On the Death of Stonewall Jackson: Philadelphia, May, 1863. (E. V. M.)

"The city stirs this morn;
From careless or from eager lips there flits,"—

Lines On the Death of the Confederate General Albert Sidney Johnston, of Kentucky, who fell at the battle of Shiloh, Miss., Sunday, April 6, 1862. (R. B. B. 51.)

"Thou art gone to thy rest
Thou brave fearless soldier,"—

Lines On the Death of W. H. H. Parry, who died at Gloucester Point, Sept. 19, 1861: by Mary. (S. L. M., Editor's Table, Dec., '61.)

"The cannon may roar but he hears not the sound,
For he 'sleeps his last sleep' in the cold damp ground:"—

Lines On the Presentation of a Confederate Flag: (W. L.)

"Our banner hidden from the light of day,
Where tyrant minions hold a despot sway,"—

Lines On the Proclamation —Issued by the Tyrant Lincoln, April First, 1863: by a Rebel. (R. B. B. 54.)

"We have read the tyrant's order,
And the signet af the rule,"—

Lines Sacred to the Memory of Captain Henry C. Gorrell, of Greensborough, N. C., of the 2nd N. C. Regiment, who fell in an attack which he led against the Federal Batteries in the battle of Fair Oaks, June 14, 1862. May He Rest in Peace: by a Friend of the Cause. (R. B. B. 34.)

"They laid him away in the cold damp ground
On the banks of a Southern stream."—

Lines Suggested By the Death of Dr. Kane: For the Baltimore *American.* (B. C. L., Ledger 1411.)

"Forever gone, thou glorious chief,
Not of embattled hosts the head,"—

Lines To A Confederate Flag: By F. H. Hotel du Louvre, Nov. 21, 1863. (E. V. M. '69.)

"Dear Flag of my country! all hail to thy bars!
All hail to thine azure field, circled with stars!"—

Lines To General N. B. Forrest: By Rosalie Miller, Montgomery, Ala., July, 1864. (Amaranth.)

"Brave Forrest, like a storm-king sweeps
O'er the vile invaders' path;"—

Lines To Lee: Written at the time of Hooker's invasion: by Mrs. C. A. Warfield, of Kentucky. (E. V. M.)

"They are pouring down upon you,
Gallant Lee,"—

Lines To the Southern Banner: (R. R.)

"Dear flag! that wooes the morning air
That floats upon the midnight breeze,"—

Lines To the Tyrant: By Henry C. Alexander. S. L. M., Dec., 1861. (Bohemian.)

"The legion is armed for the battle,
The charger is hot for the fray,"—

Lines Written During These Gloomy Times, To Him Who Despairs: By Professor J. H. Hewitt. Spoken at the Richmond "Varieties": by Mr. Ogden, Wednesday night, May 7, 1862. (E. V. M.)

"Though our roofs be on fire, though our rivers run blood,
Though their flag's on the hill, on the plain, on the flood,"—

Maryland: Zouaves' Own: Respectfully dedicated to the 1st regiment Maryland Zouaves by their friend G. W. Alexander, Adjutant of the regiment. (R. B. B.)

"We are bound all hands for the land of cotton,
Old seventy-six is not forgotten,"—

The Marylander at Manassas: A Fact: By N. G. R. [Dr. N. G. Ridgely.] Baltimore, December 16, 1861. (R. B. B. 64.)

"Dusty and weary I laid me down
To take my rest on the blood-wet ground"—

The Marylander's Good-Bye: Air, "The White Rose:" by B. (R. B. B.)

"Adieu! Adieu! dear Maryland,
I arm at freedom's call"—

Maryland's Appeal: Air, "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls." (R. B. B. 84.)

"Oh Maryland, enslaved, opprest,
Insulted in thy woes,"—

Maryland's Lament for Jackson: By Baltimore, June, 1863. (R. B. B.)

"Gone from us—gone from us,
Hero and friend;"—

The Massachusetts Regiments: A Prose, not a prize poem, dedicated (without permission) to the "Mutual Admiration Society" of the Modern Athens, of which the Atlantic Monthly is at once the trumpet and organ. By Oats, of Virginia. (S. L. M., June 1861.)

"Here they come! Here they come, to the roll of the drum,
Zigzag tagrag, bobtail, hobnail, all in martial array,"—

Maxcy Gregg: By C. G. P. (E. V. M., '69.)

"Long have I lingered by the lovely mount,
Where our great hero lies,"—

Major Brown: Air, "Rosseau's Dream." (R. B. B. 68.)

"Gather round all friends and neighbors,
Citizens of this good town,"—

McClellan's Soliloquy: By a Daughter of Georgia. (P. & P. B. from the Charleston *Mercury.*)

"Advance or not advance, that is the question
Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer,"—

Melt the Bells: By F. V. Rocket, in the Memphis *Appeal.* (W. G. S.)

"Melt the bells, melt the bells,
Still the tinkling on the plains,"—

The Men: By Maurice Bell. (W. G. S.)

"In the dusk of the forest shade,
A sallow and dusty group reclined,"—

Men in Lace and Braid: By An Old Maid. (C. C.)

"Standing on the corner
Decked in braid and lace,"—

Men of the South! By G. B. J. (S. L. M., May, 1861.)

"Awake ye, awake, Freedom's band!
See ye not the flaming brand,"—

The Merrimac: By Paul H. Hayne. (Bohemian from the Charleston *Courier*.)

"We listened to the thunder
Of her mighty guns for hours,"—

The Merry Little Soldier: John Hopkins, Printer. New Levee St., 4th D. (Wash'n. 123.)

"I'm a merry little soldier,
Fearing neither wound nor scar,"—

The Midnight Ride: By William Shepardson. (Bohemian.)

"I ride the cold and dark night through
No moon or stars to point the way,"—

Minding the Gap: By Mollie E. Moore. (E. V. M., from the Houston *Telegraph*.)

"There is a radiant beauty on the hills,
The year before us walks with added bloom,"—

The Minstrel and the Queen: By Col. W. S. Hawkins: (Sunny.)

"I think of the pleasures that once were mine,
In the beautiful days that shall be no more,"—

Missing: (W. G. S.)

"In the cool sweet hush of a wooded nook,
Where the May buds sprinkle the green old mound,"—

Missing: By Mrs. F. A. Moore. (E. V. M., '69.)

"Not among the suffering wounded;
Not among the peaceful dead;"—

Missouri Massacre: (S. L. M., Jan. '63.)

"He heard the children's plaintive wrath,
He heard the wife, with frantic cry,"—

Missouri, Or A Voice from the South: By Harry Macarthy. (Alsb.)

"Missouri, Missouri! bright land of the West,
Where the way-worn emigrant always found rest;"—

A Modern Knight-Errant: By Kentucky, September, 1861. (S. O. S.)

"This morn a little blackamoor
Brought me a funny thing, she said;"—

Monody on Jackson: By The Exile. (S. S.)

"Ay, toll! toll! toll!
Toll the funeral bell!"—

Manassas: By Mrs. C. A. Warfield, July 1861. (E. V. M.)

"They have met at last, as storm clouds
Meet in heaven,"—

Manassas Races: Popular Newspaper Version. (W. L.)

"The mighty army of the North is whipped. And its remains
Are scattered in confusion o'er Virginia's sandy plains,"—

Manassas, 21 July, 1861: By Mrs. Mary S. Whitaker. (S. L. M. August, 1861, from the Richmond *Despatch*, August 12, 1861.)

"Brightly gleamed the dazzling summer sky,
Wide waved the forests vast and green,"—

Mansfield Run: (Alsb.)

"Come, good folks, and listen to a ditty
Of the year sixty-four:"—

The March: By John W. Overall. (R. R.)

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp!
Go the Southern braves to battle,"—

The March of the Maryland Men: (R. B. B.)

"There's many a son of old Maryland's soil
In the South who have rushed to the field:"—

March of the Southern Men: Air, To an old Scotch Air: printed by Geo. Dunn & Co., Richmond, Va. (R. B. M. 1863.)

"There are many brave men in this Southern land
Who have hurried away to the field,"—

The March of the Spoiler: (Amaranth.)

"One by one the leaves are shaken
From the tree"—

March on! Carolinians, March on! By Mrs. Farley, Louisville, Nov. 20, 1861. (E. V. M.)

"March on, Carolinians; our hearts leap so high
When the young and devoted so martyr-like die;"—

Marching to Death: By J. Herbert Sass, South Carolina, 1862. (W. G. S.)

"The last farewells are breathed by loving lips,
The last fond prayer for darling ones is said,"—

The Marseilles Hymn—Translated and Adapted as an Ode: By E. F. Porter of Alabama. (R. R. from the Nashville *Gazette.*)

"Sons of the South, arise! awake! be free!
Behold! the day of Southern glory comes,"—

The Martyr of Alexandria: By James W. Simms, Indianola, Texas. (Bohemian, from the New Orleans *Crescent.*)

"Revealed as in a lightning flash,
A hero stood!"—

Martyrs of Texas: Air, "He's Gone from the Mountain." By Col. H. Washington. (Alsb.)

"They've gone from the prairies; its groves and wild flowers,
They've gone from the forest—its wild tangled bowers;"—

The Martyrs of the South: By A. B. Meek, Alabama. (Sunny.)

"Oh, weep not for the gallant hearts
Who fell in battle's day;"

Maryland! (B. C. L. Ledger 1411.)

"Maryland, Maryland!
Stainless in story"—

Maryland: By Rev. John C. McCabe, D.D. (Late of Md., Chaplain C. S. A.) November, 1861. (S. L. M.)

"Up, men of Maryland nor sleep,
While foemen bind your limbs in chains,"—

Maryland: A Fragment: (R. B. B. 73.)

"Refreshed in wonted might
By the passing hours of night,"—

Maryland In Chains: By Mrs. O. K. Whitaker, South Carolina. (R. B. B. 73 from the Richmond *Examiner*, May 14, 1861.)

"Oh vain is the splendor of blue-curtained skies,
The pomp of tall forests that round one arise:"—

Maryland in Fetters! (R. B. B. 82.)

"How beautiful in tears!
Dear noble state:"—

The Maryland Line: By J. D. McCabe, Jr. (W. G. S.)

"By old Potomac's rushing tide,
Our bayonets are gleaming,"—

Maryland, Lost Maryland: (S. L. M., January, '63, Ed.'s Table from the Raleigh *Standard*.)

"The despot's heel thou dost adore,
Maryland, fie! Maryland,"—

The Maryland Martyrs: (R. B. B. 79.)

"They bore them to a gloomy cell,
And barred them from the light,"—

Maryland, Our Mother: Written at the Request of Many Exiled Marylanders: By Rev. John Collins M'Cabe, D.D. Richmond, Va., November 24, 1861. (S. L. M., Dec. 1861.)

"O Maryland, dear Maryland! our hearts still turn to thee!
We often, weeping, ask and say 'when, when wilt thou be free?' "—

Maryland, My Home: By Louis Bonsal. (R. B. B.)

"Sweet Maryland, thy groves are green,
And sparkling as thy rills,"—

Maryland, My Home: (R. R. B.)

"Come listen while I sing to you,
Of Maryland, my Maryland,"—

My Love: By F. B. Dalton, May 6, 1864. (W. F.)

"My love is the fairest,
The sweetest, the dearest,"

My Maryland: By James R. Randall. Written at Point Coupee, La. April 26, 1861. First published in the New Orleans *Delta.* (W. G. S.)

"The despot's heel is on thy shore, Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door, Maryland!"—

My Mother Church: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"My Mother Church, on thee I call!
Although my home in ruins fall,"—

My Mother-Land: By Paul H. Hayne. (W. G. S.)

"My Mother-land! thou wert the first to fling
Thy virgin flag of freedom to the breeze,"—

My Native Land: December, 1864. (W. L.)

"Where is my Native Land?
Not on Kentucky's conquered soil,"—

My Native Land: (Randolph.)

"Land of the South! imperial land!
How proud thy mountain's rise:"—

My Noble Warrior, Come! Air, "The Rock Beside the Sea." By Mrs. Col. C. G. Forshey. (Alsb.)

"O, tell me not that earth is fair, that spring is in its bloom,
While young hearts, hourly, everywhere, met such untimely doom,"—

My Only Boy: By Ellen A. Moriarty. (Bohemian.)

"O, let me weep! who would not weep?
He was my only boy;"—

My Order: By W. Gordon McCabe: Richmond, Va. First published in S. L. M., May, 1863, "Chats Over My Pipe." (E. V. M.)

"This flower has set me adreaming,
Of the future for you and for me,"—

My Prison Drear: By Lieut. D. T. Walker, of Mississippi. (Sunny.)

"Alas, how slow the moments go,
As fettered on this friendless Isle;"—

My Soldier: Monday night, April 14th, 1862. (S. L. M., Ed. Table, April, '62.)

"Is my darling sadly dreaming,
On his lonely watch tonight,"—

My Soldier Boy: By T. E. Grayson, near Benton, Mississippi, October 1861. (Im.)

"I am dreaming ever dreaming of a silver sanded shore,
Where the blue waves softly murmur as they roll forevermore"—

My Soldier Boy: By W. D. Porter, Charleston, South Carolina. (Amaranth.)

"The winter night is dark and chill,
The winter rains the trenches fill;"—

My Southern Home (Psalm CXXVII): By Col. B. H. Jones. Johnson's Island, September, 1864. (Sunny.)

"If Judean captives sat and wept, by Babel's rivers sides,
As memories of Zion far came flowing as the tides;"—

My Southern Land: Dedicated to the Widow of Stonewall Jackson. Air, "My Maryland." By Mrs. Mary L. Wilson, of San Antonio. (Alsb.)

"On the crimson battle-field,
Southern land, my Southern land,"—

My Texas Land: Air, "My Maryland." By D. W. M. (Alsb.)

"The Yankees are upon thy coast,
Texas land, my Texas land!"—

My Warrior Boy: (Im.)

"Thou has gone forth, my darling one,
To battle with the brave,"—

National Hymn: By Capt. E. Griswold. (Fag.)

"Now let the thrilling anthem rise
O'er all the glorious land,"—

National Song—The Magnolia: By Albert Pike. (Im.)

"What, what is the true Southern symbol
The symbol of Honor and Right;"—

Navasota Volunteers: Air, "Susannah, don't you cry." By William Neely, of Durant's Cavalry. (Alsb.)

"We're the Navasota Volunteers, our country is named Grimes,
O come along, my conscript boys, we can't leave you behind,"—

Nay, Keep the Sword: By Carrie Clifford. (W. G. S.)

"Nay, keep the sword which once we gave,
A token of our trust in thee;"—

The New Ballad of Lord Lovell: (R. N. S., from the New Orleans *Delta.*)

"Lord Lovell he sat in the St. Charles Hotel,
In the St. Charles Hotel sat he,"—

A New Excelsior: By Mary I. Upshur. (S. L. M., November, 1861.)

"O banner with the strange device, soar upward to the sun
And greet him there right gallantly for the work of Sixty-one!"—

The New Fashion: Air, "Rory O'Moore." By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Make way there! Look out! A hare-brained hero comes,
Your loudest bugles sound! and beat, oh, beat your drums!"—

Monody on Major W. L. Thornton: By Col. C. G. Forsbey. (Alsb.)

"Toll, toll, for the gallant Thornton! give sighs for the noble dead!
Let tears but flow, like the torrent of life for his country shed,"—

Moral of Party: Sonnet: By W. G. Simms. S. L. M., February and March, 1862. (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)

"The moral of a party, if it be
That healthy States need parties, lies in this,"—

Morgan's Cavalry and The Girls: Air, "Coming through the Rye." By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"If brave Southron meet our Morgan
Coming through Kentuck,"—

Morgan's War Song: (Alsb.)

"Cheer, boys, cheer! we'll march away to battle,
Cheer, boys, cheer! for our sweethearts and our wives,"—

Morgan's War Song: By General B. W. Duke, C. S. A. Knoxville, Tenn., July 4, 1862. (W. L.)

"Ye sons of the South, take your weapons in hand,
For the foot of the foe hath insulted your land!"—

Morris Island: By W. Gilmore Simms. (W. G. S.)

"Oh! from the deeds well done, the blood well shed
In a good cause springs up to crown the land,"—

Mosby and His Men: By Phoenix. Selma, Alabama. October 31, 1866. (C. C.)

"When the historic muse shall seek
The themes of future song,"—

Mother Is the Battle Over: Ballad: Arranged by Jos. Hart Denck. (R. B. M.)

"Mother is the battle over?
Thousands have been slain, they say,"—

Mother Lincoln's Melodies: S. L. M., Ed. Table, July and August, 1862. (S. S. B.)

"Little Be-Pope
He lost his hope,"—

The Mother of the Soldier Boy: (Lee.)

"Why daily goes yon matron forth,
As 'twere to trace the dead?"—

A Mother to Her Son in Prison: Written in the rail car to beguile the time on her way to visit him. By H. W. B., January, 1865. (E. V. M., '69.)

"Shine, silver moon, o'er land and water,
Shine o'er valley, plain and hill;"—

The Mother to her Son in the Trenches at Petersburg: By W. D. Porter. (E. V. M.)

"The winter night is dark and still
The winter rains the trenches fill,"—

Mother Would Comfort Me: (C. C.)

"Wounded and sorrowful, far from my home,
Sick, among strangers, uncared for, unknown,"—

The Mother's Farewell: Air, "Jeannette and Jeanot." (J. M. S.)

"You are going to leave me. darling,
Your country's foes to fight;"—

A Mother's Prayer: (E. V. M.)

"Father, in the battle fray
Shelter his dear head, I pray!"—

A Mother's Prayer: By Mrs. Margaret Piggott. Baltimore, Friday Night, April 19th, 1861. (E. V. M., '69.)

"God of Nations, God of Might,
In the stillness of the night,"—

The Mother's Trust: By Mrs. G. A. H. McLeod. (S. S.)

"Far away are our beloved,
Where resounds the battle-cry;"—

Mumford, the Martyr of New Orleans: By Ina M. Porter, of Alabama. (W. G. S.)

"Where murdered Mumford lies
Bewailed in bitter sighs,"—

Munson's Hill: Air, "Call me Pet Names." (R. B. B., 88.)

"Oh call us hard names, call us mere tools
In the hands of the North, to be made such fools,"—

Music in Camp: By John R. Thompson. (C. S. B., from the Louisville *Journal.*)

"Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters,"—

My Dream: By L. F. East Baton Rouge, November 7, 1861. (R. R.)

"Lo! in my dream I saw the dove
Just hovering o'er the troubled sea,"—

My Father: By Brig. General Henry R. Jackson. (E. V. M.)

"As die the embers on the hearth
And o'er the hearth the shadows fall,"—

My Friend: To Infedelia: By Colonel W. S. Hawkins, C. S. A. prisoner of war at Camp Chase, December 1861. (C. C.)

"Your letter came, but came too late,
For Heaven had claimed its own,"—

My God, What is All This For? Air, "Rosseau's Dream." (R. B. B.)

"Oh my God! what vengeful madness,
Brother against brother rise:"—

My Little Volunteer: By Joe Brentwood. (Im.)

"Say, have you seen my Harry, my little volunteer?
As fine a lad as ever lived upon the Tennessee:"—

A New Red, White and Blue: Written for a Lady: by Jeff. Thompson. (A. R.)

"Missouri is the pride of the nation,
The hope of the brave and the free"—

The New Star: (Same as *Hail to the South*): By B. M. Anderson. S. L. M., April, 1861. (W. G. S.)

"Another star arisen; another flag unfurled;
Another name inscribed among the nations of the world"—

The Next Time That Bragg Comes This Way: By Kentucky, November 27, 1864. (S. O. S.)

"The next time that Bragg comes this way
I hope that he will come to stay,"—

Niggers in Convention: Sumner's Speech: (R. B. B. 88.)

"Welcome my bredren here you is
I greets you wid delight"—

Nil Desperandum—To the Southern Soldier: By Ikey Ingle. Richmond, Virginia, January 18th, 1864. (E. V. M.)

"Wheel in the rut? then shoulder to the wheel;
Make muscle and sinew nerve force feel;"—

Nil Desperandum: Inscribed to our Soldier Boys: by Ada Rose. Pine Bluff, Arkansas. March 10th, 1862. (R. N. S. from the Memphis *Avalanche.*)

"The Yankee hosts are coming,
With their glittering rows of steel,"—

Nil Desperandum: By Mrs. C. A. Warfield. (E. V. M., '69.)

"Yield! never! while a foothold
Is left on Southern soil"—

The 9th of April, 1865: From the London Spectator. (C. S. B.)

"It is a nation's death cry! Yes, the agony is past,
The stoutest race that ever fought today hath fought its last,"—

No Land Like Ours: By J. R. Barrick, of Kentucky. (W. G. S.)

"Though other lands may boast of skies
Far deeper in their blue,"—

No Surrender: Published by Geo. Dunn and Co., Richmond Virginia. (R. B. M., 1864.)

"Ever constant, ever true,
Let the word be 'No Surrender!' "—

No Union Men: By Millie Mayfield. (R. R.)

"Union Men' O thrice-fooled fools,
As well might ye hope to bind"—

North Carolina Call to Arms: Air, "The Old North State:" by Luolla. [Mrs. Loula W. Rogers of Ga.] Raleigh, 1861. (R. R.)

"Ye sons of Carolina! awake from your dreaming,
The minions of Lincoln upon us are streaming!"—

North Carolina's War Song: Air, "Annie Laurie." (R. R.)

"We leave our pleasant homesteads,
We leave our smiling farms,"—

A Northern Mother After a Battle: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Throb, my heart, throb! for thy dear country throb!
There's nothing else left thee, for Death did rob thee of thy joy"—

Not Doubtful of Your Fatherland! (W. S. G. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)

"Not doubtful of your fatherland
Or of the God who gave it"—

Notice to the North! (R. N. S., from *Charivari*. December 7, 1861.)

"Yankees beware! we are averse,
But not afraid to fight,"—

Now's the Day, and Now's the Hour! Inscribed to Lt. Col. J. W. Bowles, 2nd Reg. Kentucky Cavalry by request of a friend of his boyhood. Air, "Bruce's Address," some lines of it retained by Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Old Kentucky, whose sons have bled,
Where the bravest men have led"—

Nuts to Crack for Uncle Sam: By Janet Hamilton. Langloan. (W. L.)

"Have ye come to your senses yet, Sammy my man,
For ye was just red-mad when the war it began;"—

The Oath for Liberty: By W. G. Simms. (S. L. M., February and March, '62.)

"Only one oath may the freeman take,
To sacrifice all for freedom's sake"—

The Obsequies of Stuart: By John R. Thompson. (S. S.)

"We could not pause, while yet the noontide air,
Shook with the cannonade's incessant pealing,"—

Ode to a Body Louse: By F. B. In the field near Marietta, Georgia, June 15, 1864. (W. F.)

"Let others sing of strife and war's alarms
And waste their breath;"—

The Officer's Funeral: (J. M. S.)

"Hark! to the shrill trumpet calling,
It pierceth the soft summer air!"—

Officers of Dixie: By a Growler: (Alsb.)

"Let me whisper in your ear, sir,
Something that the South should hear, sir,"—

Oh! Abraham, Resign! By a New Contributor. (R. B. B. 57.)

"The days are growing shorter,
The sun has crossed the line,"—

Oh! Hasten Back, My Soldier Boy! By J. P. H. Charlottesville, Virginia. (Cav.)

"How oft have I sighed for my soldier boy, gone
To battle with our cruel and merciless foe:"—

Oh, He's Nothing But a Soldier: Air, "Annie Laurie." By A. Young Rebelle, Esq. (Im.)

"Oh, he's nothing but a soldier,
But he's coming here tonight"—

Oh, Jeff, Why Don't You Come? Air, "Willie We Have Missed You." (R. B. B. 80).

"Jeff Davis are you coming? We'll be glad to see you here!
We'll give you hearty greeting! you'll be welcome everywhere:"—

Oh! No, he'll Not Need Them Again: To Rev. A. J. Ryan, of Knoxville, Tennessee. (E. V. M.)

"Oh! no, he'll not need them again
No more will he wake to behold"—

Old Abe Lincoln: (R. B. B. 58.)

"My name it is Abe Lincoln
I lead a wretched life"—

Old Abe's Lament: Air, "The Campbell's are Coming." (R. B. B. 57.)

"Jeff Davis is coming oh! dear! oh! dear!
Jeff Davis is coming, oh dear!"—

Old Betsy: By John Killum. (W. G. S.)

"Come with the rifle so long in your keeping,
Clean the old gun up and hurry it forth—"

The Old Brigade—Virginia's 1st-7th-11th and 17th: by Maurice D'Bell. (E. V. M.)

"Behold yon throng of heroes!
Their eyes are heavy and dim,"—

Old Dixie's Soldiers: By J. P. H. Charlottesville, Virginia. (Cav.)

"Mid war's alarms fair Dixie stands,
Arrayed against rude Northern bands,"—

Old Jim Ford: Air, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny." (Alsb.)

"When I reflect on what I am and who my master was,
I think I've run away from home without sufficient cause;"—

Old John Brown: A Song for Every Southern Man: (Wash'n, unclassified Mss.)

"Now all you Southern people, just listen to my song,
It's about the Harper's Ferry affair, it is not very long"—

The Old Mammy's Lament for Her Young Master: By Hermine. (S. L. M., Nov. and Dec., '63.)

"My dear young massa's gone to war,
Gone from missus, home, and me"—

Old Moultrie: By Catherine Gendron Poyas, of Charleston. (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)

"The splendor falls on bannered walls,
Old Moultrie, great in story"—

The Old Negro at Calhoun's Grave: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Who comes with tottering step and slow,
Bowed not so much by years, as woe,"—

The Old Rifleman: By Frank O. Ticknor, M. D., of Georgia. (R. R.)

"Now, bring me out my buckskin suit!
My pouch and powder, too!"—

The Old Sergeant: (B. E., First appeared as the Carrier's New Year Address of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, 1863.)

"The carrier cannot sing tonight the ballads, etc."—
"Come a little nearer, Doctor—thank you, let me take the cup."—

Old Stonewall: By C. D. Dasher. (Fag.)

"Oh, don't you remember old Stonewall, my boys,
Old Stonewall, on charger so gray,"—

An Old Texian's Appeal: By Reuben E. Brown. (Alsb.)

"Come all ye temper'd hearts of steel—come quit your flocks and farms—
Your sports, your plays, your holidays, and hark, away to arms!"—

On! Advance! By W. G. Simms. (S. L. M., Feb. and March, '62.

"Esperance!
On! advance!
Southrons with the bolt and lance!"—

On a Raid: By Ikey Ingle. Richmond, Virginia, 1862. (E. V. M.)

"We must move tonight, my men, brisk marching's to be done!
For a stout blow must be struck, and true, by the morrow's sun"—

On Ash Wednesday, 1862: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"The six weeks' Sabbath has begun;
A little while, my soul, be done"—

On Guard: Words respectfully inscribed to Miss S. E. B. by Wallace Rowe. Music from an old German Melody. (R. B. M., 1864.)

"At dead of night when on my beat,
And naught but darkness meets my view,"

On Reading a Proclamation for Public Prayer: Sonnet: by South Carolinian: (W. G. S.)

"Oh! terrible, this prayer in the market place,
These advertised humilities, decreed"—

On! Southern, On! By W. B. L. (R. R.)

"On! Southron, on!
Your flag's unfurled"—

On the Death of Brig.-General Charles H. Winder, of Maryland: Killed by a cannon shot in battle of Slaughter's Mountain, Virginia, June 9, 1862. By J. R. Trimble, Major-General C. S. A., Johnston's Island. September, 1864. (W. L.)

"The fight is o'er, the victory's won,
We pause to count the cost;"—

On the Death of General Stonewall Jackson: By Lillian Rosell Messenger, Tuscumbia, Alabama. May 13th, 1863. (Im.)

"The leaf has perished in the green;
And while we breath beneath the sun,"—

On the Death of Lieut.-General Jackson: A Dirge: By Mrs. C. A. Warfield of Kentucky. (E. V. M.)

"Go to thy rest, great chieftain,
In the zenith of thy fame"—

On the Flank: By R. B. Witter, Jr. (S. L. M., May 63.)

" 'Twas a glowing Sabbath morning,
Bright the golden sunbeams fell,"—

On the Heights of Mission Ridge: By J. Augustine Signaigo. (W. G. S.)

"When the foes, in conflict heated,
Battled over road and bridge,"—

On to Glory: (J. M. S.)

"Sons of freedom, on to glory,
Go where brave men do or die:"—

On to Richmond: After Southey's *March to Moscow:* by John R. Thompson of Virginia. (E. V. M. from the *Richmond Whig.*)

"Major-General Scott
An order had got
To push on the column to Richmond,"—

On to the Battle: By Miss Marie E. Jones. (Alsb.)

"On to the battle! though the foe be before you,
Though the death-hail rattle!—God watches o'er you;"—

One Cause of the War: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"The man who trusts not God betrays himself
Weak victim he to that foul harpy, wealth;"—

Only a Common Soldier: (Confederate States Almanac, 1862, (N. Y. P. L.

"He was only a common soldier,
But a monarch proud and grand"—

Only a Soldier: By Major Lamar Fontaine. (Fag.)

"Only a soldier!' I heard them say,
With a heavy heart I turned away,"—

Only a Soldier's Grave: By S. A. Jones. Aberdeen, Mississippi. (W. G. S.)

"Only a soldier's grave! Pass by,
For soldiers, like other mortals, die"—

Only One Fell: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"'Only one fell,' and his name was told,
"Only one fell,' but him death could not hold,"—

Only One Killed: By Julia L. Keyes, Montgomery, Alabama. (W. G. S. from the Southern *Field and Fireside.*)

"Only one killed in company B
'Twas a trifling loss—one man!"—

O Here's to the Soldier So Gay: By Captain M. G. Davidson, of Gen. M. L. Smith's Signal Corps. (Alsb.)

"O here's to the soldier so gay! who shoulders his musket all day,
With wearisome feet he faces the beat, still keeping the Yankees away:"—

O! I'm a Good Old Rebel: Respectfully dedicated to Thad. Stevens, 1862. Sung by Harry Allen, Washington Artillery, New Orleans, La. (C. C.)

"O! I'm a good old Rebel
Now that's just what I am"—

O Johnny Bull, My Jo John: Air, "John Anderson, my Jo." (R. R.)

"Oh Johnny Bull, my Jo John! I wonder what you mean,
By sending all these forgates out, commissioned by the Queen:"—

O Lovely Dixie's Land: By M. J., Baltimore, April, 1861. (R. B. B. 90.)

"O! lovely Dixie's Land,
Where fruits and flowers grow;"—

O, Sweet South: By W. Gilmore Simms. (S. L. M., January, 1861. (R. R.)

"O the Sweet South! the sunny South!
Land of true feeling, land forever mine!

O, Tempora! O, Mores! By John Dickson Bruns, M. D. (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury*, 1864.)

"Great Pan is dead!" so cried an airy tongue
To one who drifting down Calabria's Shore,"—

The Ordered Away: Dedicated to the Oglethorpe and Walker Light Infantry, Atlanta, Ga. By Mrs. J. J. Jacobus. April 2, 1861. (R. R.)

"At the end of each street, a banner we meet,
The people all march in a mass,"—

Our Braves in Virginia: Air, "Dixie Land." (R. R.)

"We have ridden from the brave Southwest
On fiery steeds, with throbbing breast,"—

Our Boys Are Gone: Air, "The Minstrel Boy:" by Col. Hamilton Washington. (Alsb.)

"Our boys are gone 'till the war is o'er,
In the ranks of death you'll find them,"—

Our Cause: (C. C.)

"Oh, story long and sad to tell,
Of how we fought and how we fell,"

Our Cherished Dead: (E. V. M.)

"What tho' no stately column,
Their cherished names may raise:"—

Our Chief: By the author of "*Southrons*" [Mrs. C. A. Warfield.] Beechmore, January 10, 1866 (E. V. M.)

"No! not forgotten, though the halls
Of state no more behold him,"—

Our Christmas Hymn: By John Dickson Bruns, M. D., Charleston, South Carolina. (W. G. S.)

"Goodwill and peace! peace and goodwill!"—
The burden of the Advent song,"—

Our City by the Sea: By W. Gilmore Simms. (W. G. S.):

"Our city by the sea
As the rebel city known"—

Our Confederate Dead: What the heart of a young girl said to the dead soldier: by a Lady of Augusta, Georgia. (W. G. S.)

"Unknown to me, brave boy, but still I wreathe
For you the tenderest of wildwood flowers,"—

Our "Cottage By the Sea:" Lines written in Fort Lafayette by a Prisoner. (E. V. M.)

"I dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls,
And 'tis not so, you see,"—

Our Country's Call: By H. Walter. (Randolph.)

"To arms! oh, men in all our Southern clime,
Do you not scent the battle from afar,"—

Our Dead: By Col. A. M. Hobby. Galveston *News*, Texas. Jan., 1866. (E. V. M.)

"Vile, brutal man! and darest thou
In God's anointed place to preach"—

Our Departed Comrades: By J. Marion Shirer, a Soldier in the Field. (W. G. S.)

"I am sitting alone by a fire
That glimmers on Sugar Loaf's height,"

Our Dixie: By a Lady of Augusta, Georgia, 1865. (Im.)

"I heard long since a simple strain,
It brought no thrill of joy or pain,"—

Our Failure: By the Author of "*Southrons*," [Mrs. C. A. Warfield]. Beechmore, Kentucky, June *1*, 1866. (E. V. M.)

"Yes, we have failed! That iron word
Drove never home its bolt of fate,"—

Our Fallen Brave: By Cornelia J. M. Jordan. January 22, 1862. (Corinth.)

"They fell! in Freedom's cause they fell,
The noble patriot band,"—

Our Faith in '61: By A. J. Requier. (W. G. S.)

"Not yet one hundred years have flown
Since on this very spot,"—

Our Flag: By Mr. K. of Hampshire Co., Virginia. (E. V. M., '69.)

"Our battle-flag! behold it wave,
In the young morning's roseate light,"—

Our Glorious Flag: Air, "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still." Vicksburg Song. (Alsb.)

"There is freedom on each fold, and each star is freedom's throne,
And the free, the brave, the bold, guard thin honor as their own:"—

Our Hope: Third Edition: by Le Diable Baiteux. (R. B. B. 91.)

"God save our Southern land,
God be our trust,"

Our Killed in Battle: Sonnet: New Orleans, 1861. (E. V. M., '69.)

"As swift, glad brooks run towards the mighty sea,
And in its heart are lost forevermore,"—

Our Left: By Francis O. Ticknor, M. D., Georgia. (B. E.)

"From dark to dawn they stood
That long midsummer day"—

Our Marshal Kane: Air, "Roseas' Dream." (R. B. B., 51)

"Come and listen to my story
From all lies I will refrain,"—

Our Martyrs: By Paul H. Hayne. (W. G. S.)

"I am sitting lone and weary,
On the hearth of my darkened room,"

Our Mothers Did So Before Us: Air, "My Mother Did So Before Me:" by Augusta Foster. Foster's Settlement, Alabama, January 22, 1862. (S. L. M., Ed. Table, Jan. '62.)

"We are a band of brothers bold,
Now fighting for our nation,"—

Our Nameless Heroes: Inscribed to the author of the "Haversack." (E. V. M., '69.)

"Our nameless heroes—glorious band—
That for our dear, dear Southern land,"—

Our Noble Dead: By John E. Hatcher of Alabama. (C. C.)

"We will not wander to the gloomy years,
Through whose dark scenes we have so lately passed"—

Our President: By Fanny Downing. C. S. A., '64. (E. V. M., '69.)

"A people spring to being, in whose bounds,
Lie mightiest elements of glory,"—

Our Rights: Song. (West. Res.)

"The stars and stripes, Oh lovely cloth,
To hide the tricks of crafty knaves,"—

Our Southern Dead: By A. Baltimore, October 6, 1862. (R. B. B., p. 91.)

"Mourn for our glorious dead,
Gallant men and leaders brave,"—

Our Southern Land: By Patria Dolorosa. (C. C.)

"The mountains lift aloft their hoary peaks,
The rivers to the ocean proudly run,"—

Our Starry Cross: (Cav.)

"Our starry Cross was first unfurled,
On Manassas' bloody plain,"—

Our Stonewall's Grave: By Esperanza. July 4, 1863. (C. C.)

"Stranger, pause at this mound of clay,
See it is fresh, and was made today;"—

Over the (Mississippi) River: By Miss Maria E. Jones. (Alsb.)

"Over the River there are fierce stern meetings,
No kindly clasp of hand, no welcome call;"—

Over the River: By Jane T. H. Cross. (W. G. S. from the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, 1861.)

"We hail your 'stripes' and lessened 'stars'
As one may hail a neighbor,"—

Over the River: By J. Daffore: (E. V. M.)

"Over the river—over the river—
There where the soft lying shadows invite,"—

Over the River: By E. De Mondion. (Amaranth.)

"The camp was hushed, the midnight passed,
But the warriors their vigil kept,"—

Over the River: (The Mississippi): By Rev. J. E. Carnes. (Alsb.)

"Over the river,
Our country is massing her band"—

The Paean of the Coffinless Dead: Douglas, Arkansas, March 6, 1864. (C. C.)

"The paean I sing of the coffinless dead—
The heroes who wore the gray"—

Pardon and Peace: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Pardon and peace! what music in those words,
Meet for the angel's song!"—

Patience, Patience, O My Spirit! By Kentucky. Oct. 20, 1862. (S. O. S.)

"Patience, patience, O my spirit!
Only patience doth inherit"—

Patriotic Song: Air, "Gathering of the Clans:" by Dr. John W. Paine, of Lexington, Virginia, June 30, 1862. (Fag. from the Richmond *Despatch.*)

"Rise, rise, mountain and valley men,
Bald sire and beardless son, each come in order,"—

Patriotism: (R. R.)

"The holy fire that nerved the Greek,
To make his stand at Marathon,"—

Patriotism, or Love? (S. O. S.)

"Like a child tossed on the waves in scorn,
Without a compass, I float on."—

A Patriot's Death the Sign of a Brighter Morrow: Air, "Tom Moore:" by Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"In blood the sun is setting,
That this morn arose in clouds;"—

Peace: By L. Burroughs of Savannah, Georgia, April, 1865. (E. V. M.)

"They are ringing Peace on my weary ear,
No Peace to this heavy heart,"—

The Pelican Flag: (Bohemian from the New Orleans *Sunday Delta.*)

"Fling to the Southern wind
The banner with its type of motherhood;"—

Pensacola: By M. Louise Rogers. (Im.)

"O night wind! gently, softly blow
Over the loved ones lying so low,"—

Pensacola: To My Son: By M. S., New Orleans, Louisiana. (R. R.)

"Beautiful the land may be
Its groves of palm, its laurel trees,"

The People in Grey: By Col. B. H. Jones. Johnson's Island, May 12, 1865. (Sunny.)

"A noble people were the People in Grey,
However derided or slandered;"—

Picayune Butter: Air, "All on hobbies." (West. Res.)

"Old Fuss and Feathers, as we knew before,
Sent away from down East to sack Baltimore."

A Picture: (E. V. M. from the Savannah *Morning News.*)

"We were sitting round the table
Just a night or two ago"—

A Pledge to Lee: Written for a Kentucky Company: By Mrs. C. A. Warfield, of Kentucky. (E. V. M.)

"We pledge thee, Lee!
In water or wine,"—

Poem on the Death of Jackson: (Killed by a New York Zouave in Alexandria, Virginia. May 24, 1861.) (E. V. M.)

"Not where the battle red,
Covers with fame the dead,"—

A Poem Which Needs No Dedication: By James Barron Hope. (R. R.)

"What! you hold yourselves as freemen?
Tyrants love just such as ye!"—

Polk: By H. L. Flash. (E. V. M.)

"A flash from the edge of a hostile trench,
A puff of smoke, a roar"—

The Poor Soldier: A popular camp song of the sixty-second Alabama Regiment (The Boy Regiment). (C. S. B.)

"Little do rich people know
What we poor soldiers undergo"—

Pop Goes the Weasel: (J. M. S.)

"King Abraham is very sick,
Old Scott has got the measles,"—

Pope: To the tune of Bo-Peep. (C. S. B.)

"Poor Johhnie Pope,
Has lost his coat,"—

Praeterita: By S. D. D. In Camp, December 28th, 1863. (S. L. M., Feb., '64.)

"I see in the shadows nightly,
The dream of a girlish face,"—

Pray, Maiden, Pray! A Ballad for the Times: Respectfully dedicated to the patriotic women of the South: by A. W. Kercheval, Esq., music by A. J. Turner; published by Geo. Dunn & Co., Richmond, Va. (R. B. M., 1864.)

"Maiden, pray for thy lover now,
Thro' all this starry night,"—

Prayer: (These verses were written by a deaf and dumb girl of Savannah, Georgia, on the occasion of a fast day.) (E. V. M.)

"Before thy throne, O God!
Upon this blood-wet sod,"—

Prayer: By Fadette. (Amaranth.)

"Lord God of Hosts! we lift our hearts to thee!
Our streaming eyes lift daily toward thy Throne"—

Prayer for Maryland: The National Prayer slightly altered from the original of Bishop Whitingham, to suit the present highly favored condition of the people of Maryland. (R. B. B. 82.)

"From Lincoln to Hick's
From Dodge and old Dix,"—

Prayer For My Only Son, Aged Fifteen, Now in the Service of His Country: Memphis, July 26, 1864. (Amaranth.)

"God bless my daring, venturous boy,
Where'er his feet may stray,"—

A Prayer for Peace: By Major S. Yates Levy: (Sunny.)

"Almighty God! Eternal Sire and King!
Ruler Supreme! who all things didst create,"—

A Prayer for Peace: By G. H. S. Charleston, South Carolina. (S. L. M., Nov. and Dec., '63). (From the *Record.*)

"Look forth, look forth, from the pale hills of time,
Which, deepening in the distance, rise and swell,"—

A Prayer for Peace: By S. Teackle Wallis, of Maryland. (S. S.)

"Peace! Peace! God of our fathers, grant us Peace!
Unto our cry of anguish and despair,"—

A Prayer for the South: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Oh God! my heart goes up to Thee
For our brave men on land and sea,"—

Prayer of the South: By Father Abram J. Ryan. (Sunny.)

"My brow is bent beneath a heavy rod!
My face is wan and white with many woes,"—

President Davis: By Jane T. H. Cross. (W. G. S., published in the New York *News*, 1865.)

"The cell is lonely and the night
Has filled it with a darker light,"—

The President's Chair: Air, "Star Spangled Banner." (West. Res.)

"Ye Southrons arouse, and do battle, nor yield
To the black northern hordes now infesting your borders,"—

The Price of Peace: By Luola. [Mrs. Loula W. Rogers, of Ga.] (E. V. M.)

"A woman paced with hurried step, her lone and dreary cell—
The setting sun, with golden ray upon her dark hair fell,"—

The Printers of Virginia to "Old Abe:" By Harry C. Treakle, Norfolk, Virginia, April 4, 1862. (R. R.)

"Though we're exempt, we're not the metal
To keep in when duty calls:"—

Prison on Lake Erie: By Asa Hartz, [Major George McKnight] Johnson's Island, February 1864. (W. L.)

"The full round moon in God's blue bend
Glides o'er her path so queenly,"—

Prison Reveries—Storm: By H. W. B., of Kentucky. Johnson's Island, August, 1863. (E. V. M., '69.)

"The storm-capped waves are firecely breaking
With sullen roll and snowy crest,"—

The Prisoner's Dream: By Col. B. H. Jones, Johnson's Island, November, 1864. (Sunny.)

"I dreamed 'twas the Sabbath day, Letitia,
The sky serene and blue,"—

A Prisoner's Fancy: By Col. W. S. Hawkins. (Sunny.)

"Though I rest in a Prison, and long miles between us be,
Past the guards and through the distance, sweet, my soul goes out to thee"—

Prisoner's Lament: By Captain Clarkson of Missouri. Set to music by D. O. Booker of Tennessee, while both were prisoners of war on Johnson's Island. (Hubner.)

"My home is on a sea girt isle,
Far far away from thee"—

The Prisoner of State: A. D., 1865. (C. C.)

"I see him in his loathsome cell
The martyr of a ruined cause,"—

A Private in the Ranks: Suggested by a chapter in "Macaria." By C. E. McC. Dauphin Island, May 5, A. D. 1864. (C. C.)

"No tinselled bar his collar bears;
No epaulette or star,"—

Privates in the Ranks: By Lieut. E. C. McCarthy. (Sunny.)

"No golden bar his collar wears,
No epaulette or star,"—

Private Maguire: (Alsb.)

"Ach, its nate to be Captain or Colonel,
Divil a bit would I want to be higher;"—

Pro Aris et Focis: Song of the Spartan Rifleman: 1861. (R. N S. from the Spartansburg *Express.*)

"Our banner the gift of the gentle and fair,
How proudly it floats in the morning air,"—

Pro Memoria: Air, "There is rest for the weary." By Ina M. Porter, of Alabama. (W. G. S.)

"Lo! the Southland Queen, emergin:
From her sad and wintry gloom,"

Prometheus Vinctus: By Fanny Downing. (E. V. M. '69.)

"Prometheus on the cold rock bound,
The vulture at his heart,"—

Promise of Spring: (W. G. S.)

"The sun-beguiling breeze,
From the soft Cuban seas,"—

Prosopopeia—Virginia's Call to Arms: March, 1861. (S. L. M., April, 1861.)

"Come from your mountain regions,
Come from your plains afar,"—

Quam diu tandem abutere patientia no: By B., Baltimore, June 30, 1861. (R. B. B. 4.)

"Come gentle muse, give me your aid,
Keen make my pen as Ashby's blade!

Quantrell's Call: Air, "Pirate's Serenade." (Im.)

"Up, comrades up, the moon is in the west,
And we must be gone at the dawn of the day,"—

Rachel of Rama, St. Matthew II, 18: By Christopher Waife. S. W. Virginia, January 4, 1863. (S. L. M., August '63.)

"When the river floweth,
Floweth to the sea,"—

Rally Around the Stars and Bars: By Robert Lamp, 51st Georgia Vols. (R. B. B. 94.)

"Rally round your country's flag, ye freemen of the South,
Gird on your armor for the fray, go ye to battle forth,"—

Rally of the South: [By C. B. Northrup]. (Outcast.)

"Gallant men of Southern blood,"—

Rally Round the Flag, Boys! (Army.)

"We are marching to the field, boys, we are going to the fight,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom."—

Rally Round the Standard, Boys: (R. B. B. 94.)

"My heart is in the South, boys, my heart is not here,
We will rally round the South, boys, for liberty, so dear,"—

Rallying Song of the Virginians: Air, "Scots, wha hae:" By Susan Archer Talley. S. L. M., Ed. Table, June, 1861. (E. V. M.)

"Now rouse ye, gallant comrades all,
And ready stand, in war's array,"—

Ranger's Farewell: By ———, of Col. Wm. H. Parson's Regiment. (Alsb.)

"Come fathers, sons and brothers! it is your country's call!
If you've the heart and courage to face a cannon ball!"—

Ranger's Lay: Air, "I'll hang my harp on the willow tree." By Mrs. Mary L. Wilson. (Alsb.)

"Here, for the cause that the valiant love, we claim the right to die!
On the battle-field shall our sabres prove that right is valued high,"—

Ranger's Parting Song: By G. W. Archer, M. D. (E. V. M., '69.)

"A mystic spell lures men to dwell
Far far from wilds away,"—

Rappahannock Army Song: By John C. McLemore. (W. G. S., from the Richmond *Enquirer*.)

"The toil of the march is over—
The pack will be borne no more"—

Raden-Linden: By Col. B. H. Jones, Prisoner of War, ohnson's Island, November 3, 1864. (C. S. B.)

"In prison, when the sun was up,
Each "reb" licked clean his plate and cup"—

Reading the List: (W. G. S.)

"Is there any news of the war? she said—
Only a list of the wounded and dead,"—

The Reaper: Fort Taylord, N. C. (E. V. M.)

"The apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper's begun,"—

The Reason Why: By Col. B. N. Jones. (Sunny.)

"From streets and alleys float afar,
The moanings of this famine war,"—

The Reason "Why:" By Rev. John Collins McCabe, D.D. Richmond, 1862. (S. L. M., Nov. and Dec., 1862.)

"Is it 'beyond all wonder' how amid the battle thunder,
They can fight, those 'ragged wretches,' while your well dressed soldiers fly,"—

Rebel Prisoner: (Alsb.)

"One morning, one morning, one morning in May,
I heard a poor soldier lamenting, and say:"—

The Rebel Sock: By Mrs. M. B. Clarke. (E. V. M., '69.)

"In all the pomp and pride of war
The Lincolnite was dressed,"—

A Rebel Soldier, Killed in the Trenches Before Petersburg, Va., April 15, 1865: By A Kentucky Girl. (W. G. S.)

"Killed in the trenches! How cold and bare
The inscription graved on the white card there"—

Rebel Toasts: Or Drink It Down! (Alsb.)

"O, here's to South Carolina! drink it down,
Here's to South Carolina! drink it down,"—

Rebel's Dream: By A. F. Leovy. (Fag.)

"Softly in dreams of repose,
A vision so pure and so sweet,"—

Rebel's Requiem: By Col. M. V. Moore of Auburn, Alabama. (Hubner.)

"Oh, give him a grave when the victory's won
In the dust of his own dear clime,"—

Rebel's Retort: Air, "Cocachelunk." (R. B. B., 96.)

"Tell us not we will make blunders,
That our hopes are but a dream,"—

Rebels! 'Tis a Holy Name: By Rev. Mr. Garesche, of St. Louis. (E. V. M. from the Atlanta *Confederacy*.)

"Rebels! 'Tis a holy name,
The name our father's bore,"—

Recapture of Galveston: Air, "Happy Land of Canaan." By M. E. Beaver. (Alsb.)

"Now all you girls and boys
Open your ears and hush your noise,"—

Recognition of the Southern Confederacy: Air, "Rosseau's Dream." (West. Res.)

"Recognize us, recognize us,
From the South the noble cry,"—

The Recompense: By Captain J. B. Clarke, 18th Miss. Infantry. (Sunny.)

"From out the Irish peasant's hut
There came a doleful wail,"—

The Recruiting Sergeant: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"I am a Southern Recruiting Sergeant, oho!
The way that the ranks can be filled up I know"—

Redeemed! By a Prisoner in solitary confinement, May 31, 1865. (W. L.)

"What, though the wrong, I have defied
And smote it with the fleshy sword;"—

The Red Zouave: (S. L. M., Nov., 1861.)

"The stars were bright, the breeze was still
The cicada and the whippoorwill"—

Reddato Gladium! Virginia to Winfield Scott. By E. W. S. L. M., November and December, 1862. (W. G. S. from the Richmond *Whig*.)

"A voice is heard in Ramah!"—
High sounds are in the gale!"—

Re-Enlist: By Mrs. Margarita J. Canedo. (S. B. P.)

"What! shall we now throw down the blade,
And doff the helmet from our brows?"—

Regulus: By Margaret J. Preston. (E. V. M.)

"Have ye no mercy? Punic rage
Boasted small skill in torture, when"—

Requiem for 1861: By H. C. B. (Bohemian from the *Southern Field and Fireside.*)

"Year of terror, year of strife
Year with evil passions rife,"—

Retreat of the Grand Army from Bull Run: Air, "Sweet Evelina." By Ernest Clifton, (Mr. Piersol of Baltimore,) Baltimore, Maryland. (R. B. B., 11.)

"Way down in Virginia,
That glorious old State,"—

Retreat of the 60,000 Lincoln Troops: July 15, 1861. (R. B. B., 95.)

" 'Twas a clear and a beautiful day,
And the sun was in the sky,"—

The Return: (W. G. S.)

"Three years! I wonder if she'll know me?
I limp a little, and I left one arm"—

The Return Home: Philadelphia, July, 1865. (W. L.)

"Aye, give them welcome home, fair South!
For you they've made a deathless name;"—

Rich Mountain: By William H. Holcombe, M.D. (S. L. M., Nov., 1861.)

"The clash of arms, the tread of hurrying feet,
Shoutings and groans, and victory and retreat,"—

A Richmond Heroine: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"A pretty girl, through whose soft hair
Daintily played warm Southern air,"—

Richmond is a Hard Road to Travel: Air, "Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel." Dedicated to General A. E. Burnside. (C. S. B.)

"Would you like to hear my song—I'm afraid it's rather long,
Of the famous "On to Richmond" double trouble;"—

Richmond on the James: By Anna Marie Welby, Louisville, Kentucky, July, 1862. (E. V. M.)

"A soldier boy from Bourbon, lay gasping on the field,
When the battle's shock was over and the foe was forced to yield;"—

Riding a Raid: Air, "Bonny Dundee." (E. V. M.)
" 'Tis old Stonewall the Rebel that leans on his sword,
And while we are mounting prays low to the Lord:"—

Rode's Brigade Charge at Seven Pines: By W. P. C., of Virginia. (E. V. M.)
"Down by the valley, 'mid thunder and lightning,
Down by the valley, 'mid jettings of light,"—

Root Hog or Die: The Camp Version. (J. M. S.)
"Abe Lincoln keeps kicking up a fuss,
Think he'd better stop, for he'll only make it worse,"—

A Rumor of Peace: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)
"I think a voice divine hath stirrred the air;
I do not breathe so heavily,"—

Rum Raid at Velasco: Air, "Dixie." By Waul's Legion, written by one of the Bucket-eers. (Alsb.)
"One night when we were getting dry,
A little old whiskey was the cry:"—

The Run from Manasses Junction: (P. P. B.)
"Yankee Doodle went to war
On his little pony"—

Run Yanks, or Die! Air, "Root Hog, or Die." By T. W. Crowson. (Alsb.)
"Now if you all will listen while I relate
About the cause of Freedom you're here to calculate:"—

Sabbath Bells: (E. V. M. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)
"Those Sabbath bells! Those Sabbath bells!
No more their soothing music tells."—

Sabine Pass: Dedicated to the Davis Guards—the Living and the Dead. By Mrs. M. J. Young. (Alsb.)
"Sabine Pass in letters of gold
Seem written upon the sky today"—

Sacrifice: (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)
"Another victim to the sacrifice!
Oh! my own mother South,"—

St. John, the Baptist, Patron of South Carolina: [By C. B. Northrup]. (Outcast.)
"Eternal glory to our patron saint"—

The Salkehatchie: Written when a garrison at or near Salkehatchie Bridge were threatening a raid up in the Fort of Big and Little Salkehatchie. By Emily J. Moore. (W. G. S.)
"The crystal streams, the pearly streams,
The streams in sunbeams flashing,"—

The Santa Fe Volunteer: Air, "Mary's Dream." (Alsb.)

"O when I went away from you, it fill'ed my heart with grief and woe;
You gave to me the parting hand, wishing me safe in yonder land:"—

The Saucy Little Turtle: Air, "Coming through the Rye." (R. B. B., 99.)

"Down in Mississippi river,
The other day,"—

Savannah: By Alethea S. Burroughs. (W. G. S.)

"Thou hast not drooped thy stately head,
Thy woes a wondrous beauty shed"—

Savannah Fallen: By Alethea S. Burroughs, of Georgia. (W. G. S.)

"Bowing her head to the dust of the earth,
Smitten and stricken is she,"—

Scenes: By Paul H. Hayne. (Amaranth from the *Southern Illustrated News.*)

"Oh, God! if gifted with an angel's flight,
And somewhat of an angel's mystic sight,"—

Scene in a Country Hospital: By Paul H. Hayne. (Amaranth, from the *Southern Illustrated News.*)

"Here, lonely, wounded and apart,
From out my casement's glimmering round,"—

The Sea-Kings of the South: By Edward C. Bruce, of Winchester, Virginia. (W. G. S. from the Richmond *Sentinel*, March 30, 1863.)

"Full many have sung of the victories our warriors have won,
From Bethel, by the eastern tide, to sunny Galveston"—

Sea-Weeds: Written in Exile: By Annie Chambers Ketchum. (W. G. S.)

"Friend of the thoughtful mind and gentle heart!
Beneath the citron-tree"—

Secession, or Uncle Sam's Troublesome Daughters: 1862. (C. C.)

"Waking up one lovely morning,
In the Autumn's rarest prime"—

Semmes' Sword: By Mrs. Margaret J. Preston. Beechmore, 1866. (E. V. M.)

"Into the sea he hurled it,
Into the weltering sea,"—

The Sentinel: Hanover County, Virginia, January 1, 1862. (Bohemian.)

"When the curtains are drawn and the candles are lit,
And cozy and warm by the fire-side I sit,"—

The Sentinel's Dream of Home: By Col. A. M. Hobby, Galveston, February 1, 1864. (Alsb.)

" 'Tis dead of night, nor voice, nor sound breaks on the stillness of the air,
The waning moon goes coldly down on frozen fields and forests bare."—

The Sentinel's Reverie: By Mrs. Margaret Piggot. Petersburg, March 25, 1863. (S. L. M., April, '63.)

"I face my dull round by the bank of the river,
About me the night, and before me the foe;"—

Sentry's Call: "Half-past ten o'clock and all is well!" By W. L. Sibley. Prisoner, Johnson's Island, 1865. (W. L.)

"Silence, deep, profound, mysterious,
Gains her way with subtle power,"—

The Serenade of the 300,000 Federal Ghosts: Respectfully dedicated to Old Black Abe. (R. B. B., 58.)

"From the battle field afar, where the wounded and the dying,
Are lying side by side, while serried hosts are flying,"—

1776–1861: Air, "Bruce's Address." (E. V. M.)

"Sons of the South! from hill and dale,
From mountain top, and lowly vale,"—

Seventy-Six and Sixty-One: By John W. Overall, of Louisiana. (W. G. S.)

"Ye spirits of the glorious dead!
Ye watchers in the sky!"—

Shades of Our Fathers: An Ode. By W. Gilmore Simms. (S. L. M., Feb. and March, '62.)

"Shades of our Fathers! Shall it be,
That we whose sires were ever free,"—

Shell the City! Shell! By W. Gilmore Simms. (W. G. S.)

"Shell the city! shell!
Ye myrmidons of Hell;"—

The Shenandoah Sufferers: By A Voice from New England. A. D., 1864. (C. C.)

"The Shenandoah Valley, the garden of earth
When beauty and plenty sprang joyously forth"—

Shermanized: By L. Virginia French. (E. V. M.)

"In this city of Atlanta, on a dire and dreadful day,
'Mid the raging of the conflict, 'mid the thunder of the fray,"—

Sherman's Bummers: Parody on the "Knickerbocker Line" and respectfully dedicated to the Bummers of Sherman's Army. By H. H. C., 6th No. V. V. I. (R. B. B., 98.)

"Come listen to my good old Song,
About a Bum m-e-r"—

Shiloh! Louisiana, June, 1862. (Alsb.)
"Night brooded o'er the Federal camp,
And the breeze blew soft and free,"—

Shiloh: By Margaret Stilling: (Bohemian, from the Richmond *Enquirer*.)
"Golden lights on the purple hills,
A rosy blush on the valleys fair,"—

The Ship of State: Sonnet. (W. G. S., from the Charleston *Mercury*.)
"Here lie the peril and necessity
That need a race of giants—a great realm"—

The Ship of State: By Mrs. C. A. Warfield. (E. V. M.)
"A good ship o'er a stormy sea,
Before the gale is driving,"—

Short Rations: A Song—dedicated to the Cornfed Army of Tennessee. In the field near Dalton, Georgia. December 22, 1863. (W. F.)
"Fair ladies and maids of all ages,
Little girls and cadets howe'er youthful"—

Shot! By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)
"O Brain, come quickly with your art,
Show me some scenes to calm my heart,"—

Shot through the Heart: By Ina M. Porter. (B. E.)
"Across the brown and wintry morn,
Borne on the soft wind's wing,"—

Sic Semper: By a Virginian. (R. B. B., 98.)
"Enthroned in obloquy, Abe Lincoln sits,
And with his weighty axe, a rail he splits,"—

Sic Semper Tyrannis: By Fanny Downing. (Amaranth.)
"They have torn off the crown from her beautiful brow,
Yet she never seemed half so majestic as now,"—

Sic Semper Tyrranis! By Wm. M. Holcombe, M.D. (S. L. M., Oct., '61.)
"When the bloody and perjur'd usurper called forth
His minions and tools—to the shame of the North!"—

Silence: By Lieut. J. E. Dooley. (Sunny.)
"There's silence in the prison,
There's silence on the shore,"—

The Silent March: By Walker Meriweather Bell. (W. L.):
"O'ercome with weariness and care
The war-worn veteran lay,"—

The Single Star and The Palmetto Banner: [By C. B. Northrup]. (Outcast.)

"Alone the single star
Of our clear state is gleaming,"—

Slap: By Klubs (James R. Randall). (S. L. M., Ed. Table, January, 1862, from the New Orleans *Delta* of 1861.)

"Ho, gallants! brim the beaker bowl,
And click the festal glasses, oh!"—

The Soldier: (Army.)

" 'Tis not on the battle-field
That I would wish to die,"—

Soldier, I Stay to Pray for Thee: By J. S. Thorrington. (Fag.)

"Lady, I go to fight for thee,
Where gory banners wave,"—

The Soldier in the Rain: By Julia L. Keyes. (W. G. S., from the *Patriot and Mountaineer.*)

"Ah me! the rain has a sadder sound
Than it ever had before,"—

A Soldier-Name Unknown: By F. B., Atlanta, August 19, 1864. (W. F.)

"What is glory? A perfume whose own exhalations
Itself must exhaust in the end;"—

The Soldier of the Cross: Suggested by Bishop Polk's appointment in the rebel army. (P. & P. B. from the Savannah *News.*)

"Down from the hill where earthly dross
Ne'er stained the sacred feet,"—

The Soldier Who Died Today: Macon, Georgia, A. D., 1863. (C. C..)

"Only a humble cart
Threading the careless crowd,"—

The Soldier's Amen: (Alsb.)

"As a couple of good soldiers were walking one day,
Said one to the other, 'Let's kneel down and pray'! "—

The Soldier's Battle Prayer: (Selected.) (S. L. M., April, '62.)

"Father, I trust thee!
Life, was thy gift, thou can'st now shield it,"—

Soldier's Dear Old Home: By Rev. Mr. Joyce, Chaplain Arizona Brigade. (Alsb.)

"We are a band of brothers,
Wild and fearless will we roam"—

The Soldier's Death: By A. B. Cunningham. (Alsb.)
"The night-cloud had lowered o'er Shiloh's red plain,
And the blast howl'd sadly o'er wounded and slain,"—

A Soldier's Dream: (C. S. B.)
"Last night as I toasted
My wet feet and roasted"—

The Soldier's Dream: (Lee)
"Our bugles sand truce, for the night cloud had lowr'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,"—

Soldier's Dream: By Fr. Sulzner. (Fag.)
"I am dreaming of thee,
Dearest, I am dreaming still of thee,"—

Soldier's Farewell: Air, 'Rosin the Bow." (Randolph.)
"Hark! the tocsin is sounding, my comrades—
Bind your knapsacks, away let us go,"—

Soldier's Farewell: By John H. Hewitt: (Lee.)
"The bugle sounds upon the plain,
Our men are gath-ring fast;"—

The Soldier's Farewell to his Wife: By Wm. K. Campbell, Greenville, S. C. James Island, 1862. (E. V. M.)
"Side by side and hand in hand,
Silently we sit;"—

The Soldier's Grave: (J. M. S.)
"Oh stranger, tread lightly, 'tis holy ground here,
In death's cold embrace, the soldier sleepeth there,"—

The Soldier's Grave: By Pearl. (E. V. M. from the *Victoria Advocate.*)
" 'Tis where no chisel's tracing tells
The humble sleeper's name,"—

The Soldier's Heart: By F. P. Beaufort. (S. B. P.)
"The trumpet calls, and I must go,
To meet the vile, invading foe;"—

Soldier's Lament: By Wm. Lewis, Kauffman Co., Texas. (Alsb.)
"Last Christmas day I left my home, my children and my wife,
Far, far away I had to go, and lead a soldier's life;"—

The Soldier's Last Combat: By Mrs. Elizabeth E. Harper, October, 1861. (E. V. M.)
"The soldier girded his armor on,
The fire of hope in his bright eye shone,"—

Soldier's Letters: (E. V. M., '69.)
"The mail! the mail!
And sun-burned cheeks and eager eyes"—

The Soldier's Mission: By A. W. Morse. (Fag.)
"Haste thee, falter not, noble patriot band,
Bravely meet thy lot, firm maintain thy stand,"—

The Soldier's Return: By Anna Ward. January, 1862. (Im.)
"Did he come in the pride of manhood,
Flushed with a soldier's fame?"—

Soldier's Song of Pass Cavallo: By Col. C. G. Forshey, C. S. Eng. Fort Esperanza, Pass Cavallo. March, 1862. (Alsb.)
"Down the Matagorda Bay, flow the waters smooth and shallow,
Gaining fleetness on the way, hurrying down to Pass Cavallo;"—

Soldier's Suit of Gray: By Carrie Belle Sinclair. (Alsb.)
"I've seen some handsome uniforms deck'd off with buttons bright,
And some that are so very gay they almost blind the sight;"—

The Soldier's Sweet Home: Air, "Home, Sweet Home." By Mrs. Mary L. Wilson, San Antonio. (Alsb.)
"The soldier who o'er the lone prairie doth roam,
Oft sighs for the far distant pleasures of home"—

A Solemn Dirge: Placarded in Charleston, 186—, on the removal of Gen. Sickles. (Mr. Samuel's Scrapbook, Ridgway)
"King Dan is dead—he breathed his last,
We ne'er see him more,"—

Soldier Talk: To the tune of "Walk-In, Walk-In, Walk-In, I Say and Hear My Banjo Play." By Captain T. F. Roche, C. S. A. 1865, Fort Delaware. (Roche.)
"One very funny habit when this cruel war am done,
Will common as the devil be, to each and every one,"—

Somebody's Darling: By Miss Marie Lacoste, of Savannah, Georgia. (E. V. M. from the *Southern Churchman.*)
"Into a ward of the whitewashed walls
Where the dead and dying lay"—

Song: Air, "Faintly Flow Thy Falling River." (E. V. M.)
"Here we bring a fragrant tribute,
To the bed where valor sleeps,"—

Song: Air, "Happy Land of Canaan." (R. B. B., 40.)
"You Rebels come along and listen to my song
The subject of the same is not worth naming,"—

A Song: Written by an inmate of the Old Capitol Prison in Washington City, and sung by his fellow prisoners. (R. R. from the Richmond *Sentinel.*)
"Rebel is a sacred name,
Traitor, too, is glorious;"—

Song, Bull's Run: (R. B. B., 13.)

"Come gentle muse, give me your aid,
Sharp make my pen as Ashby's blade"—

A Song for Dogs: 1864. (West. Res.)

"Our fathers were men in the days that are past—
What a pity it is that our fathers are dead!

Song for the Irish Brigade: By Shamrock of the Sumpter Rifles. (R. R.)

"Not now for the songs of a nation's wrongs,
Nor the groans of starving labor,"

Song for the South: (Randolph)

"A shout! a wild glad shout of joy!
Ho! all ye sons of freedom, rise"—

Song for the South: (R. R.)

"Of all the mighty nations, in the East or in the West,
Our glorious Southern nation is the greatest and the best;"—

Song of Hooker's Picket: (Fag. from the *Southern Illustrated News*, February 21, 1863)

"I'm 'nation tired of being hired
To fight for a shilling a day;"—

Song of our Glorious Southland: By Mrs. Mary Ware. (W. G. S. from the *Southern Field and Fireside.*)

"Oh, sing of our glorious Southland,
The pride of the golden sun!"—

Song of Spring (1864): By John A. Wagener of South Carolina. (W. G. S.)

"Spring has come! Spring has come!
The brightening earth, the sparkling dew"—

Song of the Baltimore Rebels: Air, "Wait For the Wagon." (R. B. B., 77.)

"Let us join the army,
Let us join the army, and drive the Hessians home,"—

Song of the "Bloody Sixth" at Camp Chase, Ohio: (Alsb.)

"We have sung of Benny Havens and Camp McCullough, O—
When cups were filled with good old Rye in happy days of yore;"—

Song of the C. R.'s of M.: Air, "Villikins and his Dinah." By F. B. (W. F.)

"Our motto is fun and though dark be the hour
His heart is a craven's who lets it go sour;"—

The Song of the Drum: (R. B. B., p. 100.)

"Oh, the drum, it rattles so loud,
When it calls me, with its rattle,"—

The Song of the Exile: Air, "Dixie." By B, Martinsburg, Virginia, December 10, 1861. (C. S. B.)

"O here I am in the land of cotton,
The flag once honored is now forgotten"—

Song of the Fifth Texas Regiment: Air, "Happy Land of Canaan.', (Alsb.)

"O! the Bayou City Guards, they will never ask for odds,
When the Yankees in a close place get them, ha! ha!"—

Song of the First Virginia Cavalry: (Amaranth from the *Southern Illustrated News.*)

"Mount ! Mount! and away!
Stay not to entwine"—

Song of the Freedmen: By A. R. Watson, Atlanta, Georgia. (E. V. M.)

"A freedman sat on a pile of bricks,
As the rain was pattering down"—

Song of the Privateer: By Quien Sabe? Baltimore, October 10, 1861. (R. B. B.)

"Away o'er the boundless sea
With steady hearts and free"—

Song of the Privateer: By Alexander H. Cummins: (R. R.)

"Fearlessly the seas we roam,
Tossed by each briny wave;"—

Song of the Rebel: By Esten Cooke, Camp "No Camp." December 1, 1862. (W. L.)

"Oh! not a heart in all our host
But feels a noble thrill,"—

Song of the Sentinel: (Bohemian from the Richmond *Dispatch*)

"Sleep, comrade! sleep in slumbers deep!
No foe across our line shall creep;"—

Song of the Sergeant of the Guard: Written by the Guard Fire, Vienna, Virginia, August 1, 1862. (July and August, '62, S. L. M.)

"I think of you, my child,
While the long hours move slow;"—

The Song of the Snow: By Mrs. M. J. Preston, Lexington, Virginia. (C. S. B.)

"Halt! the march is over
Day is almost done"—

Song of the South: (Bohemian, from the New Orleans *Sunday Delta.*)

"The genius of the Western world,
Stood silent by the sea;"—

The Song of the South: (R. R.)

"Hurrah for the South, the glorious South! the land of song and story—
Her name shall ring and the world shall sing her honor, fame and glory;"—

Song of the South: Choir: (Amaranth from *The Land We Love.*)

"Sing us a song of the South we love!
O! minstrel sing us a song!"—

Song of the Southern Soldier: Air, "Barclay and Perkin's Drayman." By P. E. C. (C. C., from the Richmond *Examiner.*)

"I'm a soldier, you see, that oppression has made,
I don't fight for pay or for booty,"—

Song of the Southern Women: By Julia Mildred. (P. & P. B.)

"O Abraham Lincoln! we call thee to hark
To the song we are singing, we Joans of Arc."—

The Song of the Sword: Suggested at seeing a sick and wounded Confederate soldier left to die at the Crater farm, near Petersburg, Virginia, May 26, 1866 [1864?]. (C. C.)

"Weary and wounded and worn,
Wounded and ready to die,"—

Song of the Texas Rangers: Inscribed to Mrs. John H. Wharton. Air, "Yellow Rose of Texas." By Mrs. J. D. Young. (E. V. M.)

"The morning star is paling,
The camp fires flicker low,"—

Song of the Times: (Hopkins.)

"Let hard times assail us,
Let poverty nail us"—

Song of the Washington Volunteers: (Randolph.)

"When war's fierce trumpet notes resounded,
Whose bold, defiant shouts were sounded?"—

Song on General Scott: Tune, "Poor Old Horse, Let Him Die." By N. B. J. (P. & P. B.)

"Virginia had a son
Who gathered up some fame"—

Song Written for the "Gilmer Blues" of Lexington, Georgia: Air, "Dixie." By E. Young. (Bohemian.)

"Comrades, come and join the chorus,
Sing for the land whose flag waves o'er us,"—

Sonnet: (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)
"Man makes his own dread fates, and these in turn
Create his tyrants. In our lust and passion"—

Sonnet: (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)
"Democracy hath done its work of ill,
And, seeming freemen, never to be free,"—

Sonnet: By Paul H. Hayne. (W. G. S.)
"Rise from your gory ashes stern and pale,
Ye martyred thousands!"—

Sonnet to Mrs. Isabella Quinnell: By F. B., Globe Hospital, Richmond, May, 1862. (W. F.)
"The soldier lays upon his helpless bed
Far from his home, reft of maternal care;"—

Sonnet: To Resistance: By W. H. P. (S. L. M., May, '62 from the New Orleans *Delta*.)
"Shriek out hoarse guns into the startled air!
A nation's Liberty! a Nation's Peace,"—

Sonnet Written in 1864: (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)
"What right to freedom when we are not free?
When all the passions goad us into lust;"—

Sons of Freedom: By Nanny Gray. (Bohemian from the Richmond *Whig*.)
"Sons of Freedom, on to glory,
Go, where brave men do or die,"—

Sons of Kentucky: (Randolph.)
"Kentucky's Sons! and will ye serviles be,
While Southrons rise their honor to defend?"—

Sons of the South: Air, "Bruce's Address." (Randolph.)
"Sons of the South! from hill and dale,
From mountain top and lowly vale,"—

Sons of the South, Arise! By W. G. Simms. (S. L. M., February and March, '62.)
"Sons of the South, no longer sleep, Arise,
The foeman's foot is planted on your shores,"—

Souls of Heroes: (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)
"Souls of heroes, ascended from fields you have won,
Still smiles on the conflict so greatly begun;

Soul of the South, an Ode: By Wm. Gilmore Simms. (S. L. M., February and March, '62.)
" 'Twas a goodly boon that our fathers gave,
And it fits but ill to be held by the slave,"—

The South: (Md. Hist. B.)

"The South I wonder every heart,
Don't with emotion beat;"—

The South (1865): By G, Savannah, Georgia, August 17, 1865. (W. L.)

"Her head is bowed downwards: so pensive her air,
As she looks on the ground with her pale, solemn face,"—

The South: By Father Ryan. (C. S. B.)

"Yes, give me the land
Where the ruins are spread,' —

The South: By Charlie Wildwood. Music by John H. Hewitt. published by Julian A. Selby, Columbia, South Carolina, (R. R. and R. B. M., 1863.)

"The bright rose of beauty, unnurtur'd by art,
And purity's lily doth thrive in thy heart' —

The South and North: (R. B. B., 101.)

"The Southrons and the Northers, oh
Have got into a fight,"—

The South for Me: (R. R.)

"The South for me! the sunny clime,
Where earth is clothed in beauty's hue"—

The South in Arms: By Rev. J. B. Martin. (R. R.)

"Oh! see ye not the sight sublime,
Unequalled in all previous time"—

The South is Up: By P. E. C. (R. R.)

"The South is up in stern array—
Chasseurs and Zouaves and Gallic Guard"—

The South; Or, I Love Thee the More: (Alsb.)

"My heart in its sadness turns fondly to thee,
Dear land where our loved ones fought hard to be free"—

The South Our Country: By E. M. Thompson. (Fag.)

"Our country, our country, oh where may we find,
Amid all the proud relics of legion or story,"—

Southern Carolina, A Patriotic Ode: Charleston, South Carolina, 1861. (Md. Hist. B.)

"Land of the Palmetto tree
Sweet home of liberty"—

South Carolina: By S. Henry Dickson. December 20, 1860. (W. G. S.)

"The deed is done! the die is cast;
The glorious Rubicon is passed"—

South Carolina: By Gossipium. (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)

"My brave old Country! I have watched thee long,
Still ever first to rise against the wrong;"—

South Carolina: By Willie Lightheart: (Bohemian from the Charleston *Courier*.)

"My land, my Carolina, dear!
My warm, bright sunny home"—

South Carolina Hymn of Independence: Air, "The Marseillaise." [By C. B. Northrup]. (Outcast)

"South Carolinians! proudly see
Our state proclaimed to all the world"—

The South Banner: By Col. W. S. Hawkins, C. S. A., Camp Chase, Ohio. (Fag.)

"Sing ho! for the Southerner's meteor flag
As 'tis flung in its pride to the breeze,"—

A Southern Battle Hymn: May 25, 1861. (C. C.)

"God of our fathers! King of Kings!
Lord of the earth and sea!"—

Southern Battle Song: Air, "Bruce's Address." (R.R.)

"Raise the Southern flag on high!
Shout aloud the battle-cry!"

Southern Battle Song: By C. [James Cahill?] Baltimore, October, 1862. (R. B. B., 102.)

"Come gallant sons of noble sires,
Whose bosoms glow with patriotic fires!"—

Southern Border Song: Air, "Blue Bonnets over the Border." (S. L. M., July, 1861.)

"March! March! Southerners fearlessly march!
Have ye not heard of the ruthless marauder?"—

Southern Captives: By Captain Sam Houston. (Alsb.)

"Softly comes the twilight, stealing softly through my prison bars;
While from out the vault of heaven gently glimmering come the stars;"—

Southern Chant of Defiance: By Mrs. C. A. Warfield of Kentucky. Music by A. E. Blackmar. (E. V. M.)

"You can never win them back;
Never, never;"—

The Southern Cross: (R. R.)

"Fling wide each fold, brave flag, unrolled,
In all thy breadth and length!"—

The Southern Cross: To his Excellency President Davis, from his fellow citizens, Ellen Key Blunt, and J. T. Mason Blunt, of Maryland and Virginia. Paris, 1862. (S. L. M., September and October, 1862.) (R. R.)

"In the name of God! Amen!
Stand for our Southern rights!"—

The Southern Cross: By St. George Tucker, of Virginia. (S. L. M., March, 1861.) (W. G. S.)

"Oh! say can you see through the gloom and the storm,
More bright for the darkness, that pure constellation?"—

The Southern Flag: Air, "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea." (Fag.)

"Three cheers for the Southern flag,
That floats upon the gale,"—

Southern Flag: By Lt. Sam Houston. (Alsb.)

"Flag of the South! whose golden folds
Shine with a nation's stars new-born,"—

A Southern Gathering Song: Air, "Hail Columbia." By L. Virginia French. (R. R.)

"Sons of the South, beware the foe!
Hark to the murmur deep and low"—

Southern Girl and Parody: The Homespun Plaid: (R. B. B., 104.)

"Oh, call me not a Southern girl,
I'm weary of the name;"—

A Southern Girl's Song: Air, "Come away, love." By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Come away, love, from our foes, love;
Come and seek a nobler cause"—

The Southern Homes in Ruin: By R. B. Vance, of North Carolina. (W. G. S.)

"Many a gray-haired sire has died
As falls the oak—to rise no more,"—

Southern Land: Air, "Dixie's Land." (C. S. B. from the Charleston *Courier.*)

"We dwell where skies are bright above us,
Cheered by smiles from all who love us,"—

Southern Marseillaise: Air, "Marseilles Hymn." (Randolph.)

"Soldiers, rouse ye to the battle,
Arm, arm ye at your country's call,"—

Southern Marseillaise: (J. M. S.)

"Sons of the South! awake to glory,
A thousand voices bid you rise,"—

Southern Marseillaise: (Beau.)

"Ye men of Southern hearts and feeling,
Arm, Arm! your struggling country calls"—

The Southern Matron to Her Son: Air, "Oh, No, My Love, No." (R. B. B., 105.)

"I weep as I leave you, with bitter emotion,
Yet view me in kindness, refraining from blame;"—

Southern Mother's Lament: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"The head that lay upon my breast—
O God! elsewhere it findeth rest,"—

The Southern Oath: By Rosa Vertner Jeffry. July 22, 1862. (E. V. M.)

"By the cross upon our banner,
Glory of one Southern sky,"—

Southern Patriotism: January, 1861. (R. N. S. from the Spartansburg *Express*)

"Love thy country, thus each sire
With the lesson undefined,"—

The Southern Patriot's Lament: Written in Fort Warren Prison in 1864. (Amaranth.)

"I am a captive on a hostile shore,
Caged like the falcon from its native skies,"—

Southern Pleiades: By Laura Lorrimer. (Bohemian from the Nashville *Patriot.*)

"When first our Southern flag arose,
Beside the heaving sea,"—

Southern Prisoner Gives His Thanks to the Baltimore Ladies: Air, "American Boy." (R. B. B., 72.)

"I left Winchester Court-House, all in the month of May,
And from this great starvation I was glad to get away"—

The Southern Republic: By Olive Tully Thomas, Mississippi. (W. G. S.)

"In the galaxy of nations
A nation's flag unfurled,"—

A Southern Scene, 1862: (E. V. M.)

"Oh Mammy have you heard the news?"
Thus spake a Southern child,"—

Southern Sentiment: By Rev. A. M. Box. (Alsb.)

"The North may think the South will yield,
And seek for a place in the Union again;"—

Southern Sentiment: (Same as *The Northern Hordes*). Air, "Let Haughty Gaul Invasion Threat." By B., Baltimore, October 6, 1861. (R. B. B., 106:)

"The Northern hordes invasion threat,
But we are not alarmed;"—

The Southern Soldier Boy: As sung by Miss Sallie Partington in the "Virginia Cavalier" at the Richmond New Theatre. Air, "The Boy with the Auburn Hair." By Capt. C. W. Alexander, R. A. C. and A. P. M. (R. B. M., 1863.)

"Bob Roebuck is my sweetheart's name,
He's off to the wars and gone,"—

Southern Soldier Boy: By Father A. J. Ryan. (Fag.)

"Young as the youngest who donned the gray,
True as the truest who wore it,"—

Southern Song: Tune, "Wait for the Wagon." (R. R. from the Raleigh *Register*.)

"Come all ye sons of freedom,
And join our Southern band,"—

A Southern Song: By Miss Maria Grason, Queen Anne Co., Md. (E. V. M., '69.)

"While crimson drops our hearthstone stains,
And Northern despots forge our chain,"—

Southern Song: By L. M. (R. R. from the Louisville *Courier*.)

"If ever I consent to be married,
(And who would refuse a good mate?"—

A Southern Song: Address to her Maryland lover by a Virginia Girl. Air, "Fly to the Desert." By M. F. Q. Richmond, May 3, 1861. (R. B. B.)

"Fly to the South, come fly to me
In Richmond there's a home for thee;"—

A Southern Song: Reply to the Virginia Girl's Address to her Maryland Lover. By O. H. S. ——— Cola. Baltimore, 1861. (R. B. B., 2.)

"Farewell to submission
Whoever may crave,"—

Southern Song of Freedom: Air, "The Minstrels' Return." By J. H. H. (R. R.)

"A Nation has sprung into life
Beneath the bright Cross of the South"—

Southern Union: (Randolph.)

"Hail to the new-born nation! hail!
Shout till our plaudits reach the sky,"—

The Southern Wagon in Kentucky: Air, "Wait for the Wagon." By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Some Southern wit, deriding, said they must take up behind,
The old Corncracker State, because at first she was too blind"—

Southern War Cry: Air, "Scots Wha Hae." (R. R. from the New Orleans *Picayune.*)

"Countrymen of Washington!
Countrymen of Jefferson!"—

Southern War Song: Air, "Scots Wha Hae." By Baltimore. (Md. Hist. B.)

"Southrons, lo! thy tyrant's hand,
Stained with blood, pollutes your land,"—

Southern War Song: Air, "I'm Afloat." (R. B. B., 108.)

"We shall win! we shall win! for our cause it is just,
Our arms ever ready, and in God is our trust,"—

A Southern War Song: By P. H. (R. B. B.)

"Arise ye Southern heroes, and gird your armor on,
The battle of your liberty is shortly to be won,"—

Southern War Song: By N. P. W. (R. R. from the Louisville *Courier.*)

"To horse! to horse! our standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;"—

Southern Wife: By Walker Merriweather Bell, of Kentucky. (Amaranth.)

"A price is on my darling's head,
Outlawed and hunted down;"—

Southern Woman's Song: (R. R. from the New Orleans *Picayune.*)

"Stitch, stitch, stitch
Little needle swiftly fly,"—

Southern Women: By Jay W. Bee, P. A. C. S., Johnson's Island, Ohio, December, 1864. (W. L.)

"God bless our women, brave and true!
For them stern death we Southrons dare;"—

Southern Yankee Doodle: (Randolph.)

"The Yankee bigots say they'll tear
Our Southron Flag asunder,"—

Southern Yankee Doodle: Air, "Yankee Doodle." (R. B. B., 107.)

"The gallant Major Anderson!
A bold and fearless Ranger,"—

Southland: The Prize Song. Awarded prize in prize song contest conducted in 1864 by Mr. W. F. Wisely of Mobile, Alabama. (S. B. P.)

"They sing of the East
With its flowery feast,"—

The Southland Fears No Foeman: By J. W. M. Anniesdale, near Murfreesboro, North Carolina. (S. L. M., February, 1861.)

"The Southland fears no foeman,
Her eagles yet are free;"—

The Southron Mother's Charge: By Thomas B. Hood, New Orleans, Louisiana. (R. R.)

"You go, my son, to the battle field—
To repel the invading foe;"—

Southrons O! (W. L.)

"By the cross upon our banner,
Glory of our Southern sky,"—

The Southron's War Song: By J. A. Wagener of South Carolina (E. V. M. from the Charleston *Courier*, June 11, 1861.)

"Arise! Arise! with main and might,
Sons of the sunny clime!"—

Southron's Watchword: (In Imitation of an English Song of the Crimean War.) By M. F. Bigney, 1861. (Fag.)

"What shall the Southron's watchword be,
Fighting for us on land and sea?"—

Southrons! Yield Not to Despair! (Written by a young lady of Baltimore, immediately after a late reverse of our cause.) (S. L. M., Feb., '64.)

"Southrons! yield not to despair—
Weep not, mothers, wives forlorn;"—

The South's Appeal to Washington: (C. C.)

"Say, wouldst thou tamely stand?
Say, wouldst thou see"—

Spare Us, Good Lord! Written while —— was playing "Lurlei." By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"By thy sad Passion, hear us,
Send living hope to cheer us;"—

Spirit of 1861: By C. S. A. (R. B. B., 109.)

"Arise Confederates! hear your country's call!
The hour is come, the hour to do or die,"—

The Spirit of '60: (Bohemian from the Columbus *Times*.)

"Sons of the South arise,
Your insulted country cries,"—

The Spirits of the Fathers: By Henry Lomas. (R. R.)

"We are watching that land when Liberty awoke,—
Like beams of the morning through darkness it broke,"—

Spring: By Henry Timrod. (W. G. S.)

"Spring with that nameless pathos in the air—
Which dwells with all things fair,"—

Stack Arms: Written in the prison of Fort Delaware, Delaware, on hearing of the surrender of General Lee. By Jos. Blyth Alston. (W. G. S.)

"Stack arms!' I've gladly heard the cry
When, weary with the dusty tread,"—

Stand By Your Flag: (Randolph.)

"Stand by your flag, ye Southrons brave,
You hold it as fair Freedom's trust,"—

The Standard Bearer: Respectfully dedicated to Miss Belle B. Taylor of Richmond, Virginia. By Major J. N. P. Music by N. S. Coleman. Published by Geo. Dunn & Co., Richmond, Virginia. (R. B. M., 1864.)

"A shout, a shout for Victory!
A cheer from the blood-red field,"—

Star of the South: (S. L. M., April, '61.)

"Star of the South! Break forth on the nation!
Break forth o'er the land, beam out of the sea!"—

Star of the West: (R. R.)

"I wish I was in de land o' cotton,
Old Times dair ain't not forgotten"—

Star of the West: or The Reinforcement: [By C. B. Northrup.] (Outcast.)

"Glory be to God on high!
Glory be to the God of right!"—

Starry Cross of the Sunny South: A vision. (W. L.)

"The great Architect now erects in the skies
A new constellation that dazzles our eyes:"—

The Stars and Bars: (Fag.)

"Oh, the South is the queen of all nations,
The home of the brave and the true,"—

The Stars and Bars: (S. B. W.)

"Young stranger, what land claims thy birth?
For thy flag is but new to the sea,"—

The Stars and Bars: (R. R.)

" 'Tis sixty-two!—and sixty-one,
With the old Union, now is gone,"—

The Stars and Bars: Air, "Star Spangled Banner." (R. B. B., 110.)

"Oh! say do you see now so vauntingly borne
In the bands of the Yankee, the Hessian, and Tory,"—

The Stars and Bars: By A. J. Requier. (Bohemian from the Sunday *Delta.*)

"Fling wide the dauntless banner—
To every Southern breeze,"—

The Stars and The Bars: (Randolph.)

"Above us our banner is waving,
The hope of the brave and the free,"—

The Star Spangled Banner: Baltimore. Published by Louis Bonsal. (R. B. B., 109.)

"Oh say can you see by the dawn's early light—
On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,"—

The Star Spangled Cross and the Pure Field of White: Written and composed by Subaltern. Richmond, Virginia. Geo. Dunn and Co., Publishers. (R. B. M., 1864.)

"The Star Spangled Cross and the pure field of white
Is the banner we give to the breeze:"—

The State and the Starling: By A. (B. C. L., Ledger 1411.)

"Starling! starling! airy of wing,
Wherefore a lonely prisoner there."—

Steady and Ready: (E. V. M.)

"Steady, when fortune's dark shadows surround us,
Calm, when the winds of adversity blow;"—

Stonewall: (E. V. M.)

"Weep for the mighty dead,
The nation's joy and pride:"—

The Stonewall Cemetery: Lines written by Mrs. M. B. Clark of North Carolina ("Tenella") in behalf of the "Stonewall" Cemetery, Winchester, Virginia. (E. V. M.)

"The storm of war which swept our country wide,
Like snow-flakes, scattered graves on every side,"—

Stonewall Jackson: Air, "Star Spangled Banner." (J. M. S.)

"Oh, say, who is he, through the wilderness dark,
With his warrior legions advancing to battle?"—

Stonewall Jackon: Air, The "Coronack." (Fag.)

"Unmoved in the battle,
Whilst friends and foes swerved,"—

Stonewall Jackson: By H. L. Flash, May 10, 1863. (E. V. M.)

"Not midst the lightning of the stormy fight,
Not in the rush upon the vandal foe"—

Stonewall Jackson: By L. H. M., Huntsville, Alabama, May 18, 1863. (Im.)

"He sleeps 'neath the soil that the hero loved well,
In the land of his birth, his own sunny South,"—

Stonewall Jackson: "Canada pays a tribute to the Lion of the Valley. The following appeared originally in the Montreal *Advertiser.*" (S. L. M., Ed. Table. September and October, '62.)

"Not in the dim Cathedral,
Filled with the organ's tones,"—

Stonewall Jackson: By the Kilkenny Man (Dublin Nation). [Irish?] (Amaranth.)

"God rest you! Stonewall Jackson—
Now your gallant heart is still,"—

Stonewall Jackson: In Memoriam: May 20, 1863. (W. L.)

"Oh! weep, our gallant chief's among the dead!
Cold lies the sod above his noble head,"—

Stonewall Jackson: Mortally Wounded—"The Brigade must not know, sir." (W. G. S.)

"Who've ye got there?' 'Only a dying brother,
Hurt at the front just now,"—

Stonewall Jackson: A Dirge. (W. G. S.)

"Go to thy rest, great chieftain!
In the zenith of thy fame,"—

Stonewall Jackson on the Eve of Battle: By Mrs. Catherine A. Warfield. (E. V. M., '69.)

"In the camp the waning watch-fire,
Throws a dim and lurid glare,"—

Stonewall Jackson's Grave: By Mrs. M. J. Preston of Lexington, Virginia. (E. V. M.)

"A simple sodded mound of earth,
With not a line above it,"—

"*Stonewall*" *Jackson's Way:* By John Williamson Palmer, M.D. Oakland, Md., September 17, 1862. S. L. M., Ed. Table, Feb., '63. (E. V. M.)

"Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails;
Stir up the camp-fire bright;"—

Stonewall Song: Air, "Wait for the Wagon." (Randolph.)

"Come, Louisiana soldiers, and listen to my Song.
And if you'll just be patient, I won't detain you long:"—

Stonewall's Sable Seers: By Mrs. C. A. Warfield. Beechmore, Oldham County, Kentucky. (E. V. M.)

" 'I'll tell you wat, ole Cato,'
Quoth Cuff by the bright camp-fire,"—

Story of the Merrimac: As told to the Watt's Creek Picket. By Susan Archer Talley. Fort McHenry, April, 1862. (S. L. M., Sept. & Oct., 1862.)

"Calm was the earth and calm the air,
And calm the water's flow,"—

The Stranger's Death: (E. V. M.)

"No mother bends with tender care,
To kiss his burning brow,"—

Strike for the South: (S. B. Liv.)

"Strike for the South! let her name ever be
The boast of the true and the brave,"—

Stuart: By W. Winston Fontaine, of Virginia, May, 1864. (E. V. M.)

"Mourn, mourn along thy mountains high!
Mourn, mourn along thine ocean wave!"

Stuart: By Mrs. Henry J. Vose. (Fag.)

"Oh! mother of states and of men,
Bend low thy queenly head,"—

Stuart: A Ballad: By Paul H. Hayne. (Amaranth from the *Southern Illustrated News.*)

" 'A cup of your poetent 'mountain dew,'
By the camp-fire's ruddy light"—

The Substitutes: Dramatic Dialogue. By Paul H. Hayne. (Sunny from the *Southern Illustrated News.*)

"How says't thou? die tomorrow? Oh My Friend!
The bitter, bitter doom!"—

Sumter: A Ballad of 1861: By E. O. Murden. (Bohemian from the Charleston *Courier.*)

" 'Twas on the twelfth of April,
Before the break of day,"—

Sumter In Ruins: By W. Gilmore Simms: (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury.*)

"Ye batter down the lion's den,
But yet the lordly beast goes free;"—

A Sunday Reverie: By James R. Randall. (E. V. M.)
"Beyond my dingy window-pane,
This beaming Sunday morn,"—

Sunny South: (R. B. B., 109.)
"To arms, to arms and old Abe shall see,
That we have a Southern Confederacy,"—

Surrender of the A. N. Va., April 10, 1865: By Florence Anderson, Kentucky. (Amaranth.)
"Have we wept till our eyes were dim with tears,
Have we borne the sorrows of four long years,"—

Sweethearts and the War: (R. R.)
"Oh, dear! it's shameful, I declare,
To see the men all go,"—

The Sword of Harry Lee: By James D. McCabe, Jr. Vicksburg, Miss. (P. &. P. B.)
"An aged man all bowed with years,
Sits by his hearthstone old,"—

The Sword of Robert Lee: Words by Moina [Rev. A. J. Ryan]. Music by Armand. (C. S. B.)
"Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee,"—

Taking of Munson's Hill, Virginia: (B. C. L., Ledger 1411.)
"One morning, just before the break of day,
A Major called his men to march away,"—

Tear Down That Flag: By Theodore H. Hill. (Bohemian.)
"Tear down the flag of constellated stars!
Blot out its field of blue!"—

Tell the Boys the War is Ended: By Emily J. Moore. (W. G. S.)
"Tell the boys the war is ended,"—
These were all the words he said,"—

Tennessee! Fire Away: (Md. Hist. B.)
"Black Republican bandits
Have crossed to our shore,"—

Tennessee! Written for *The Avalanche.* (Im.)
"Farewell, oh Union! once beloved
So tenderly by me;"—

The Tennessee Exile's Song: By P. V. P. (S. S.)
"I hear the rushing of her streams,
The murmuring of her trees,"—

Tennessee's Noble Volunteers: (Randolph.)
"Brave men! thou'rt going forth to face
A bold unsulting foe"—

Terry's Texas Rangers: Air, "When the Swallows Homeward Fly." By Estelle. (Alsb.)

"Where the battles fiercest rage, and the red blood thickest lies,
Where the gauntlet and the gage are caught up 'neath burning skies,"—

The Texan Marseillaise: By James Haines, of Texas. (W. G. S. from the *Southern Confederacy*.)

"Sons of the South, arouse for battle!
Gird on your armor for the fight!"—

Texas and Virginia: Air, "Annie Laurie." By Capt. P. M. Salor. (Alsb.)

"The Texas boys are valiant, their courage none deny,
And for their country's freedom they lay them down and die."—

Texas Land! Air, "My Maryland." By John Shearn, Esq., of Houston. (Alsb.)

"When first war's clarions sounded loud,
Texas land, Texas land,"—

Texas Marseillaise: By G. B. Milnor. (Alsb.)

"O ye sons of Freedom! now arise!
'Tis your Country that calls on you"—

The Texas Ranger: Air, "Dixie." By R. R. Carpenter, Debray's Regiment. (Alsb.)

"Away down South, where the Rio Grande
Rolls its tides thro' the post-oak sandy,"—

Texan Rangers: Published by M. Morgan, Galveston, Texas. Confederate States, 1861. (R. B. B., 112.)

"They come! they come! see their bayonets bright,
They sparkle and flash across hollow and height,"—

Texas Rangers at the Battle of Chickamauga—the Stream of Death: Dedicated to Capt. Dave Terry, of General Wharton's staff. Air, "American Star." (Alsb.)

"Stand firm, Texas Rangers! the foe is advancing,
We'll drive back the ruffians, or die on the field"—

Texas Sentinel in Virginia: By G. B. Milnor. (Alsb.)

"Luna shone in royal splendor,
Effulgent o'er the Texian tent"—

The Texas Soldier Boy: By a lad fifteen years old, of the Arizona Brigade. (Alsb.)

"Come all you Texas soldiers, wherever you may be,
I'll tell you of some trouble that happened unto me"—

Texian Appeal: Air, "Bonnie Blue Flag." By Col. Washington Hamilton. Cold Springs, Polk Co., Texas. (Alsb.)

"Dissevered from her sister states, begirt by foes around,
And with her best and bravest bands afar on kindred ground,"—

Texians, To Your Banner Fly: Air, "Scotts wha' hae." By S. P. R. of Galveston, Texas. August 4, 1863. (Alsb.)

"Texians, to your banner fly,
Texians, now your valor try,"—

Thanksgiving for Victory: Air, "The Watcher." By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Let the church bells anthems peal,
Glad but low;"—

That Bugler: Or the Upidee Song: As sung by the Washington Artillery, New Orleans, 1862. By Sergeant A. G. Knight, 2nd Co., Bat., Washington Artillery, New Orleans. (Alsb.)

"The shades of night were falling fast, tra-la-la-tra-la-la,
The bugler blew that well known blast, tra-la-la-tra-la-la,"—

Them Saucy Masked Batteries: Air, "Bobin Around." (R. B. B., 112.)

"The Yankee soldiers went down south,
Bobbin around,"—

Then and Now: Written on returning to my home which had been burned and desolated by Sherman's army. By J. C. J. (W. L.)

"I saw a scene at sunrise,
A year or two ago,"—

There is Life in Old Maryland Yet: By Cola. Baltimore, March 25, 1862. (R. B. B. 75.)

"Again a smothered voice speaks out,
In accents bold and strong,"—

There is No Peace: By G. B. S. Cottage Home, 1865. (W. L.)

"They tell us that glad Peace once more has smiled,
Upon this land from out the summer sky;"—

There is Nothing Going Wrong: Dedicated to Old Abe. By A. M. W. New Orleans, March 4, 1861. (R. R.)

"There's a general alarm,
The South's begun to arm"—

There's Life in the Old Land Yet: By J. B. Baltimore, March 25, 1862. (R. B. B., 77½.)

"There's life in the land that gave Carroll his birth,
Its presence is felt throughout the wise earth"—

There's Life in the Old Land Yet: By Frank Key Howard. (S. S.)

"Through the soil of old Maryland echoes the tread
Of an insolent soldiery now"—

There's Life in the Old Land Yet: Words by James R. Randall. (Music by Edward O. Eaton.) (C. S. B. from the New Orleans *Delta*, September 1, 1861.)

"By blue Patapsco's billowy dash
The tyrant's war-shout comes,"—

There's Nobody Hurt: (R. B. B., 111.)

"There lives a man in Washington,
A narrow-minded squirt,"—

They Are Not Dead: By Fanny Downing. 1865. (C. C.)

"They are not dead! they do but keep
That vigil, which shall never know,"—

They Cry Peace, Peace, When There is No Peace: By Mrs. Alethea S. Burroughs, of Georgia. (W. G. S. from a Charleston Broadside.)

"They are ringing peace on my heavy ear—
No peace to my heavy heart!"—

Thinking of the Soldiers: November 24, 1861. (R. R. from the Richmond *Dispatch*.)

"We were sitting around the table
Just a night or two ago"—

The Thirty-Seventh Congress: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Now, isn't this Congress of ours something rare?
It wants to see how much poor fools can bear"—

Thou and I: By Fanny Downing. (E. V. M., '69.)

"Dewy night has fallen, love!
All around lies hushed in sleep"—

Thou Art Dead, My Mother! By Gen. M. Jefferson Thompson. (Sunny.)

"I've stood 'mid many a battle blast,
And braved the shock of charging horse,"—

Three Cheers for Our Jack Morgan: By Eugene Raymond. (J. M. S.)

"The snow is in the cloud,
And night is gathering o'er us"—

The Times: Inscribed to all "God's Freemen." By Kate. Fairfax Court House, Va. (R. R.)

"Come, list to my song,
It will not be long,"—

'Tis Midnight in the Southern Sky: By Mrs. M. J. Young. (Alsb.)

" 'Tis midnight in the Southern sky—
See the stary cross decline!"—

To A Company of Volunteers—Receiving Their Banner at the Hands of the Ladies: By Cora. (S. L. M., July, 1861.)

"Soldiers, hail, ye gallant band,
Marshalled at your Country's call,"—

To a Dear Comforter: By B. H. Jones. (Sunny.)

"Musing o'er my gloomy fortune—
Thinking of a world so drear"—

To A Mocking Bird: On being waked by its song, near the camp, in the dusk of morning. By E. F. W. (Amaranth, from the *Southern Illustrated News.*)

"Sweet bird that thrill'st with early note
The hedge-row charred and sere,"—

The Toast of Morgan's Men: By Capt. Thorpe, of Kentucky. (E. V. M.)

"Unclaimed in the land that bore us,
Lost in the land we find,"—

A Toast to Virginia: Tune: "Red, White and Blue." (R. B. B., 113.)

"A toast to Virginia, God bless her!
The Mother of heroes and states!"—

To Brother Jonathan, on the Dictatorship of Abe Lincoln: By J. I. R., of Richmond. (S. L. M., Ed. Table, April, '63.)

"Oh, Jonathan! you little thought, when all your hills, and vales
Rang with the cheers for 'Honest Abe,' the splitter of the rails,"—

To Colonel John H. Morgan, 2d Regiment, Kentucky Cavalry: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Our hero-chief, Kentucky's pride,
To whom she gladly doth confide"—

To Exchange-Commissioner Ould: By Major George McKnight. ("Asa Hartz.") (Sunny.)

"Dear Uncle Bob: I fear your head
Has gone a-thinking I am dead;"—

To General Beauregard: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Rouse thee my sad hero! rouse thee now to the fray!
In the Yankee ranks scatter wild fear and dismay"—

To General Winfield Scott: By William H. Holcombe, Waterproof, Louisiana, August, 1861. (S. L. M., Sept. '61.)

"Old Man! I pity thee; but not because,
Too shallow for deep thought and falsely great,"—

To Go or Not to Go: By Exempt. (Hubner.)

"To go or not to go! that is the question,
Whether it pays best to suffer pestering"—

To Him: Who was our President, and who is and ever will be our honored and beloved. By Fanny Downing. (E. V. M., '69.)

"From out your prison by the sea,
Your thoughts at least may wander free,"—

To Johnston's Name: In Memory of General A. S. Johnston. Air, "Roy's Wife of Aldavallach." By Judge Tod Robinson, of California. (Alsb.)

"We'll stop the flow of festive mirth—
From social joys a moment borrow"—

To Kentuckians: On the Dispersion of the Convention at Frankfort, by Col. Gilbert. (W. L.)

"If in your 'ashes live their unwonted fires,'
If ye are sons of your heroic sires"—

To Kentucky: By an advocate of State's Rights. By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"I lay my hand upon thy breast,
They who strike thee must pierce me first"—

Toll and Peal: To the Memory of Charles D. Dreux: By Mrs. Marie B. Williams. (E. V. M., '69.)

"Toll for the warrior! toll!
A requiem sad, yet high"—

To Madame Therese Pulsky: Who with her husband, followed General Kossuth in his Exile. By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"I'm gazing on the pleasant face,
And thinking of the time,"—

To Maryland—Friends are Nigh: By William Gilmore Simms. (Bohemian.)

"Friends are nigh; despair not,
Though fast in the despot's chain!"—

To Miss ———, of Virginia: By Stella. Alabama, August 1, 1866. (E. V. M.)

"Hail gentle patron of our stricken land!
Thrice welcome to our ever grateful shore;"—

To Miss C. P. B. of Athens, Tennessee: By Col. B. H. Jones. Johnson's Island, July, 1865. (Sunny.)

"Musing lonely, sadly musing,
Is my Island prison drear,"—

To Miss K. A. S. of Alexandria, Virginia: By Col. B. H. Jones. (Sunny.)

"Maiden, through death's gloomy portal,
In the far cerulean blue,"—

To Mr. Lincoln: (Randolph.)

"Old honest Abe, you are a babe,
In military glory;"—

To Mr. Vallandigham: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"O Chatham of our day, to thee I turn
While my sick heart with freshened strength doth burn,"—

To Mrs. Rosanna Osterman: By Col. A. M. Hobby. (Alsb.)

"Amidst the deep corruption of the age,
Where Vice and Folly universal rage,"—

To My Soldier Brother: By Sallie E. Ballard of Texas. (W. G. S.)

"When softly gathering shades of ev'n,
Creep o'er the prairies broad and green,"—

To My Soldier: May God Love Thee, My Beloved, May God Love Thee! (S. L. M., Ed. Table. April, '63.)

"Warm from my bosom I send you this,
Deep in my heart these thoughts were nursed,"—

To My Sons in Virginia: (Randolph.)

"My children, I have sent ye forth
To battle for the right"—

To Our Dead of New Hope: Corporal W. H. Brunet and Private R. A. Beidgens. By F. B. Kennesaw Ridge, June 16, 1864. (W. F.)

"They sleep the deep sleep 'neath the sanctified sod,
Made holy by patriot gore;"—

Too Young to Die: By John B. Smith, Nashville, Tennessee, December, '64. (E. V. M., '69.)

"On the hard fought field where the battle storm
Had echoed its sullen thunder,"—

The Tories of Virginia: (R. R. from the Richmond *Examiner*.)

"In the ages gone by, when Virginia arose
Her honor and truth to maintain,"—

To Sauerwein: Air, "My Maryland." By a Member of the Baltimore Corn Exchange. Baltimore, June, 1862. (R. B. B., 86.)

"The Union men have left the flour
Sauerwein! Poor 'Sour Wine' "—

To the Baltimore Poet—Thomas H. M-rr-s: Author of "How They Act in Baltimore. By Mephisopheles K. G. S. Baltimore, June 10, 1862. (R. B. B., 86.)

"So Tom has turned a poet, what a dear
Dull, stupid trait'rous ass' "—

To the Beloved Memory of Major-General Tom Green: By Captain Edwin Hobby. Galveston, May 28, 1864. (Alsb.)

"In the land of the orange groves, sunshine and flowers,
Is heard the funereal tread,"—

To the Confederate Dead: By Col. W. W. Fontaine. Johnson's Island, June, 1863. (Sunny.)

"Comrades, sleep your sleep of glory,
In your narrow soldier graves,"—

To the Confederate Flag Over Our State House: Air, "Oh, saw ye the lass?" By Kentucky. September 6, 1862. (S. O. S.)

"Float proudly o'er Frankfort, thou flag of my heart!
The dread of oppressors and hirelings thou art,"—

To the Congress of the C. S. A.: With the design of a Flag. [By C. B. Northrup]. (Outcast.)

"Dishonor not our great and ancient flag,
That banner which, through fields of blood,"—

To the Davis Guards: By Lt. W. P. Cunningham. (Alsb.)

"Soldiers! raise your banner proudly,
Let it pierce our Texan sky"—

To the Front: By James Barron Hope. (Bohemian.)

"Hark! now I hear the distant fire,
Our pickets on the line return"—

To the Governor of Ohio: Dedicated to Lieut. T. Bullitt, 2d Reg., Ky. Cavalry. By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Put them in a convict's cell!
That's the worst that you can do!"—

To the Ladies of Baltimore: By Mrs. Bettie C. Locke. Shenandoah Valley, May, 1866. (E. V. M.)

"For those so fair and kind and true, who felt for others grief,
We of the South would now entwine fame's bright undying wreath!"—

To the Ladies of Virginia: By Col. W. W. Fontaine. (Sunny.)

"Mothers, wives and maidens fair!
Mournful, with disheveled hair,"—

To the Maryland Sons of Revolutionary Sires! Dedicated to Miss M. H. Air, "Auld Land Syne." (R. B. B., 77.)

"Ye sons of Sires, of manly deeds, who died for love of right,
Again the despot spoils your lands and justice bids you fight"—

To the Memory of Col. Thos. S. Lubbock: Dedicated to Gov. E. F. R. Lubbock. By Col. Alfred M. Hobby. (Alsb.)

"Drape in gloom our Southern Ensign! Gently fold its crimson bars,
While cypress wreaths around it twine, and dim with tears its buring stars"—

To the Memory of General Thomas S. Jackson: By K., White's Battalion, May 17, 1863. (Private Mss.)

"Give me the death of those
Who for their country die"—

To the Memory of Jackson of Alexandria, Virginia: Air, "Scots wha' hae wi Wallace bled." By Andrew Devilbiss. (Wash'n 91.)

"Here's to Jackson brave and true,
Whom the base invaders slew,"—

To the Parents of the Youthful Patriot, Melzar G. Fiske, who fell mortally wounded at the battle of Malvern Hill, near Richmond, July 1, 1862. By their friend and Pastor, Rev. I. W. K. Handy, D. D. (S. L. M., Ed. Table, March, '63.)

"Father! Mother! dry your tears;
Cease your noble boy to mourn,"—

To The Rappahannock: By James D. Blackwell. (E. V. M., '69.)

"Flow on, thou bright river, flow on to the deep,
And soothe with thy murmurs the dead in their sleep"—

To The Sons of the Sunny South: Written by a lad only twelve or thirteen years old. March 20, 1862. (S. L. M., Ed. Table, April, '62.)

"O that I were a man, that I could grasp the sword,
By love of country and high hopes of victory lured,"—

To the Southern Cross: By Henry C. Alexander. (S. L. M., August, '63.)

"Celestial cross, that with such steady gaze,
Dost beam upon the tossing Southern main,"—

To the Victor Belong the Spoils: Suggested by the edifying spectacle of an officer exhibiting publicly on the cars, to his delighted wife, a carpet-sack filled with silver plate robbed from Southern homes, and marked with the owner's names. By Walker Meriweather Bell. (W. L.)

"Oh, twine me a garland of laurel, my love!
To rest and recruit from my wounds."

The Tree, The Serpent and The Star: By A. P. Gray, of South Carolina. (W. G. S.)

"From the silver sands of a gleaming shore,
Where the wild sea-waves were breaking"—

The Trees of the South: By Rev. A. J. Ryan. (Amaranth):

"Old trees, old trees, in your mystic gloom,
There is many a warrior laid,"—

Tribute to the Ladies of New Orleans: By F. B. Dalton, Georgia, March 25, 1864. (W. F.)

"There was a city fabulously grand;
The riches of the world were in her hand,"—

The Triple-Barred Banner: By Col. W. S. Hawkins. (Sunny.)

"Oh, Triple-Barred Banner! the badge of the free!
What coward would falter in duty to thee"—

The Trooper to His Steed: By Susan Archer Talley of Virginia. (Amaranth, from the *Southern Illustrated News.*)

"Away ! my steed in thy joyous pride,
With thy flashing eye, and thy bounding stride!"—

True-Heart Southrons: Air, "Blue Bonnets over the Border." (R. R.)

"For trumpet and drum, have the soft voice of maiden;
For the trumpet of armed men, have the maze of the dance;"—

True Irish Valor: By Miss Mollie E. Moore. Sabine Pass, Texas, September 8, 1863. (Alsb.)

"Thank God! there's one chord in all men's hearts
That is tuned alike, the one"—

True Southern Hearts: By E. S., Baltimore County, August 19. (R. B. B., 113.)

"It is evening of a sultry day,
And my darlings two, on the steps at play"—

True to His Name: (R. R., from the New Orleans *True Delta.*)

"In ancient days, Jehovah said,
In voice both sweet and calm,"—

True to the Gray: By Pearl Rivers. A. D., 1865. (C. C.)

"I cannot listen to your words,
The land is long and wide"—

True to the Last: By Col. W. S. Hawkins. (E. V. M.)

"The bugles blow the battle-call,
And through the camp each stalwart band,"—

A Truth Spoken in Jest: Inscribed to Private ———, 2d Ky. Cav., who was wounded in a fight at Paris, Kentucky. Air, "Old Rosin the bow." By Kentucky, July 31. (S. O. S.)

"The tune was, I said, 'I won't marry,'
But oh! how could I then have e'er thought"—

The Turtle: (E. V. M.)

"Caesar, afloat with his fortunes!
And all the world agog!—"

The Twelfth Star: Kentucky seceded in convention assembled at Mayfield. By Kentucky, October, 1861. (S. O. S.)

"Kentucky's the twelfth Star. Now she is great,
Greatest in her forgetfulness of self;"—

A Twilight Prayer: Written in the dark, Whitsunday morning, after Beast Butler's infamously famous order had been promulgated in New Orleans. By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"God of Battles, hear and save us,
From the foes who would enslave us!

The Two Armies: By Henry Timrod. (W. G. S. from the *Southern Illustrated News.*)

"Two armies stand enrolled beneath,
The banner with the starry wreath"—

Two Years Ago: By a drafted Wide-Awake. (R. B. B., 113.)

"I was a glorious Wide-Awake,
All marching in a row;"—

The Tyrant's Cap: (R. B. B., 71.)

"The galling chain has fettered now,
Our free and noble state:"—

Uncle Abe, or a Hit at the Times: Air, "Villikins and His Dinah." 1861. (R. B. B., 71.)

"In the town of Chicago as you know very well,
Lived a man who aspired in the White House to dwell"—

Uncle Jerry: By William H. Holcombe, M.D. (Bohemian.)

"Why Jerry, what means all this sadness and fear?
Here's your bitter man! why do you cry?"—

Uncle Sam: Air, "Nelly Bly." By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam! De way you take is wrong;
You'll neber bring us back agin by cruel war and long"—

Uncle Snow: (R. B. B., 113.)

"Oh, my name is Uncle Snow, and I'd have you all to know,
I'm an artist wid de brush by profession;"—

The Unforgotten: By W. Winston Fontaine, Virginia. (Amaranth from the Richmond *Inquirer.*)

"When golden lines of evening light
Along the tops of mountains rest;"—

Uniform of Gray: By Evan Elbert. (S. B. P.)

"The Briton boasts his coat of red,
With lace and spangles decked"—

The United States Eagle: By Kentucky, April 29. (S. O. S.)

"Straws show the way the wind blows,
And I've often thought an emblem grows:"—

The Unknown Confederate Soldier: (C. C.)

"In a little lonely hillock
Where the South wind softly sighs"—

The Unknown Dead: To Maj. David Bridgford, C. S. A., as sung by Miss Ella Wren: Written and composed by John H. Hewitt. Savannah, Ga. John C. Schreiner & Son. (R. B. M., 1863.)

"Where the mountain ash nods to the tempest's wild howling,
Where the echo shrinks in the wall dark and deep"—

The Unknown Dead: By Henry Timrod. (W. G. S.)

"The rain is splashing on my sill,
But all the winds of Heaven are still,"—

An Unknown Hero: By Wm. Gordon McCabe, Camp near Richmond, 1862. (Amaranth, from the *Southern Illustrated News.*)

"Sweet Malvern Hill is wreathed in flame,
From serried ranks the steel is gleaming"—

The Unreturning: (S. S.)

"The swallow leaves the ancient eaves,
As in the days agone;"—

Uprise, Ye Braves! By G. H. M., of the Washington Artillery. S. L. M., November and December, 1863. (Bohemian, from the Richmond *Despatch.*)

"Uprise, ye braves of Southern birth!
Uplift your flag on high,"—

Up! Up! Set the Stars of our Banner: Respectfully Dedicated to the Soldiers of the South: By M. F. Bigney. (R. R.)

"Up, up, let the stars of our banner,
Flash out like the brilliants above,"—

Up With the Flag: Composed and respectfully dedicated to the 4th N. C. Troops. By Dr. Wm. B. Harrell. Arranged for pianoforte by Mrs. Harrell. Richmond, Virginia. George Dunn and Co. (R. B. M., 1863.)

"Oh come boys, come with a merry heart and will; up with the flag, up with the flag
And bear it onward to victory still, up with the flag and away"—

Valentine: By F. B. Macon, February 14, 1865. (W. F.)

"Love dwells within your sunny smiles,
And heaven in your heart"—

The Valiant Conscript: (Lee.)

"How are you, boys, I'm just from camp,
And feel as brave as Caesar;"—

The Valley of the Shenandoah: By a soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia. (E. V. M.)

"The peace of the valley is fled,
The calm of its once happy bowers"—

Vanguard of our Liberty. Air, "Boy's Wife." By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"The Yanks were sure that we were theirs,
Submissive prey of the Northern bears,"—

The Vanquished Patriot's Prayer: (E. V. M.)

"Ruler of nations! bow thy ear,
I cannot understand"—

Vengeance Is Mine: Saith the Lord, "I will repay." By Walker Meriweather Bell. (Amaranth.)

"It is not always dark!
When night's black shades are round us chill"—

The Very Latest From Butler: (R. B. B., 11½.)

"Some generals love the battle's roar,
And laurels red and gory;"—

Vicksburg—A Ballad: By Paul H. Hayne, Columbia, South Carolina, August 6, 1862. (W. G. S.)

"For sixty days and upwards
A storm of shell and shot"—

Victory: Written on hearing of the victory of Gen. Morgan at Hartsville, Tenn. By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Oh, how I thrill in ev'ry nerve!
I, who for tyrants never swerve"—

The Victory of Truth: A Story of the Olden Time. By Col. W. S. Hawkins. (Sunny.)

"At the trumpet's blast the gates flew open wide,
And thousands packed the court"—

Vidi Ami Plorare: By Lieut. J. E. Dooles. (Sunny.)

"Methinks I see him even now,—
His smiling lips and soft blue eyes;"—

Violets in Lent: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Light is breaking from the clouds,
Wintry snow no more enshroud"—

Virginia: (R. B. B., 113.)

"Three cheers for Virginia, the home of the free,
The birthplace of Washington, the land of liberty"—

Virginia: By Catherine M. Warfield. (W. G. S.)

"Glorious Virginia! Freedom sprang,
Light to her feet at thy trumpets' clang:"—

Virginia: A Sonnet: By Mrs. M. J. Preston. (Beechenbrook.)

"Grandly thou fillest the world's eye today,
My proud Virginia. When the gage was thrown"—

Virginia: By a Virginia Woman. (W. L.)

"The mother of States! In song and in story,
Virginia's the proudest name ever enrolled"—

Virginia: A Battle Song. Dedicated to the Virginia Volunteers. By Mrs. C. J. M. Jordan. (Bohemian.)

"The cloud is dark,—the storm is nigh,
The foeman's step advances,"—

Virginia and Her Defenders: Air, "Carolina, Carolina." (Cav.)

"Virginia, Virginia! your children of glory,
Are wedded forever to historic story"—

The Virginia and The Blockaders: By W. S. Forrest. (S. L. M., June '63.)

"The sun looked forth in glory;
A day of joy it seemed;"—

Virginia Capta: By Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, April 9, 1866. (E. V. M.)

"Unconquered captive, close thine eye,
And draw the ashen sackcloth o'er,"—

Virginia Desolate: By Col. W. Winston Fontaine, of Virginia. (Sunny.)

"O Virginia, fair Virginia, queen of all our sunny land,
Of the warlike Southern sisters, thou the chosen of the band"—

Virginia, 1861: (W. L.)

"Land of my birth! my love, my pride, all honor to thy name,
Thy children have no cause to blush, though jealous of thy fame!"—

Virginia Fuit: By John R. Thompson. (Amaranth.)

"Consummatum—the work of destruction is done,
The race of the first of the States has been run"—

Virginia in 1863: A Dialogue: (C. C.)

"Child—'See that blue line, Mother,
Coming 'round the hill' "—

The Virginia Ladies: A tribute to Miss Mary Batte, Assistant Linen Matron, Poplar Lawn Hospital, Georgia, A. D. 1863. (C. C.)

"Go thou and search the archives,
Of all recorded time"—

Virginia—Late But Sure: By William H. Holcombe, M.D. (S. L. M., Ed. Table, May '61.)

"The foe has hemmed us round, we stand at bay,
Here will we perish or be free today!"—

Virginia to the Rescue: By Virginia. (Bohemian from the Richmond *Dispatch.*)

" 'Virginia to the rescue!' 'tis her children's battle cry,
Whose name is it they join with hers, and what echoes fill the sky?"—

Virginian Marseillaise: With French and English Versions. Arranged for pianoforte by F. W. Rosier. (R. B. M.)

"Virginia hears the dreadful summons,
Sounding hoarsely from afar"—

The Virginians of the Shenandoah Valley: "Sic Jurat." By Frank O. Ticknor, M.D. Torch Hall, Georgia. (W. G. S.)

"The knightliest of the knightly race,
Who, since the days of old,"—

Virginia's Dead: (E. V. M.)

"Proud Mother of a race that reared—
The brave and good of ours,"—

Virginia's Jewels: By Miss Rebecca Powell of Virginia. (E. V. M.)

" 'These are my jewels,' said a Roman dame,
Long years ago.—Virginia says the same,"—

The Virginia's Knocking Around: By M., Baltimore, March 30, 1863. (Md. Hist. B.)

" 'Twas on a windy night in March,
In a chamber lone at Washington"—

Virginia's Message to the Southern States: (R. R.)

"You dared not think I'd never come,
You could not doubt your Mother;"—

Virginia's Rallying Call: By Louise Elemjay. (Bohemian.)

"Come, to my side, my gallant children come,
Heard ye that edict of yon caitiff scum:"—

Virginia's Tribute to Her Daughters: By Cora. Janaury, 1863. (S. L. M., March, '63.)

"Ye daughters of Virginia a joyous anthem raise,
Your Mother State doth honor you with richest meed of praise,"—

A Voice from the Old Maryland Line: Air, "Maryland, My Maryland." By N. G. R. (Dr. N. G. Ridgley.) Baltimore, October 27, 1861. (R. B. B., 70.)

"The Old Line's foot is on thy shore, Maryland,
Returned triumphant as of yore! Maryland"—

A Voice from the South: Inscribed to Queen Victoria. By Rosa Vertner Jeffrey, January, 1863. (E. V. M.)

"From our ancient moss-veiled forests,
Jasmine bowers, savannahs green"—

The Voice of the South: By Tyrtaeus. (W. G. S., from the Charleston *Mercury*.)

" 'Twas a goodly boon that our fathers gave,
And fits but ill to be held by the slave;"—

Voices of the Winds: By Major S. Yates Levy, of Georgia. (Sunny.)

"Folded in the thoughtful mantle,
Night around the wretched binds;"—

The Volunteer: Air, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." (C. S. B.)

"The hour was sad, I left the maid,
A lingering farewell taking"—

The Volunteer, or, It is My Country's Call: By Harry McCarthy. (C. S. B.)

"I leave my home and thee, dear, with sorrow in my heart,
It is my country's call, dear, to aid her I depart"—

Volunteer Mess Song: John Hopkins, Printer, New Levee St., 4th D. (Wash'n, 216.)

"Here's to our Generals brave, who we know will well behave,
With their officers and soldiers to sustain em! ha! ha!"

Volunteer Song: Written for the Ladies' Military Fair held at New Orleans, 1861. Published in the New Orleans *Picayune*, April 28, 1861, and sung by the regiments departing for Virginia. (Phot. Hist.)

"Go soldiers, arm you for the fight,
God shield the cause of Justice, Right:"—

Volunteered: (S. S.)

"I know the sun shines, and the lilacs are blowing,
And the summer sends kisses by beautiful May"—

The Volunteer's Return: By Lieut. Howard C. Wright. (Sunny.)

" 'Tis just three years this morning,
Since last I viewed this spot;"—

The Volunteers to the "Melish:" By William C. Estres. (R. R.)

"Come forth, ye gallant heroes,
Rub up each rusty gun,"—

Wait For the Wagon: New Song Revised by Dr. Hopkins. (Hopkins.)

"South Carolina, a fiery little thing,
Said she wouldn't stay in a government
Where Cotton wasn't King;"—

Wait till the War, Love, is Over: Words by A. J. Andrews, Music by C. W. Burton. Richmond, Virginia. (R. B. M., 1864.)

" 'Twas gentle spring, the flowers were bright,
The bird's sweet song was lovely"—

Waiting: By William Shepardson. (Bohemian.)

"All day long beside the window,
Gazing through the mist and rain,"—

Waiting For a Battle: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"As one oppressed who feels the coming of
A storm, insensible to splendor of"—

The War, by Walt Whitman: (By John R. Thompson): (S. L. M., Ed. Table, January, 1862.)

"I sing of war—
"Grim-visaged, bloody-handed, rough-shod War, striking out from the shoulder"—

The War Chief Magruder: Air, "Hail to the Chief." By Col. H. Washington. (Alsb.)

"Hail to the Chief! who in triumph has scatter'd
The clouds that o'er Texas so gloomily press'd'—

The War-Christian's Thanksgiving: Respectfully dedicated to the War-Clergy of the United States, Bishops, Priests and Deacons. Jeremiah xxxxviii, 10. By S. Teackle Wallis, Fort Warren, 1863. (E. V. M.)

"O God of battles! once again,
With banner, trump and drum,"—

War-Shirkers: By Teke, of Travis County. (Alsb.)

"A brood of skulkers are ye all!
As deaf as adders to the call"—

War-Song: (R. R.)

"Come! come! come!
Come, brothers, you are called,"—

War Song: (Randolph.)

"Now is the hour, men of the South,
To strike for life or death"—

War-Song: Air, "March, March, Eltrick and Teviotdale." R. R. from the Charleston *Mercury*.)

"March, march, on brave 'Palmetto' boys"—

War Song: Tune, "Bonnie Blue Flag." By J. H. Woodcock. (R. R.)

"Huzza! huzza! let's raise the battle-cry,
And whip the Yankees from our land,"—

War Song (Manassas Hymn): Air, "Liberty Duet" in "Il Puritani." (S. L. M., Feb. and March, '62.)

"Awake! arise my warriors!
Liberty, your mother calls to you!"—

A War Song for Virginia: (R. R.)

"Sound, Virginia, sound your clarion!
From your serried ranks of war!"—

War Song of The Partisan Ranger: Dedicated to Captain John H. Morgan. Air, "McGregor's Gathering." By Benjamin F. Porter. (J. M. S. from the Greenville, Alabama, *Observer*):

"The forests are green by the homes of the South
But the hearth stones are red with the blood of her youth;"—

The War Storm: By C. J. H. (R. R.)

"Often, by a treacherous sea-side,
I have heard the ocean's roar,"—

War-Waves: By Catherine Gendron Poyas, of Charleston. (W. G. S.)

"What are the war-waves saying,
As they compass us around?"—

The Warrior's Steed: By Mrs. V. E. W. (McCord) Vernon, Richmond, March 22, 1862. (C. C.)

"A day of wrath, was that which shone,
Upon Manassas' plain"—

The Waste of War: (E. V. M.)

"Give me the gold that war had cost,
Before this peace-expanding day"—

Wearing of the Grey: By O. K. P. (Wash'n. 218.)

"Our cannon's mouths are dumb—no more
Our volleyed muskets peal,"—

Wearing of the Grey: By a Mississippian. (E. V. M.)

"Oh, have you heard the cruel news?
Alas! it is too true;"—

Wearin' of the Gray: By Tar Heel. (Fag.)

"Oh! Johnny, dear, and did you hear the news that's lately spread,
That never more the Southern cross must rear its stately head;"—

We Come! We Come! Dedicated to the Crescent Regiment, of New Orleans, Col. M. J. Smith. By Millie Mayfield. (R. R.)

"We come! we come, for Death or life,
For the Grave, or Victory!"—

We Conquer or Die: Composed by James Pierpont. (J. M. S.)

"The war drum is beating, prepare for the fight,
The stern bigot Northmen exalts in his light,"—

Weep, Weep: By Refugee, May, 1865. (E. V. M.)

"Weep! for a fallen land,
For an unstained flag laid low;"—

We Know That We Were Rebels, or Why Can We Not Be Brothers: By Clarence Prentice. (Alsb.)

"Why can we not be brothers? the battle now is o'er,
We've laid our bruised arms on the field, to take them up no more;"—

Welcome "Jeff" to Baltimore: Air, "Annie of the Vale." (R. B. B., 71.)

"In charms now we slumber, and insults in number
We hear from our insolent foes;"—

A Welcome to the Invader: "An Ode," addressed to the picked men of Col. Wilson's New York command. (R. R. from the *Charleston Courier.*)

"What! have ye come to spoil our fields,
Black hearts and bloody hands!"—

We Left Him on the Field: By Miss Marie E. Jones, of Galveston. (Alsb.)

"We left him on the crimson'd field,
Where battle storms had swept,"—

We'll Be Free in Maryland: Air, "Gideon's Band." By Robert E. Holtz, January 30, 1862. (R. R.)

"The boys down South in Dixie's land,
Will come and rescue Maryland"—

Western Dixie: By Mrs. Virginia Smith. (Im.)

"Come along, boys, we'll go off to the wars,
Never mind the times, we'll all march cheerily,"—

We Swear: (C. S. B. from the Louisville *Courier.*)

"Kneel, ye Southrons, kneel and swear,
On your bleeding country's altar,"—

What are Trumps? By James B. Randall. (S. L. M., Ed. Table, December, '61.)

"Not Diamonds: Mason breaks bedight,
Beyond their leprosy of light,"—

What! Have Ye Thought? (W. G. S., from the Charleston *Mercury.*)

"What! have ye thought to pluck
Victory from chance and luck"—

What The Bugles Say: Inscribed to Captain Ben. Lane Posey. By A. B. Meek. (Bohemian.)

"Hark! the bugles on the hill!
Tarala! Tarala!"—

What the South Winds Say: (R. R. from the Richmond *Dispatch.*)

"Faint as the echo of an echo born,
A bugle note swells on the air,"—

What the Village Bell Said: By John C. M'Lemore of South Carolina (mortally wounded at the battle of Seven Pines). (W. G. S.)

"For many a year in the village church,
Above the world have I made my home;"—

What Tho' These Limbs: Written by Col. Benjamin Anderson of Louisville, Kentucky, on the prison wall in Cincinnati, shortly before committing suicide. (W. L.)

"What tho' these limbs be bound with iron cords.
Still am I free!"—

What Time is This for Dreaming? By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"What time is this for dreaming,
When hearts are breaking round?"—

When Peace Returns: By Olivia Tully Thomas. (W. G. S., Published in the Granada *Picket.*)

"When 'war has smoothed his wrinkled front,'
And meek-eyed peace returning,"—

When Pleasure's Flowery Paths: By a prisoner in solitary confinement, May 28th, 1865. (W. L.)

"When pleasure's flowery paths I trod,
My eyes were bent on earth alone,"—

When That Cruel War Began: By Thomas Q. Barnes. (Barnes.)

"The tocsin of war it sounded its knell
O'er the length and breadth of our sunny land"—

When the Boys Come Home: (Fag.)

"The boys are coming home again,
This war will soon be o'er,"—

When the War is Over: A Christmas Lay: By Margaret J. Preston. (Beechenbrook.)

"Ah, the happy Christmas times,
Times we all remember,"—

When This Cruel War is Over: Ballad. Words by Charles C. Sawyer, Richmond, Va. Music by Henry Tucker. George Dunn and Co. (R. B. M.)

"Dearest one, do you remember,
When we last did meet?"—

When Will the War be Over? (Alsb.)

"When will the war be over? asked a veteran whose sun-brown'd face
Implied in the ranks of the gallant he'd early sought a place,"—

Where Are You Going, Abe Lincoln? Air, "Lord Lovell." (Alsb.)

"Abe Lincoln he stood at the White House Gate,
Combing his milk-white steed,"—

Where is the Rebel Fatherland: By Mrs. M. J. P. [Mrs. Margaret J. Preston]. (C. C.)

"Where is the Rebel Fatherland—
Is it Maryland, dear Maryland"—

Where My Heart Is: Air, "My Heart's in the Highlands." By Kentucky: (S.O. S.)

"My heart's with our brave men, my heart is not here,
For wherever I look, there Dutch soldiers appear;"—

Who Will Care for Mother, Now? (Alsb.)

"Why am I so weak and weary? see how faint my heated breath!
All around to me seems darkness—tell me, comrades, is this death?"—

Why Should the South Rejoice: By A. Moise, Jr. Richmond, Virginia, July 4, 1866. (C. C.)

"Rejoice for what? For fields destroyed, for homes in ashes laid?
For maiden at the altar slain—victim of fiendish raid?"—

The Wide-Awakes: (R. B. B., 116)

"O, what is all this noise about,
This midnight confusion?"—

Will No One Write to Me? By Major George McKnight ("Asa Hartz") Johnson's Island, January 1, 1864. (Sunny.)

"The list is called, and one by one
The anxious crowd now melts away,"—

William Price: Member of the Maryland "State" Senate and author of the infamous Treason Bill. Air, "John Todd." (R. B. B., 94.)

"Your Sharp Treason Bill, William Price"—

William Courtland Price: By Julia Pleasants Creswell. (S. L. M., November and December, 1862.)

"He came with youth and hope and swelling heart;
And freely cast them in the unequal scale;"—

Will You Go! By Estelle. (R. R.)

"Will you go? will you go?
Where the foeman's steel is bright"—

A Wind from the South: Written for the *Fair Journal*, Southern Relief Fair of Baltimore, April 2, 1866. By C. C. (E. V. M.)

"—I sing of the South,
Not as she was in her pride of yore,"—

Woman's Love: By Lieut. H. C. Wright. (Sunny.)

"Wildly raging were the billows,
Wildly heaving was the sea,"—

Woman's Prayer: Dedicated to Colonel Lane's Regiment, Texas Cavalry. (Alsb.)

"O Soldier, is thy weary heart with care and woe, oppress'd?
Is courage failing? hope departing from thy weary breast?"—

The Word: October, 1861. (R. N. S., from the Louisville *Journal*.)

"Arm!
Arm without any words!"—

A Word with the West: By John R. Thompson. Richmond, December 1, 1862. (S. S., appearing originally in the *Southern Illustrated News.*)

"Once more to the breach for the land of the West,
And a leader we give of our bravest and best,"—

The Work of an Ironclad: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Come, my fair one, sit thee down,
And sing for me thy sweetest song"—

Worthier: ——— was shot in trying to escape from Rock Island. By Kentucky (S. O. S.)

"My best friend dead! yes; shot that he did try,
From prison to escape"—

Would'st Thou Have Me Love Thee: By Alexander B. Meek. (W. G. S., from the Richmond *Dispatch:* also under title of *War* Song.)

"Would'st thou have me love thee, dearest,
With a woman's proudest heart,"—

Woven Fancies: By Mrs. Fanny Downing, North Carolina, 1862. (Amaranth.)

"I sit before my loom, today,
And with untiring fingers ply,"—

The Wreck of the Florida's Boat: 16th July, 1864. (In memory of M'd'm Wm. Beverley Sinclair of Virginia.) By Luola. (E. V. M.)

"Oh! many a youth has fallen,
Out on the battle plain;"—

Written Before the Secession of Virginia: By Mrs. Rebecca Tabb, of Gloucester, Virginia. (E. V. M.)

"Weep! yes, we will weep; but not from coward fears,
Poor woman! what has she to give her country save her tears?"—

The Yankee Devil: Cave Spring, Georgia, April 11, 1863. (R. R.)

"Hurrah! Hurrah! good news and true,
Our woes will soon be past;"—

Yankee Doodle: ("An absurd thing, which came to us all the way from Canada, where we have plenty of friends.") (S. L. M., Ed. Table, January, '62.)

"Yankee Doodle ran away,
Dixie he ran after"—

Yankee Doodle's Ride to Richmond: By Rev. E. P. Birch, of La Grange, Georgia. (Bohemian.)

"I sing of Yankee Doodle's ride to famous Richmond town,
A gallant knight in truth was he, of valour and renown,"—

Yankee Joke in Texas: By Ned Bracken. (Alsb.)

"Messrs. Yankees came one day,
To stroll upon our beach;"—

[*Yankee Money*]: Air, "Little More Cider, Cider Do." By Captain T. F. Roche, C. S. A., Fort Delaware, 1865. (Roche.)

"Now when dis war is over, and all de fighting done,
And every hungry rebel will leave at once for home"—

The Yankee President: By Dr. Gilbert, of Houston, January 13, 1863. (Alsb.)

"I'll sing you a new-made song, made by a modern pate"—
Of a real Yankee President, who took the helm of State,"—

Yankee Vandals: Air, "Gay and Happy." (R. B. B., 117.)

"The Northern Abolition vandals
Who have come to free the slave"—

Ye Batteries of Beauregard: By J. C. Barrick of Kentucky. (W. G. S.)

"Ye batteries of Beauregard!
Pour your hail from Moultries Wall"—

Ye Cavaliers of Dixie: By Benjamin F. Porter of Alabama. (W. G. S.)

"Ye Cavaliers of Dixie
That guard our Southern shores"—

Ye Flight of Ye Rayl Splitter: A Ballad: (P. & P. B. from the New Orleans *Crescent.*)

"Of all ye flyghts that ever were flown
By several persons, or one alone"—

Ye Gallant Sons of Carolina: (Randolph.)

"Ye gallant sons of Carolina,
Listen to your country's call,"—

Ye Men of Alabama: Air, "Ye Mariners of England." By John D. Phelan of Montgomery, Alabama. (W. G. S. from the Montgomery *Advertiser* of October, 1860.)

"Ye men of Alabama,
Awake, arise, awake!"—

Ye Shall Be Free: By Kentucky. (S. O. S.)

"Ye shall be free,
For with our guns we will stand o'er you,"—

Yes, Build Your Walls: (W. G. S. from the Charleston *Mercury.*)

"Yes, build your walls of stone or sand,
But know when all is builded—then"—

Yes, Call us Rebels! 'Tis the Name: By Albert Pike of Arkansas. (E. V. M., from the New Orleans *Picayune*, May, 1861.)

"Yes, call us rebels! 'tis the name
Our patriot fathers bore,"—

You Are Going to the Wars, Willie Boy: By John H. Hewitt. (Beau.)

"You are going to the wars, Willie Boy, Willie Boy,
You are going to the wars far away"—

You'll Tell Her, Won't You? (E. V. M.)

"You'll tell her, won't you? Say to her I died
As a brave soldier should—true to the last;"—

Young Dodger Vs. Old Croaker: Dialogue. (Alsb.)

"These croakers all I really hate, and love to hate them, too,
Convention men, submissionists, disloyal and not true;"—

A Young Girl's Foreboding: By Kentucky, August 2, 1862. (S. O. S.)

"Ah! it is very hard
To think my home may go"—

Young Recruit: (Randolph.)

"See! there's ribbons gaily streaming.
I'm a soldier now, Lizette:"—

Young Volunteer: By John H. Hewitt. (Beau.)

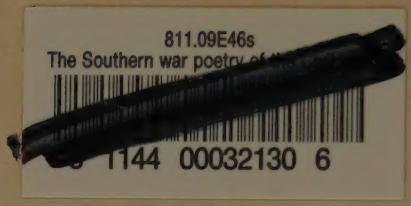
"Our flag is unfurl'd and our arms flash bright,
As the sun wades up the sky;"—

Your Mission: (S. S., from the Charleston *Courier*.)

"Fold away all your bright-tinted dresses,
Turn the key on your jewels today"—

Zollicoffer: Killed in the Battle of Somerset, Kentucky, January 19, 1862. By H. L. Flash. S. L. M., Ed., April, 1862. (E. V. M.)

"First in the fight, and first in arms,
Of the white-winged angels of glory,"—


811.09E46s
The Southern war poetry
1144 00032130 6

811.09
E46s
354421
Ellinger, E. P.
The southern war
poetry of the civil war.

811.09
E46s
354421
Ellinger, E. P.
The southern war
poetry of the civil war.

DREW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
MADISON, NEW JERSEY
WITHDRAWN